The Infinite Loops - Pokemon Loops

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Yet another branch of the Infinite Loops inspired by Innortal and Saphroneth. Let's see the hijinks the Loopers from the World of Pokemon get into, shall we?

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Chapter 1

This is yet another segment of the Infinite Loops; this time for Pokémon.

One person in a Loop, often the main character, is an Anchor. They are the person who first starts time looping.

There is always at least one Anchor present in a given Time Loop snippet, though it may not be the local one.

The standard pattern for a loop is that the Anchor (and whoever else is Looping there) come to awareness in a loop at a particular point in the story. From there, events will play out as influenced by the Loopers present, acting with the benefit of their foreknowledge, until either a predetermined end point is reached or all the Loopers have copped it.

To be Awake is to be aware of the time loops (that is, to have gone back in time *this* time.)

The Anchor is the only character guaranteed to be Awake. Even after others have started looping, it is mostly random as to whether they will be Awake this particular loop.

Crossovers, fusions, and alternate pasts can also take place. It is perfectly possible, for example, to have the characters Awaken into a loop which conforms to a fanfic universe rather than reality.

Loops do not have to be in chronological order, but it is strongly preferred that they not require a mutually contradictory order (where A must be before B *and* B must be before A.)

Just about every Looper is very, very stir crazy.

While the exact details are being discussed, there are currently three separate Pokémon Loops.

The Anime: Anchor is Ash's Pikachu, with most frequent Loopers being Ash and Company

Pokemon Special, the Manga: Anchor is Red, with most frequent Loopers being his friends and Pokemon, specifically his Pikachu, Pika.

Mystery Dungeon: A series of Linked Loops, with the Partners being the Anchors rather than the main character.

To contribute, please come here: forums. spacebattles. threads/the-infinite-loops-pokemon-loops.286471/ (remove the spaces between the pieces of the URL Note: put a com/ after spacebattles)

1.1 (Crisis)

Flash Ketchum grinned as the Pikachu revealed from Professor Oak's last Pokéball blinked and looked around in total confusion. *'Hah! Let's see how Ash handles being in* my *place for a Loop!'*

And then he was zapped with electricity.

'Okay,' the human who was normally a Pikachu in the Loops thought as he smoldered and fell over, *'that really* does *hurt, doesn't it?'*

1.2 (LordCirce)

Brock waved as Ash and Pikachu entered his gym. "Hey, how are you doing today?"

Ash and Pikachu gave double thumbs up. "Wide-Awake and ready for action."

Brock laughed as he walked over. That little song and dance was their way of signalling that they were all Awake. "So, last I saw you

was the Loop through the, uh, Hub, right? Did you manage to find all of the games you were looking for?"

Ash laughed awkwardly. "Sort of. I got all of them except one." He pulled a half-melted game case from his subspace pocket. Brock could just make out the words "He~ ~~~ Pika~~~" in the title. "Pikachu kind of took exception with this game." On Ash's shoulder, Pikachu growled lightly at the offending game case.

Brock smiled. "Got to say, you looked pretty good as a human, 'Peter'. Did you pick up anything in the Hub?"

Pikachu grinned, before pulling a massive bottle of Ketchup out of his subspace pocket. Brock blinked, before glancing at Ash.

Ash rolled his eyes. "Pikachu discovered the joys of (Pick one: Costco/ 92 oz. containers) and buying in bulk."

1.3 (LordCirce)

Pikachu stared at his claw, while in the background, some loud human that was supposed to be his trainer berated him about not battling hard enough. Internally, he scoffed. ' *I have battled legends that would make you soil yourself. Face off against the Dragon of Thunder, and then speak to me of who is the inferior battler.'*

Still, he was certainly not up to battling any dragons at the moment, though he appeared to actually be one for this Loop-Time. It appeared that he was replacing the angry Charmander that Ash adopted in most Loops. That would have been no problem, in fact, he was rather looking forward to gaining the wings of this form and flying, but he *couldn't reach his lightning!*

It was there, but it was just beyond his reach. He could feel it, the familiar crackling of the storm, but this body would not channel the energy properly. The flame that burned in his belly now interfered,

rising up every time he tried to access the lightning that was his to command.

A shadow fell over him, and he glanced upwards. It was his human, Ash, and...him. A Pikachu, bearing his markings and, from what this ugly reptilian nose could tell, his scent, sitting there, looking down at him, vacantly. Pikachu frowned slightly, then payed attention to the babble that Ash was telling him.

"...tle guy. Just come with us, and we will get you nice and warm. Ok?" Pikachu sniffed, then stood upright, wobbling slightly. The balance of this body was very odd, the tail played a much larger role in balancing him than he was used to. With a short jump, he caught hold of the lining of Ash's jacket and climbed up to his shoulder. He supposed he could share his rightful place with his Unawake self, but he would not give it up entirely. Ash didn't move immediately after, but quickly straightened up and turned towards the other two, Brock and Misty.

"I guess that's a yes."

Ash knelt in front of him as they sat in the Pokemon Center. Pikachu was focusing on his claws, as so far he had had the most success in channeling his lightning through the tips of the claws. Well, there had been a bit of success with his teeth, but he hadn't been able to get it to go anywhere, and had shocked his tongue.

"Charmander, or, I guess, Charizard. Is that you?" Pikachu glanced up. Oh, that was right, he hadn't let Ash know that it was him in here. Pikachu shook his head, then pointed at his Unawake self that was dozing on the bed. He pointed back and forth for a little bit, then tried to channel a bit of his lightning to his claws. A few sparks danced between them, pretty, but utterly insignificant compared to the levels he had once possessed.

Ash blinked for a second, then, in an odd tone of voice, "Pikachu?"

Pikachu nodded sharply. He had felt a bit more of a surge, but it was still being diverted away at the last moment. Pikachu contemplated this, before Ash spoke up.

"Your tail started crackling when you were shooting sparks from your claws." Pikachu glanced up, then turned to look at the burning tip of his tail. He called up the lightning, and, sure enough, small sparks started dancing among the flames. Among the flames. Hmm, that had some potential.

1.4 (Inkweaver22)

Ash sent out Pikachu against Erika's Gloom.

"You know Electric types aren't very effective against Grass." The gym leader taunted. Ash and Pikachu just grinned evilly.

"Use Fire Blast!" The trainer called out. The electric rodent gladly complied.

"That wasn't very fair." Misty said in amusement as they walked away from the slightly scorched gym. The pair simply smirked.

"Yeah well, ganging up on a ten year old boy for having an opinion as well as simply being a boy isn't very fair either."

1.5 (Crisis)

"Ketchum-ketch," Ash shook his head in exasperation.

"Oh, that's easy for you to say!" Pikachu retorted. "It's not like *you're* the one always getting kidnapped by Team Rocket!"

Misty desperately tried to rub away her perpetual migraine. She was certain these two were messing with her, but she couldn't prove it!

1.6 (Jcogginsa)

This Loop was fun, Rock thought to himself. It was a Fused Loop, although he hadn't found any other Loopers yet, though Unawake versions of Roll and Blues were present. He recognized the setting well enough. One of the fringe benefits of his weapon copying system was that he could copy gaming consoles and play games entirely within his own head. That's how Rock knew that Bulbasaur would be the best choice for his Pokémon journey. A long time fighting Wily's robots had made him well-suited to playing Elemental Rock Paper Scissors. This was Kanto, so Bulbasaur's Grass and Poison Typing would give him the best coverage for the 8 gyms.

Speaking of the gyms, he'd just arrived at the Pewter City Gym. Inside was a single Youngster, and in the back, Brock. Rock prepared himself to battle the Youngster, but Brock spoke up.

"Kid, let him pass. I can tell he's tough."

"Really? If you say so, Brock…" said the slightly disappointed Youngster.

When Rock was close enough, he said to Brock "You're a Looper, aren't you?"

Brock grinned. "Guilty."

"Are you the Anchor? Wouldn't have suspected that…"

"Nah, My friend Ash's Pikachu is the Anchor, but if you haven't met him yet then you probably won't. This isn't even our baseline, it's just a variant."

Rock looked confused. "Ash? I don't remember him from the games."

"Games?" Brock said, but then realized "Oh! You must have played those handheld games; played a few myself during a hub loop. Our

baseline is the Anime."

"Oh, never watched that, sorry."

"No problem. Still, you might wanna give it a look in your next Hub Loop. Read the manga too; I hear there's another Loop with one of them as a baseline."

"I'll keep it in mind. Is there anyone else Awake?"

"None on our end, I checked. If you want, I'll keep to the standard course of events so you can enjoy yourself."

"Sounds fun. Since we're sticking with the normal course, I suppose it's time to battle." Rock said with a grin.

1.7 (LordCirce)

Pikachu sat under a tree as he watched the Trainer that was replacing Ash. It looked rather like Ash, but a lot more...spastic.

Technically, Pikachu had been released shortly after they had passed Pewter. Apparently, this trainer goes crazy at the sight of computers, pounding on keys and shouting "B B Back Out We Lose PRAISE THE HELIX". In the confusion, he had somehow smashed Pikachu's pokeball and that of the Spearow that he had somehow managed to catch, leaving him with a Magikarp he bought off a salesman, the Butterfree he used to beat Brock, and a Nidoran Female that he had ran into and dropped a Pokeball on. Pikachu had decided to stick around watching to make sure that the Trainer didn't die from his stupidity. That and it was frankly hilarious to watch. Pikachu popped an Oran berry out of his subspace pocket and fried it with a jolt. He took a bite while a few feet away, the trainer ran into the wall next to the Mt. Moon cave entrance for the sixth time.

"Anarchy Left Left B Start Down Up SAVING!"

1.8 (KR-Nexus)

'Paperwork is EVIL *'* That was what the Raikage, P, thought at the moment.

'Being a Kage is fun, he said; you get to kick lots of ass, he said' P, also known as Ash's Pikachu was fuming while doing all the paperwork his secretary had given him that morning. *'I* swear *that this thing multiplies itself when I am not looking at it...It's official; I am going to shock Naruto to kingdom come next time I see him!'*

While planning his revenge on a certain orange-wearing shinobi, his secretary entered the office with a pile of papers as high as half her stature.

"Raikage-sama, here is the work for this afternoon."

1.9 (zeusdemigod131)

Pikachu "Woke Up".

...Not that he could actually wake up from his current position. Pikachu quickly realized that he was inside a Pokéball.

" *What the heck?"* He thought to himself; it had happened several times before. Pikachu had been with Ash, his trainer, in the Kalos region, and then he woke up in his Pokéball back at Professor Oak's lab.

The first time he thought it was just a dream, and had gone along with it, reliving every adventure he and Ash had gone on together.

The second time... he got worried. Ash didn't remember anything and neither did anyone else. That time Pikachu had tried to make everything go as smoothly as possible, but that ended up with Ash never meeting Misty, May and Dawn, as well as half of his Pokémon.

After that, Pikachu realized that the world reset every single time. So, he had attempted to right the entire thing by leaving the lab the night before Ash showed up and tracking down Celebi. He couldn't find the legendary anywhere.

Pikachu was now on his tenth repeat. He sighed and waited; when everything reset itself, he ended up in his Pokéball the night before Ash came to get him. Several times, he had broken himself out and waited for him but this time he just waited.

As Pikachu began to consider what to do this time, other than trying to make Ash a Pokémon Master (he had only done that once before and it was more luck than anything) he was suddenly engulfed in a blinding white light.

"Pika?" He looked around and saw that he was still in Oak's lab, but it was dark, a little past midnight actually, then next thing he noticed was the human boy kneeling in front of him.

"Pikachu?" Ash asked. "Do you remember me, buddy?"

Pikachu was shocked for a moment. *"Ash?"* He whispered to himself before jumping into his Trainer's arms.

"Pikachu!" Ash cried happily, hugging his partner. After a moment the pair calmed down. "Pikachu, do you have any idea what's going on here?"

"Pika, pika pi, Pikachu pika!" Pikachu waited, the facepalmed. *"Maybe I can get Mewith to join our team... again."*

1.10 (jkz)

Ash was really tired of Giovanni. The "I'll capture Meloetta and then the world, if I don't turn crazy first for the powers of this mirror" thing was becoming really boring. And he knew Pikachu was feeling the same.

"Ok, Pikachu. Do you have it?" the trainer asked his Anchor.

His Pokémon nodded, and retrieved a Master Ball from his Pocket. "Sure you want to do this?" he asked.

"Look, if we do this, we won't have to worry about him until next reset." Ash explained.

Pikachu sighed. "Ok, if you insist..."

"Ah, welcome to my humble Gym." Giovanni said. "I think you are here for a battle, aren't you?"

"Well... I'm here to catch the boss of Team Rocket." Ash said. Without waiting for the leader of the gym to react, he threw the Master Ball at him.

It opened, and it caught him.

Pikachu looked in awe. "Wow... Whatever they pay Dell, It's not enough. That worked so well."

"First, he destroys robots for a living, and has a lot of money for that." Ash said. "Second, if someone could do this, it was either him, Light, or Apple Bloom. And he was the only available."

"But what are we going to do with him?" The electric Pokémon asked.

"Well..."

"Go, Giovanni!"

With a flash of light, the boss of the "Kanto Mafia" appeared. He looked at his surroundings. He was in a cave with red crystals, and the kid that had... caught him... was running away?

That was when he saw the amorphous blobs behind him.

"Why didn't I just ran away from home when I was a kid?" were his thoughts before being eaten by the Tree of Life's WBCs.

1.1 – Guess the grass is greener on the other side, eh Pikachu?

1.2 – Pikachu/Ketchup; the True OTP of Pokémon.

1.3 – Pikachu's first time Looping as a Pokémon outside of his Type.

1.4 – And here we see that he put his experience as a Charizard to good use.

1.5 – If Pokémon can learn to speak human, why can't humans learn to speak Pokémon?

1.6 – Mega Man: Fire Red Version.

1.7 – Twitch Plays Pokémon Red. 'Nuff said.

1.8 – And thus, Pikachu gets suckered into accepting the bane of all bureaucrats in existence.

1.9 – Ash's first Loop as well as when Pikachu learned he WASN'T going crazy. What kind of lazy Admin do they have anyway?

1.10 – Dell Conagher, AKA the Engineer from Team Fortress 2 .

Chapter 2

Okay, since last chapter, we've clarified some stuff over on the forum. As it turns out, while the Mystery Dungeon Loops are still Linked Loops, the Player Characters are the Anchor, not the Partners. So sorry about that!

2.1 (Jcogginsa)

Boulder. Cascade. Thunder.

Rock's Bulbasaur, now an Ivysaur, had netted him all of those badges so far. However, Rock could see that relying solely on him was exhausting the Pokémon. He knew he should have caught another Pokémon sooner, but Bulbasaur had worked his way into his heart so quickly, faster than Rock had anticipated. He just hadn't wanted to battle with anyone other than Bulbasaur. Fortunately, he was near Celadon now, and he knew there were quite a few ways for him to get Pokémon there without taxing Bulbasaur.

"We finally meet," Giovanni said, as Rock strode into his room underneath the Celadon Game Corner.

"Were you expecting me?" Rock asked.

"It wasn't exactly an unlikely scenario. You've spent a few days here, training up your Pokémon. Ivysaur, Porygon, Grimer, and Eevee. We've been watching you. Plus, there was the matter of your frequent visits, and your habit of glancing at the poster that hid the activation button for our facility."

"You certainly are observant. So if you thought I was coming, why not take me out pre-emptively?"

"I wanted you to come. After the embarrassing job my men in Mt. Moon did fighting you, I wanted to see if the men here could do

better. Sadly, they proved just as incompetent. Unfortunately, your journey now comes to an end, for I am far from incompetent, if I do say so myself."

"We'll see. Grimer, I choose you!"

"Hmm, interesting choice. Unfortunately, I specialize in the Ground type. Your Grimer will fall. Go, Onix."

Onix emerged from his pokeball, its horn scraping against the ceiling as it towered over Grimer.

"Crush him. Rage." The Onix roared and dove down towards Grimer.

"Grimer, evade it with Minimize!" Rock ordered. Onix crashed into the floor as Grimer shrank.

"Hmmph. Onix, bury it. Rock Throw." Onix slid its tail forward, hurling stone around the room at the Grimer. Grimer's tiny size allowed it to evade the rocks for the moment.

"Grimer, Disable then Poison Gas!" called out Rock.

Giovanni stepped back, covering his mouth and nose with his hand. "It's useless. Your Poison Gas is but a minor annoyance. Onix, continue attacking with Rage." He smirked through the haze at Rock. "Your gas is only feeding Onix's rage. One strike is all it will take to squash your Grimer."

"Grimer, Use Minimize again!" Rock ordered. Grimer shrank down even smaller. Onix continued to slam his head around, breaking up the floor of the office and disrupting the lingering Poison Gas. Dust joined the gas in floating around, obscuring the battlefield. However, he still failed to strike Grimer.

"Hmm. Continue the attack. Rage." At this point, Onix was beginning to show some signs that the poison gas was affecting him, despite

his Ground typing. However, it was still energetic, and dove back to smashing the ground, trying to strike the elusive Grimer.

"Grimer, Disable once more!" Rock ordered

Giovanni clicked his tongue, then grinned.

"Onix, return. Rhyhorn, Stomp." Onix roared, before vanishing in a burst of red light. Rhyhorn appeared, landing with a heavy shake before it charged forward, stomping on the ground as it charged forward through the dust.

"You best prepare your next Pokémon. Minimized Pokémon don't deal too well with being Stomped on."

Rock smirked, and shouted "Grimer, use Giga Drain!'

"What?!" Giovanni roared as Rhyhorn staggered, its energy rapidly draining into Grimer. "Grr, take it down with you. Stomp on it!" Rhyhorn charged forward weakly, following the green glow of the Giga Drain. It stomped down on the Grimer, before toppling to the side, unable to continue.

Rock smirked as he recalled his Grimer "I fainted one of your pokemon, and poisoned another. Looks like I'm winning here"

"Hmph, don't be so sure. Onix, go. Your Disabling is no longer in effect, and none of your other Pokemon can learn it."

"I'm no one trick Ponyta, Giovanni! Go, Porygon!"

"Hmm. You think I don't know what Porygon are capable of? You bought that from me. Onix, crush it with Bind."

"Porygon, use Sunny Day while you're bound!" Rock called out.

"Hmm, so, you taught it Solar Beam." Giovanni laughed, catching on immediately. "Don't act surprised. As I say, I know all that Porygon is

capable of. Onix, Harden yourself, and then crush down on it in Rage."

"Well, you're smart, I'll give you that. But you forget, Solar Beam is a special type move! Porygon, Solar Beam!" Rock shouted back

Onix roared as he was trapped in the beam of light. Slowly, it teetered before falling down towards Porygon.

"Hardly, it just makes it a harder hammer. Even unconscious, Onix is my weapon."

Rock simply used his pokeball to recall Porygon before he was hurt. "Simple solutions are sometimes grand."

Giovanni frowned. "Indeed." He likewise returned Onix from where he had fallen. He glanced down at the last pokeball on his belt. "It is a pity that I do not have my true team with me for this. But my last pokemon should suffice."

"Let me guess, a Kanghaskhan?" Rock smirked, knowing that thanks to his many playthroughs of the game.

Giovanni paused, then frowned. "How did you...?"

"Trade secret. Go, Ivysaur" Rock said with a grin.

Giovanni scowled. "It appears that I may need to weed my organization for moles. You knew of the switch, Kangaskhan. Hmm, or perhaps, you are just attempting to Fake me Out!"

Kangaskhan burst out of her pokeball, charging forward with a bone-chilling roar as she executed a Fake Out attack.

Rock swore mentally as his Ivysaur flinched.

Giovanni chuckled. "Now, feel the force of a Rocket-Raised Pokemon. Mega Punch!"

"Ivysaur, hit it with Stun Spore before it hits you!" Rock shouted

Giovanni growled as Kangaskhan froze, shudders wracking its body as it fought the paralysis. "Strike it! Mega Punch, Mega Punch! Don't allow some plant seeds to stop you!"

"Evade it the best you can and use Growth!"

Kangaskhan's fist came down, much too slow to strike the side-stepping Ivysaur.

"Useless. Bite it, hold it in place, then Mega Punch it!"

"Ivysaur, point blank Solarbeam!"

Giovanni swore as Kangaskhan was enveloped in solar light. He had forgotten about the Sunny Day that was still in effect, increasing the ambient lighting and allowing that Ivysaur to charge up its beam. Snarling, he returned Kangaskhan from where it had fallen, before he schooled his features into a calm mask.

"Hmm. Well, you certainly are skilled. I suppose that is the benefit of focusing on just a few Pokémon. You certainly have raised them well, I will admit. Still, it is obvious that you cannot hope to understand what Team Rocket seeks to achieve. I will step aside this time, but we will meet again."

Giovanni pressed a small button on the inside of his sleeve, causing a panel to slide open in the wall behind him. He quickly stepped back, before the panel slid back into place, cutting him from view.

2.2 (zeusdemigod131)

Misty's pencil clattered to the ground as she Woke up, taking in her surroundings she looked around the... classroom?

Misty was used to Waking up in Cerulean City, or at least near it, depending on how her relationship with her sisters was that Loop. Occasionally, she would Wake up somewhere else; Pallet Town whenever she and Ash switched places, Petalburg whenever she replaced May.

She had never Looped back to Trainer School before, and she didn't even recognize this place. Or the wheelchair bound man at the front of the classroom.

Misty took a deep breath and waited a moment as her Loop memories settled in. Her name was Misty Jackson and she was attending Yancy Academy with her twin brother Percy...

'Right,' She thought to herself. *'This is definitely one of those Fused Loop things Pikachu mentioned.'*

This idea was cemented when another piece of information, trivial in the memories but major to her, came through. "No Pokemon?" She whispered to herself. Ash and Pikachu had mentioned Worlds like this, and Misty had not been looking forward to visiting them.

"Is everything alright, Miss Jackson?"

Misty snapped to attention and looked up at her teacher. "Uhh, yeah Mr... Brunner, just a little... headache is all."

Mr. Brunner didn't seem convinced but didn't push the matter. Misty looked down at her desk and saw she was in the middle of a history test. She examined the questions for a moment before saying. "Where the heck is Greece?"

Misty walked dejectedly to her dorm room. She was certain she had failed that test; her Pre-Awake self hadn't studied all that much, so she only knew a few things about this Earth, compared to her own.

Upon further analysis of her Loop memories, she found that she was not only apparently a "Troubled Child", but she also had ADHD and

dyslexia, and so did her brother. Misty sat down on her bed; thankfully she didn't have a roommate; and pulled her holocaster from her Subspace Pocket.

Ever since they had learned about subspace storage, each Looper had taken to storing at least one of the devices in theirs at all times. It made it a lot easier to tell who was Awake, as well as find any of their Pokemon who were Looping.

Misty switched on the device. "Hello?" She called, transmitting to all contacts. "Ash? Pikachu? Brock? May? Anyone?" The device offered naught but static. That confused her. "But if Pikachu isn't on, then who's the Anchor?"

There was a knock at her door and she quickly shoved the holocaster back in her Pocket. "Umm, come in?"

As the door opened Misty was greeted by her current twin, although the only thing similar about them was their eyes, both sea green.

"Hey, sis," Percy greeted with a smile. "Glad to see you're *Awake* ."

Misty blinked once, she was confused at what he meant by that; it wasn't that late; until something clicked in her mind. "Are you a Looper?" She asked hopefully.

Percy sighed in relief. "Good, I hate it when I get Unawake new family members." He held out a hand to her. "Hi, I'm Percy Jackson, Anchor for the Last Olympian Loops."

Misty smiled and shook his hand. "Nice to meet you Percy, I'm Misty, just a uh, regular Looper."

"Where from?" Percy asked, sitting down on the bed beside his current sister.

"What do you mean?" Misty asked in confusion.

Percy's eyes widened. "Wow, wait, you mean you haven't visited the Hub yet?"

"Hub?"

Percy sighed. "Alright, I'm assuming you've had the "Welcome to the Multiverse" talk considering you aren't freaked out by a new World."

Misty nodded. "I wasn't personally Awake when our Anchor got it but yeah, Pikachu explained-"

"Pikachu?" Percy asked in surprise. "Little electric mouse Pokemon?"

Misty looked at Percy in confusion. "Yeah, but how do you know about Pokemon?"

Percy shook his head. "Can't believe you guys are actually Looping. Right, hang on a second."

Percy reached into his subspace pocket and pulled out two things; a box set of five books, the first being *The Lightning Thief* , and a DVD titled *Pokemon: The First Movie* .

Misty stared at the second as she recognized Mewtwo, Mew and Pikachu on the cover. "How the?"

Percy sighed. "Looks like I've got to explain the Hub now."

Misty tapped her chin as Percy finished explaining. "So let me get this straight; the "Hub" is a universe that contains data on every universe in the Loops, but in the form of fiction?"

"Yep," Percy said with a smile. "You guys are actually pretty popular; video games, TV shows, movies, mangas," His smile turned to a slight grimace. "Actually I'm kinda jealous; the books for this Loop are pretty good, but the movies," Percy shuddered. "I freakin' hate those Variants."

Misty giggled. "So," She began. "What's your Loop like?"

Percy smiled nervously and chuckled. "Nowhere near as peaceful as yours, I can tell ya that. We've got a Pantheon of Loop Aware gods who, due to something involving the River Styx and the Admins, can't interfere with the normal path of the Loop, a bunch of high powered baddies, mainly a currently shredded Titan and his brothers who want to destroy humanity, the first ever goddess who gets upset when we stop said Titans and tries to destroy the gods, occasionally another set of Loop Aware gods who are the same but different from our own, and sometimes an entirely different set of gods who don't get along with ours and a giant snake who tries to swallow the sun, and every monster from Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and... a lot of other mythologies who try to eat Half-Bloods."

Misty gaped at him. "Half-Blood?"

"Half human, half god, that's what we are, congrats on being the daughter of Poseidon."

Misty pulled her legs up to her chest. "And how long does this last?"

Percy tapped his chin. "Well one of us, or one of my friends, Nico or Thalia, has to reach sixteen, which is... four years for us; depending on when Thalia Wakes up a year to a few months. Nico's a bit tricker but about five to six years depending on how long he's been in the Lotus Casino."

"And that's when the Loop ends?" Misty asked.

Percy shrugged. "Sometimes, it can go about a year or two after when it includes the events surrounding Jason and Gaea."

Misty did some quick math. "So anywhere from just over two years to almost eight?"

Percy shook his head. "Nah, I at least have to reach sixteen; having Thalia choose to preserve Olympus just ends Kronos sooner."

Misty slumped.

"Unless my friend Luke is Awake, in which case we don't have to worry about anything until after our sixteenth birthday."

Misty jolted up. "Why didn't you say that in the first place?"

Percy shrugged. "You didn't ask."

Misty set up her bunk in Poseidon Cabin, grumbling to herself, after school had ended, which had taken a few weeks, Misty had met her current mother, the currently Unawake Sally Jackson, and her step father, whom she would have liked to feed to her Gyarados. Then, as Percy had warned her, they had been attacked by the Minotaur on their vacation, and then taken to Camp Half-Blood by the also currently Unawake Grover Underwood, Percy's Satyr friend.

Misty had been disappointed to hear that Luke Castellan, son of Hermes, was Unawake as well, and it seemed that so far only Percy's girlfriend Annabeth, and friend/rival Clarisse La Rue were Awake.

Fortunately they didn't have to travel to the Underworld this time because Percy, having had many Loops to hone his fighting abilities, had destroyed the Minotaur when it showed up, thus saving his mother, and caught Luke with Zeus' Master Bolt.

Luke had still managed to escape but not without a major dent being put in his plan, one that would only worsen when Annabeth used one of the Golden Fleece she had collected to expunge Thalia from the pine tree on Half-Blood Hill.

"So," Percy asked Misty as he hung a picture of himself, Grover, Annabeth, the centaur Chiron, who was also Mr. Brunner, Misty had learned, Luke, Clarisse, and a few others Misty didn't recognize including a young boy in an aviator outfit, a girl in a "Death To Barbie" T-shirt, and a one eyed boy whom Percy called Tyson. On the wall of his bunk. "We have about a week before the Fleece gets

Thalia out, although I don't think she's Looping either, and then the rest of the summer, even if Thalia doesn't join the Hunters of Artemis, and I gotta warn you, her non-Looping self almost always does, we have until winter break before her next birthday."

"And?" Misty asked.

Percy smiled. "You're a Water Trainer, right?"

It wasn't the first time Misty was able to breath underwater; she'd looped as several Water-Type Pokemon. But it was the first time she could do it as a human.

"This is so COOL!" She cried as she swam.

Percy chuckled. "That's what everyone says."

Misty sighed from the deck of their ship as it sailed towards the Sea of Monsters. Percy had been correct about Thalia; the daughter of Zeus was now a member of the hunters of Artemis, and while they had managed to rescue Nico and his sister Bianca from their military academy early, the children of Hades weren't Awake either, not a surprise since Biacna hadn't even begun Looping yet.

Despite having freed Thalia with the Golden Fleece, Luke was still planning to get this Loop's version from Polyphemus' island, their spies in his army had assured them, although everyone was more than a little confused as to where a second Golden Fleece had come from.

As the ghostly vessel sailed towards the Sea of Monsters, Misty considered their situation. She, Percy, Annabeth, Clarisse, and her current half brother Tyson were all onboard, as it turned out Tyson was Awake this time but had been late getting to Camp Half-Blood.

Percy had told her that they usually took the entrance that involved them battling Scylla and Charybdis. Misty was not looking forward to

facing them,especially since Percy said they almost never got past Charybdis unscratched.

So far the only thing Misty was finding positive about this Loop was being the daughter of Poseidon and all the water related perks. As it turned out while Misty could control water the same way Percy did she could also communicate with, and control, sea creatures much more easily than him.

She had heard several jokes from Clarisse where the daughter of Ares compared her to someone named Aquaman, although it was still unclear whether he was a Looper or what.

As the boat entered the strait between the two cliffs it veered to the left, everyone preparing to attack the monster with everything they had. For Misty, this was an enchanted bow she had obtained from camp and her power over water. As the Gym Leader prepared herself she saw the gaping maw of Charybdis open, revealing rows upon rows of spikey jagged, rock-like..pink and blue teeth.

Then the monster spoke, and, in a deep and gravelly voice, said. "Cor-so-la."

"I just don't know what went wrong." Luke Castellan said to himself as he sat in his prison cell on Mt. Olympus. He had just stolen the Golden Fleece from that idiotic Cyclops when the Jacksons and their little team had shown up, at first Luke hadn't been worried. Then a colossal pink and blue monstrosity with a mouth wider than the rest of its body had jumped out of the sea and swallowed his ship.

Happily chirping. "Cor!" As it did.

He had then been captured by the campers and taken to Olympus for trial, it had in all honesty been a pretty fair trial, he had even gotten to pick his lawyer. Of course Zeus was the judge.

"How did she even get Charybdis to listen to her?"

Misty sat on the back of her Pokemon-turned-ancient-Greek-monster and stared up at the sky. Corsola was Misty's third Pokemon to start Looping, after Togepi and Politoed. And she hadn't responded to Misty's message because, in her current form, she lacked arms.

It had taken some convincing to get Corsola permanent residence in the Long Island Sound but Percy had vouched for her.

After they had locked away Luke, his army had pretty much fallen apart and Kronos' coffin had been recovered, then thrown into Tartarus. Misty and the rest of the Loopers had spent the past three years in relative peace training at Camp Half-Blood and,in the case of Percy and Clarisse, engaging in their favorite vacation Loop activity, a prank war.

Now, at Misty and Percy's sixteenth birthday, the Loop was, in all likelihood, coming to an end. Percy had checked and since neither Jason nor Sadie, the anchors for their respective segments, were awake, the Egyptian and Roman gods weren't an issue.

"So," Annabeth asked from her place on Corsola's back. "What did you think of your first Fused Loop?"

After they imprisoned Luke Annabeth and Misty had begun talking more and trading notes on their Home Loops.

Misty looked at her blankly. "I think this just reassured my opinion that every Looper is crazy." She said with a laugh.

Annabeth smiled. "Just wait, when it comes to crazy, you haven't even scraped the surface."

2.3 (zeusdemigod131)

Misty Woke up in her bedroom in Cerulean City. She blinked once and waited as her Loop memories set in. This one wasn't that odd, she was the sole Gym Leader because her sisters had all left on a

cruise, that seemed to come up a lot, and she hadn't even considered leaving.

After sending out a message on her holocaster she found that Pikachu, Ash,and May were all Awake. She arranged a meeting with them in a few months for when May could actually leave home, then went about her daily business, until a familiar face entered the gym.

"Wait, You're the Cerulean Gym Leader?" Gary Oak asked. "But I heard the Cerulean Gym Leaders were the most beautiful girls in Kanto."

Gary eyed Misty and then shrugged. "Whatever, lets just get this over with."

Misty didn't even look up, after she had met Gary later on in the baseline, she found his current self to be even more insufferable than ever.

"Hey, did ya hear me? Just send out a Pokemon already."

Misty gritted her teeth and clenched her fist, she felt a familiar pulling sensation in her gut.

"Come on! What are ya? St-PWAHHH!" Gary never finished his sentence as he was suddenly hit by the entirety of the Gym field. The poor boy was left unconscious plastered against on of the walls.

Misty looked down at her hands, staring in confusion for a moment, then she smiled, at this point, she could only think of one thing to say. "Sweet!"

2.4 (LordCirce)

Ash Awoke and quickly took stock. He wasn't in bed, so he probably wasn't late to get to Oak's Lab. And, he winced, he didn't have his

cap, so this was probably not a Loop where he was a trainer. He was wearing some rather heavy clothes, a thick vest, and...a gun.

"Great, a military loop," Ash sighed before looking around. He sent out the ping as he took in the area around him. It was night, and he was on the wall of some sort of complex. Inside were several white buildings, lit up with spotlights, while outside was a dark forest. Ash turned to glance up and down the wall. There was another guard part way down the wall, but he was just staring out at the forest.

"Well this is exciting," Ash turned back to the forest just as both an answering ping and his Loop memories hit. This Loop was a Pokemon Loop after all, but not the kind he was used to. Trainers didn't seem to exist here, or at least, his Unawake self had never heard of them. This time around, Pokemon weren't the friendly creatures he was used to. Instead, they were monsters in almost every sense of the word, with many attacking humans at the slightest provocation.

The compound he was guarding was the Oak Pokemon Research Center. Professor Oak and several other scientists worked here to understand Pokemon and to find methods of controlling or fighting them. The gun Ash was wearing was one of their creations, designed to either stun Pokemon with a wave of energy, or fire off powerful, lethal bolts of force. Ash shuddered. He would lay low a bit and then try to find a way to slip off. This would definitely be a Vacation Loop; he didn't want to be party to killing any Pokemon if he could help it.

Just then, a bolt of lightning struck out from the forest, reminding him of the ping he had just received. It looked like Pikachu was nearby. Ash reached out, feeling out the faint Aura Bond they shared. Pikachu was in combat, Ash could feel the rush of adrenaline. But there was something off, Pikachu was annoyed at something. Very annoyed.

An alarm sounded in the compound, and several spotlights lit up along the walls. The center was going on high alert, as Electric type pokemon could reek havoc on the defenses of the compound, and

the stunning power of the guns wasn't all that effective on Electrics. As the spotlights began to sweep across the forest, Ash glanced left and right along the wall again, before he slid over and down the side. Channeling a bit of Aura to his legs, he landed in a crouch at the bottom of the wall and took off running into the forest.

A minute or so later, Ash broke into the clearing where he could feel Pikachu fighting. The spotlights were still sweeping overhead, but they couldn't really pierce the canopy of the forest, just barely providing enough light for Ash to see by. The sight in the clearing, though, brought Ash up short, as did a stray bolt of lightning he had to dodge around.

Half a dozen Beedrill circled in the air, though a couple of them were limping in the air, the membranes of their wings scorched and pierced. These weren't the agile bees Ash was used to, these Beedrill were massively over-sized hornets, needles dripping venom at the end of each leg and a single, massive stinger on the end of their abdomen. The buzzed angrily as the circled around the center of the clearing, where a tall blonde woman stood, surrounded by three Pikachu. The Pikachu were large, and much more rat like than usual. Lightning crackled through their fur and shot off their tails to strike at the circling Beedrill. Two of the bugs fell to the assault, then the other four dove in.

Ash charged out of the bushes, training from several Loops allowing him to bring his gun up in a smooth motion. The crackling energy of the stun shot blasted out, picking one of the bugs out of the air. The remaining bugs broke off their charge in their confusion, spiraling up. That was their mistake. Each of the Pikachu lashed out, lightning firing off and frying the remaining Beedrill, who dropped to the earth. Then, the Pikachu turned towards Ash.

Ash paused as he stared at the Electric Mice, trying to figure out which was his partner. Just then, the woman spoke.

"Well, this is going to be a fun Loop." Ash turned towards her, his eyes widening. She was tall, maybe two or three inches taller than

Ash, and she was wearing a pale blue sundress, which had obviously seen better days. The most striking thing was the yellow gemstone embedded in the center of her forehead, and the two matching stones on the back of each hand. Just as his eyes met her blue ones, she raised her arm. "Look out!"

Ash spun, to see another Beedrill come buzzing out of the trees. Ash brought his gun around, only to duck as the hairs on his neck stood on end. A bolt of lightning shot past him, skittering across the Beedrill. Ash twisted backwards, to see the last crackling sparks dispersing around the woman's hand. She turned to raise an eyebrow at him, and he felt a nudge across the Aura Bond. He grinned, slightly.

"Well, Pikachu. I have to say, you make a cute girl."

The retaliatory shock was worth it for the irritated look on her face.

2.5 (barryc100588)

Black looked at his DNA Splicers, and at the Tao Trio in front of him. "I wonder what would happen if I used the DNA Splicers to splice both Reshiram and Zekrom into Kyurem. Only one way to find out." He activated the Splicers and did just that. Both Reshiram and Zekrom started to merge into Kyurem, but then everything went wrong...

Black Woke up and looked around. He noticed the school and sighed. "Crap. Eiken."

2.6 (AbZHz101)

The ten year old boy looked at the three closed Pokeballs in front of him. He had no flipping clue what had happened. He had woken up expecting another day of Rescue Missions like usual, but to his surprise he was human! And his memory, which had been

(voluntarily) wiped upon entering the Mystery Dungeon World, had returned! He was apparently originally called Terrence Fisher... though for some odd reason that didn't seem quite right... He was one of four children born in the same year and so they would all be receiving their Pokémon today. Looking over his choices, he waged an internal war while still trying to figure out what had happened... hadn't his wish to remain in that world been strong enough? Were his previous resets when he should have returned here? He didn't know.

But that wasn't the only thing on his mind. He knew that before him were three Pokeballs: one containing a Bulbasaur, one a Charmander, and one a Squirtle. He knew Squirtle and Charmander like the back of his... well like he remembered his shell... Did that mean that he should pick one of them? Though if he picked Squirtle, he might end up forcing it to use his style, which might not be the best option. Maybe Charmander then? Or would that be an insult to his friend, trying to replace him here? And really the same problems with Squirtle applied to Charmander... But all the same he just couldn't imagine any other Pokemon as his partner... except maybe Chikorita and that wasn't an option. So he released the Charmander from its ball... and stared as before him was a familiar face.

"{What? I don't... You remind me of somebody... Was that all a dream? Oh, right human, you can't understand me can you?}" Charmander, his partner in the Mystery Dungeon World, sighed. Tears started to form in the human's eyes. "{Well, anyway, I'm Charmander... I guess this means that we will be working together.}" Charmander held out a tiny hand, but was instead wrapped up in a hug and lifted off of his feet. The human was laughing, and Charmander didn't understand it at all. Unsure about quite what was going on, though he didn't really mind that much, Charmander allowed himself to be carried out of the lab.

While most children would have simply rushed out to start their journey, as Gary Oak did to the large crowd's applause, two friends were more than willing to simply find a patch of shade and catch up

on what had happened. It had taken a while to convince Charmander that "Terrence" was "Squirtle," though through knowledge that he never could have had otherwise he had done it. Charmander was more doubtful that he had lived a similar sequence of events over and over multiple times, but was willing to listen. So then "Terrence" had mentioned some of the ideas he had come up with and the more spectacular backfires. It also helped both of them that "Terrence" could still understand Pokémon speech.

"{So what happened after you used Attract?}" Charmander asked, a slight hitch in his voice anticipating where the story might go.

"Well, you weren't affected. You were the only one though," the human replied. "The rest of them all stampeded by our team, picking me up as they went along. I swear I saw both a Miltank and a Tauros in that mob! They were trying to rip off my shell, even though it doesn't come off. They almost had it too, by the time you got there. I wasn't up for Rescue Missions for a while after that; too terrified to leave my house."

Charmander began rolling in laughter. That had been too much. His partner watched, torn between joining him or smacking him for laughing at his trauma. In the end he did neither; because the laughter had gotten the attention of one of the other trainers who had received their Pokémon that day, Ash Ketchum and his Pokémon, a Pikachu. "{And you said you spent until one month before the meteor hit in our base? Wouldn't that have been a bad idea? I mean then all your suitors would have known where to find you!}"

"Yeah, yeah, laugh it up, you were a lot more sympathetic before the reset. Besides, you also knew where to find me and you kind of left an impression of hell fire on all of them," the new trainer snapped.

"Loop Variant? Or did one of us do something different?" Ash asked the local Anchor.

"{Can't say for sure because I don't remember, but probably because I wasn't sure if you'd recover. As you have and I have no memory of

any fear or negative consequence it seems hilarious!}" Charmander replied.

"Don't think so," Pikachu replied in a whisper. "I didn't Wake up early enough to change anything and this feels like a baseline... Hang on, do you think they're Loopers?" The experienced Looping pair re-evaluated the two in front of them. "Hang on for a minute, I'll ask." The Pokémon hopped off of Ash's shoulder and towards the still-laughing Charmander who by now was having a slight problem breathing. "{Hi, I'm Pikachu, and behind me is my Trainer, Ash,}" Pikachu introduced both himself and his partner. The Charmander stopped laughing to see who was talking to him. "{And this might sound strange, but have you been in situations where you feel like you're reliving the same events over and over again?}"

Still in a good mood from his Trainer's last story, Charmander decided to humor the Pikachu. "{Well, I haven't, though I do remember belonging in a world different than this one and have no idea how I got here,}" he replied, before gesturing to his partner. "{My Trainer though has had experiences like what you just described though. In our world we're founding members of the Rescue Team GoGetters!}" he finished proudly.

"That's a Lucario Rank Team," "Terrence" added.

Pikachu's eyes went wide and he started to grin from cheek to cheek. He waved Ash over and said, "Well, they're Loopers alright." Both Ash and Pikachu ignored the surprise from the pair. "It looks like this is their first Fused Loop and it's Charmander's first Loop Awake!"

"Any idea where they're from?" Ash asked. Pikachu nodded.

"Yep, they're a Lucario Rank Rescue Team. You can only become those in the first of the Mystery Dungeon series. Both because after Explorers, Lucario wasn't a Rank and Teams were Exploration instead of Rescue if I remember right," Pikachu said. "Which means they're local... This is awesome, I haven't met anyone from that

series or been there yet! Though I suppose this means we have to give them the "Welcome to the Multiverse" talk." Ash started rummaging through his backpack, his current hiding space for his Subspace Pocket, for everything Pikachu preferred to have on hand for the presentation.

"{What's going on?}" Charmander asked, not sure what the two were talking about. His partner agreed, and silently bemoaned the fact that he wasn't a Pokémon and so didn't know how to defend himself as he was.

Ash stopped trawling his pack for slides and flashed a winning grin at the Fire Type. "Nothing much, we're just getting set up so we can explain some things."

The two inexperienced Loopers' eyes popped out of their skulls. "You can understand Pokémon?" "Terrence" asked stunned.

"Yep," Ash replied. "Kinda took a Loop off to do it, Pikachu's a good teacher. ...Now where did the laminated ones go?" He continued to shove his arms deeper into the bag, far beyond what the dimensions should have allowed. "Here they are!"

Pikachu smirked at Ash blatantly showing off. "Anyway..."

"Terrence" and Charmander followed Ash and Pikachu to the Pewter City Gym. The four Loopers were seemed to be the only ones Awake this Loop, possibly to give the Mystery Dungeon Natives a better idea of what a baseline Pokémon loop was like. Both of the new Loopers had been impressive in their own way. "Terrence" had apparently instinctively gotten the basics of a Subspace Pocket down when it came to his bag, the one that he always had to carry during his home Loops. The Subspace had transferred to his backpack for the loop, though when they found that out they also found out that he had accidentally left a Big Apple in there for Arceus only knew how long. Somehow it had turned into a malicious Eldritch... thing which tried to pull him in and eat him. After the other three pulled him, and the Apple Abomination out they learned that

Charmander still knew Blast Burn. "Terrence" had also caught the Spearow that led the Route 1 flock when it turned out that Charmander's attack had scorched some of its tail feathers, causing it to chase them.

Now Ash and Pikachu were letting them have the first crack at Brock, wanting to see how a Rescue Pokémon battled. With two Pokémon each, Charmander took the stage opposite a Geodude. Brock frowned; even a rookie trainer knew that Fire had a serious disadvantage here, as he was a Rock type Gym and all his were dual-typed with Ground. He must be expecting Metal Claw to carry the day. Still, that meant that quite a bit of training went into the Pokémon before him, especially since the trainer seemed new. It wouldn't do to get overconfident. When the trainer didn't tell his Pokémon how to begin, Brock took the initiative. "Geodude, Rock Throw!" The boulder-like Pokémon threw the displaced stones at the tiny Fire Type, but the Pokémon just always seemed to slip away by the barest of margins. Becoming frustrated, Brock called out, "Tackle!" The Rock Type launched itself at Charmander intent on ringing a few bells to make it harder to dodge.

When Geodude was an arms-length away GoGetters responded. "Now!" "Terrence" called. Charmander ducked to the side, just out of Geodude's reach and then began his counter attack. It had turned out that Terrence had kept a few Link Boxes in the bag as well, for when the need might arise and the other two were curious at how powerful Linked Moves could be. So now was the prime opportunity to show them. Charmander began with Scratch, the first of the three Link Combo. Brock was surprised then saddened that his opponent really was that overconfident. Then Charmander kicked up some sand with his tail, the Charmander family typically couldn't learn Sand Attack but Rescuers are nothing if not inventive and a little bit insane. and he finished the link with a Flamethrower, the heat of the attack transforming the sand into glass tiny shards of glass and propelling them at the Rock Type while hiding the pieces in the fire.

When Brock saw his Pokémon fall he had to reevaluate the trainer in front of him. To wait until his Charmander knew Flamethrower to challenge a Gym... He wasn't overconfident, merely extremely unconventional. This would be an interesting match. "Go, Onix!" Team GoGetters looked at the Giant Rock Snake and frowned. They really didn't want to press their luck to see if they could get their link off again.

"Metal Claw," the Trainer advised.

Charmeleon of Team GoGetters was slightly annoyed. He and the others had all gone onto the S.S. Anne knowing it was a trap but not really caring either way, it would be interesting to see what Competent member of Team Rocket were like. Oh wait, that was a paradox-more competent, then. Ash and Pikachu had dealt with everyone in the ballroom or at least the blinding flash of yellow light accompanied by a tremendous boom and a cry of "Looks like Team Rocket's Blasting Off Again! *twinkle*" But to their constant luck, there had been one guy sent out to terrorize anyone still on the bow into complying. The moron had a Gyarados. Team GoGetters had gotten into it with the Rocket and in the fight the Gyarados had... destroyed about a fifth of the boat. As "Terrence" had yet to find a "suitable" Water type and Fearow was busy with an aerial duel this meant that he was the one who had to fight off the enraged Water/Flying type. Thankfully, things were not as bad as they could have been. Though Gyarados and Pikachu had probably ruined the structural integrity of the vessel, the S.S. Anne was sinking slowly enough that everyone was able to get to life boats before the sea took the ship. Unfortunately that meant that Charmeleon had to be careful of where he and Gyarados were fighting as one wrong move could lead to some very serious casualties.

So he had lead the behemoth on a slow circuit across the open water trying to get to the nearest shore, or tried to. There was a certain distance from its Captor the Gyarados just wouldn't go, which kept them in the general area of the bystanders. He hopped from wave to wave dodging the attempts from the Gyarados to combo off

a Dive then Bite/Crunch as he had no desire to be eaten. He hadn't gotten any help yet, which was odd because there were quite a few people watching. But watching them he realized with a snarl that the thing had changed tactics, it was planning on slamming into the area with the lifeboats! "{Not on my watch,}" the Fire Type spat out. Charmeleon sped forward until he was under the levitation, and then jumped to meet it. He pulled his fist back remembering the training from the martial arts tutor they had met before Cerulean City, and let loose a Mega Punch at the Gyarados's moment of inertia. Its new force sent the Gyarados over the heads of the crowd to drop safely behind them with a tremendous splash.

Sighing with a satisfied smirk, Charmeleon watched as Fearow flew up to him, "Terrence" on his back. "{You know you are walking on water, right?}" Fearow noted dryly.

"{Yes, and I have had occasion to stand on the clouds that make up Rayquaza's Sky Pillar as a Charmander,}" Charmeleon replied. "{Any Rescue member who takes the time to learn the "All Terrain Hiker" Skill can walk on water, magma, and clouds just as easily as upon the earth. I took a bit more time than that.}" Fearow gazed at the other Stage 1 in a bored manner, before rolling his eyes and turning to allow Charmeleon onto his back.

Ash, Pikachu, and Team GoGetters had been invited to New Island to participate in Mewtwo's grand scheme, or so the two more experience Loopers had explained before handing "Terrence" some gems and disappearing at first opportunity, only telling them to stall for as long as possible. The gems had been Charzardite X and Y as well as Blastoisinite and a Mega Stone. Ash mentioned getting a couple sets in the Kalos Region over the course of multiple loops. Now Team GoGetters "listened" as explained the game. Three one-on-one grudge matches between the Final Evolutions of Kanto's Starter Pokémon. They had watched as the human trained Blastoise and Venusaur lost quickly. It was Charizard's turn. They both knew that it would be Charizard that would come up with the final strategy. "Terrence" wasn't too concerned, they had taken down Mewtwo

together before, and really they weren't trying to win just stall out for whatever Ash and Pikachu were doing. That in mind "Terrence" took out the Mega Stone and handed his backpack to Charizard. His partner's eyes widened briefly before nodding.

"{Send out all three,}" Charizard growled out. "{If only the other Charizard challenges me, I will win too quickly.}"

"You dare mock me?" Mewtwo asked eyes flashing dangerously.

"{I state facts,}" Charizard replied. "{Now send them out, unless you would prefer to take the field yourself. In fact, all four. I want to defeat all four of you at once.}"

"Terrence" hesitated to glance at his partner in shock. He kept remembering the little Charmander, a Fire Type, who would force himself not to hide behind him, a Water Type, while they fought a Zapdos, a Legendary Electric/Flying Duel Type. He also knew what Charizard's plan was; because unlike Pokémon from here, who specialized in hitting hard and fast, they specialized in endurance. For these Pokémon a long battle lasted ten minutes, and while this was still true for the GoGetters as well, they were used to fighting multiple ten minute battles in a row. They cared more for moves with lots of PP than for those with high Damage. Because they dealt with the attacks they were weak to more often, they had a higher resistance to types they were weak to than Pokémon from here. He just hoped that Charizard didn't annoy Mewtwo enough to actually make it a four against one fight. Charizard might have had his bag and everything in it, that didn't mean that he could take down a Legendary when that Pokémon had backup.

"Fine, three it shall be. You are not worth my time, though if you truly wish to fall so fast, then I shall have to oblige," Mewtwo responded. Charizard smirked, exactly as planned.

Charizard heard his partner mutter, "Good luck," as he passed by. In response, Charizard readjusted the bag that he had fastened on his back. His partner joking yelled after him, "You better bring that back

without a scratch you hear me? If it gets busted, that's coming out of your pay!" This time Charizard laughed as he stepped onto the battlefield. He eyed his three opponents and noticed that for everything, both the Venusaur and the Blastoise were worse than they seemed. The Charizard would probably be trying to keep him low so that the Blastoise could nail him with a Water Type move like Hydro Pump or Hydro Cannon if he knew it. The Venasaur was either another support fighter, most likely going to use one of the many spore attacks that it had such as Sleep Powder, Stun Spore, and Poison Powder. Well he could at least deal with the last one. He reached into the bag and pulled out a Pecha Scarf and tied it around his arm, knowing the magic of the scarf would protect him even though it wasn't around his neck. Charizard simply grinned.

"{Bring it}" he told them. And the battle began. The Blastoise used Hydro Pump, the Charizard Flamethrower, and the Venasaur attacked with Razor Leaf. Because of the storm Charizard didn't have to worry about Solar Beam coming out of nowhere. A quick flap of his wings and he was airborne. Charizard watched as only his doppelganger reacted and rose to meet him, sad really, Mewtwo wasn't taking him seriously yet! He'd have to fix that. Charizard noticed that the clone was going for a Seismic Toss. He could work with that. He allowed himself to be grappled and was calm as they hurtled towards the ground at a breakneck speed. Only when the other Pokémon tried to disengage did he react. He grabbed the double and twisted them around so that he was below the other as they fell. he flashed the clone a maniacal grin and only let go a hairs-breadth before he hit the unforgiving stone. Then he allowed his Supermobility Skill to take effect and passed through the solid mass like a Ghost Type. His clone did not have that skill and so belly-flopped onto the stage. As he fell below he eventually found Ash and Pikachu in the middle of destroying some very important and expensive looking equipment. "{Almost done?}" he asked them.

"About five more minutes would be great," Ash replied. "Just making sure we get everything."

"{Got it, can do,}" Charizard replied. He flew towards where he remembered the Blastoise clone being and once again passed through the earth without disturbing a stone. Seeing that the clones hadn't moved he quickly grabbed the Blastoise's arm and used his own Seismic Toss to throw the Water Type into the Venasaur clone.

"Get him!" The Venasaur used Vine Whip to hold him in place while the Charizard and the Blastoise Clones rushed to nail him with a Body Slam each. Charizard had already been reaching into the bag and showed them what he had pulled out, a Warp Orb. Then right before they could connect the orb activated and Charizard randomly ended up two hundred and fifty meters in the air above his partner. "If you won't stop playing games, then you shall learn the consequences of your arrogance!" Mewtwo mentally commanded the Charizard clone to burn the human. The clone moved to obey, and everyone knew there was nothing that Charizard could do. Charizard dived, praying for a miracle. As the flames came closer the "Terrence" didn't want it to end this way. He knew from experience that Mewtwo wasn't evil by nature, he just needed some good friends to help him. But that wouldn't happen now. Charizard would take out the clones but lose to Mewtwo in his rage. And that wasn't an acceptable outcome.

In desperation, he willed the waters like he did when he was a Pokémon. He had tried this many times before and it hadn't worked, but sometimes you can only truly exert your will when your life is on the line. A shadow came into being around him. The assembled crowd heard the cry "Toise!" And the waters rose as the leader of Team GoGetters used Surf. The flames harmlessly dissipated on the water wall. As Charzard landed by his partner the shadow seemed to expand and change. Now under the Charzard and transparent Blastoise was a Charmander and a Squirtle and a smoky facsimile of a Chikorita. The Squirtle was carrying a satchel and trusting forward some kind of badge, the Charmander was giving the "V for Victory" sign, the Chikorita seemed to be standing proudly beside her teammates. And then the Basic Pokémon evolved, though they didn't reposition themselves, though the badge now looked like it was

made of Diamonds. And then they evolved again, this time the badge was in the shape of a Lucario's head. Finally, they spoke as one, "Team GoGetters is out of the Gate and ready for action!" As the vision faded, the human spoke up, "I guess we owe you one; I mean I could not figure out how to do that until just now! So I guess to show our appreciation... We're going to wrap this battle up right now!"

Charizard reached into the bag with a smirk and pulled out a single seed. He cracked it in his teeth and swallowed. Then he rushed out to the battlefield fast enough to leave afterimages. The clone tried to follow and noticed Charizard coming in from behind with a Slam attack using his tail, and moved to block... and find out that had been an afterimage and that Charizard was actually coming from his front with a Mega Punch. The cloned Pokémon landed in a leap on the other side of the battlefield. Charizard was then in front of the Venusaur with a Wing Attack, knocking the Pokémon out cold. Charizard then was in front of the cloned Blastoise and unleashed a Fire Blast right in it's face. Triple KO. "{And that's five minutes on the dot,}" Charizard noted as a quarter of the stands and most of the electronics disappeared in a flash of bright yellow.

2.7 (SeasideCharizard)

Oshawott lay face-down in the sand of a beach that was certainly nowhere familiar, especially considering he lived on the top of what was practically a mountain.

He'd been surprised before by where the Loops chose to place him sometimes, especially that time where he Awoke while travelling through a Magnagate.

Lying with half of his body stuck in sand, though? That was new.

He got up, shook the sand off, and looked around, opting to focus on the very worried Chimchar approaching him.

"Hello," they both said at the same time. They stopped, looked at each other, and then asked questions, also at the same time.

"Where am I?"

"Who are you?"

Chimchar answered Oshawott's question before Oshawott answered his, this time.

"You're next to Treasure Town."

"No place I'm familiar with. I'm Oshawott of the Explorers, from Paradise."

"Paradise?" Chimchar tilted his head, wondering just what kind of paradise the unfamiliar Pokémon meant.

"Paradise. You know Post Town? It's near there."

"Well, I have no idea where Post Town is…" Chimchar mumbled, before not speaking for a moment. Soon, his eyes lit up as if he came to a realization, and he added, "Hold on, are you stuck in a time loop?"

"Huh?" Oshawott looked at the Chimchar in surprise, then more relief at something indeterminable. "Oh. Yeah, I'm Looping."

Chimchar nodded slowly, as if considering what to do with the Oshawott before him.

Inside, he did feel quite a bursting joy—after all, he'd finally met someone else going through the phenomenon, and from what he could tell, this Pokémon knew more about it than he did.

"Then, I guess you're my partner this time! You're… in Piplup's place, and Piplup and I normally form the exploration team, Team Poképals."

"Let me guess, I'm replacing Piplup somehow and he's replacing me, and Piplup's an amnesiac?" Oshawott asked, to confirm his suspicions.

Particularly, as to why he had no Loop memories.

Chimchar nodded again. "That sounds about right, and yes, he lost his memory shortly before now. Did you happen to go on a big adventure or something in your journey?"

"World-saving," Oshawott clarified, saying it as if it were no big deal.

"Same here."

"This might be interesting, then," Oshawott noted, a new curiosity entering his voice. "Can I get a basic rundown of everything that happens for you?"

Chimchar thought for a second before answering.

When he did, he described, in vague but sufficient detail, the events up until the defeat of Primal Dialga and the restoration of the normal timeflow to the world.

Oshawott seemed impressed, and when Chimchar finished, even admiration was emanating off of him.

"Wow," Oshawott eventually said, having a new respect for the Chimchar. "I just have to deal with an alien snowflake that embodies negativity trying to end the world."

Chimchar stared blankly at Oshawott in half-incomprehension. "What."

"I know."

Piplup opened his eyes, looking out at the sky, and felt something along the lines of a pleasant breeze. A pleasant breeze that was

becoming increasingly unpleasant.

Then he realized he wasn't standing, and looked down.

He was falling from a mile in the air.

"WHAT THE HEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEELLLLLLL!"

"Oh, I just remembered!" Oshawott suddenly said.

"What's that?" Chimchar asked.

"I usually Wake Up falling from a mile in the sky."

Chimchar grimaced. "Uh-oh."

"One more thing," Oshawott added, with a tone of urgency. "Did you ever learn why you're Looping? You weren't using Looper terminology, so I was curious."

"No. What, is there a vocabulary for this stuff?" Chimchar asked, interested,

Oshawott looked around the beach, almost suspiciously, before answering. "Does anyone come here?"

"Nobody comes here for another two hours or so. Why?"

Oshawott, from somewhere that Chimchar couldn't determine, produced a number of strange, icy objects.

"You're going to need these."

Piplup had no idea how in the world he survived that fall, but he did not enjoy the surprise. That, and after seeing the landscape, he knew he was nowhere near Treasure Town.

"Ah? That's not Oshawott."

"You're right."

Two voices. One's a boy, the other's probably a girl. That, and Piplup was apparently replacing an Oshawott.

This was either going to go well or horribly.

Piplup sat up, and looked at the perplexed Pikachu and... electric squirrel Pokémon, whatever it was.

"Huh," was all that he said.

The two stared blankly at the Piplup for a while, before Pikachu finally asked, "Who are you?"

"Piplup of Team Poképals, and I have no idea how I got here. Time loops and all… Whoa."

"Oooh, okay, that explains it. We've gone through this before, anyway," the Pikachu quickly responded. The electric squirrel next to her was already looking through his bags for something.

"Then, can someone tell me why I have really conflicting memories right now?" Piplup asked, clearly very confused at what his head was telling him.

"Yeah. You're replacing Oshawott right now, and thing with the Loops is that it gives you a second set of memories belonging to the person you replaced; 'Loop memories'. Like I said, it happened before, though we got a Squirtle instead of a Piplup. Still a human-turned-Pokémon, anyway. There was also the other Looper, but... well, never mind that. I'm guessing you're also originally human?"

Piplup sighed. "Yes, yes I am."

"Great! As far as I know, this Loop actually requires that… unless we try to use a satellite cannon on the Bittercold. That works, too. And,

by the way, I'm Pikachu, and this is Emolga." Pikachu pointed at the electric squirrel when she said that, apparently named Emolga.

"I'm not gonna comment on why they're all Water-types," Emolga mumbled, still digging through his bag until he finally found what he was looking for. It looked like a cross between a very precious jewel and a chunk of ice, white on top and blue on the bottom.

"You're both looping, right? Total of three?" Piplup asked. "Me and my partner are, so I guess that makes a current total of… plus that Squirtle, six?"

"Yeah… oh, add one more for Squirtle's partner. Two partners, actually, so eight. Did you get the whole talk about why you're Looping yet?" Emolga asked, holding multiples of the icy thing now.

"Nope, no clue. I asked Dialga, but he wasn't helpful… and what are those?"

"…Before I answer that, did you just say you asked Dialga?"

Piplup shrugged. "Poképals fights legendaries. A lot. To the point where most of them join our team."

"You managed to get the time deity on your team. I'm officially pretty impressed," Emolga remarked. "These are called Frisms, by the way. They activate like this!"

He started rubbing the top of it, and the white seemed to just come off in a mist, revealing blue. Afterwards, the Frism somehow spoke.

"Oh, do I just speak with this thing near me? Kind of like a tape recorder. Well, then, Introduction to the Multiverse and Looping. If you're lucky, you can get into Multiverse Honors."

"Okay. Let me get this straight, because this is really weird. I'm looping through time forever, sometimes with random changes or in

completely different loops, because a world tree that runs reality got hit with a something and isn't functioning entirely correctly, and I'm one of the Anchors, the first people to start Looping in their Loop, who Loop every single time, and from there sort of spread the Looping to those around them, and, again, I'm one of them. Dear Arceus, I'm going to go crazy at this rate."

"I was already crazy to begin with, so I don't care," Oshawott nonchalantly said, somehow putting away double the Frisms from before, as he ended up recording the recording so as to not lose it. "And I really want a voice recorder so I don't have to do this. Maybe I can get a Porygon to make it or something."

"And those are? Voice recorders record voices, I get that much."

"Human thing."

"…Hey. Wait a second," Chimchar began, pointing at Oshawott. "You remember?"

"Yes? Hey, not every human-turned Pokémon has amnesia, especially in my weird case."

Chimchar just slowly nodded.

Oshawott looked annoyed for a second, but then dropped it. "So, I'm assuming you'll just let me progress through how everything normally goes?"

"Floor's yours, I guess. For the most part."

"The most part?"

"I'm going to try and make half of the events unnecessary this Loop and hope that Darkrai doesn't have a backup-backup-backup plan."

"Whatever it is, I'm in."

As soon as Emolga was finished playing all of the Frisms, he said, "And that's that," before realizing that Piplup wasn't paying attention. In fact, Piplup seemed to just be gone.

Pikachu looked somewhere between annoyed and amused. "Geez. He went into… what did Oshawott call it?"

"BSoD mode."

"This is going to be troublesome, isn't it."

"Yep!"

Much later on, Team Poképals, minus one Piplup and plus one Oshawott, made their way through Amp Plains and ran into the local Electrike clan.

"Ha ha ha! My name is Manectric! I am… I am the leader of these Electrike!"

The Manectric and the Electrike appeared from the shadows, surrounding Team Poképals. However, contrary to expectations, neither Chimchar nor Oshawott seemed to be afraid.

Oshawott in particular just defiantly drew his scalchop from his stomach and yelled.

"I will give you one good reason why you shouldn't attack! This is your only warning!"

"And what is that?" Manectric asked, also showing defiance in his tone.

A violently flowing blade made of glowing water extended from the scalchop, and Oshawott pointed it threateningly at Manectric.

"I know about timed hits," he simply said.

"…"

"…"

Manectric stared at the Oshawott for a while, before seeming to relent, but then immediately shouting after, "Prepare to fight!"

Oshawott sighed. "I warned you."

"Okay, okay, I think I'm starting to get it. Sorry for that," Piplup grumbled, busy being somewhat hard of understanding everything he just heard about the Multiverse.

"It's fine. To be honest, I was pretty upset about the whole looping thing, because I have to rebuild my Pokémon Paradise every Loop," Pikachu said, showing what she meant by staring out across a barren wasteland.

"Yep. Welcome to Paradise." Emolga sighed.

"Are you sure this is Paradise? It looks empty," observed Dunsparce, Emolga's friend who was not Awake.

"It's empty now, but looks beautiful later… You'll see," Pikachu answered. Then she turned to Piplup. "By the way, we stick mostly to baseline, because it's hard for a lot of our team to gather if we don't. But, you're in luck, since we're going to try to go through everything and beat our local catastrophe as quickly as possible this Loop. Only you can actually fight the thing, though, so…"

"Oh, don't worry. Dialga was resolved with two Bubble Beams last Loop," Piplup stated confidently, even giving an odd penguin grin while doing so.

"…Geez. You'll definitely be able to do it quickly."

"Just because I don't want any more surprises like suddenly being a mile in the air, how do the… technically required events in the Loop go?"

Pikachu started to whisper, likely because of Dunsparce's presence.

"First, we recruit a Pokémon named Gurdurr and his two apprentices, and if we don't, we can't do anything with Paradise. It involves us getting swindled, so we have to play along with that. The exact events behind him joining us are usually so specific that I don't want to risk trying anything, but I bet there's definitely another way. I'll try it later, maybe. Same with the next member, Virizion, who... unfortunately, has us allowing Dunsparce to get swindled as well. After that, everything goes pretty fast. We can intercept both Umbreon and Espeon, which is the most important part, because it removes about half of the problems that occur in our journey, and from there, we take out the big bad and we're free for the rest of the Loop. However long that is."

"Sounds pretty cool," Piplup responded, nodding in approval.

"Oh, and just a special little perk for this Loop, you're going to be a human for two or three days near the end of it," Pikachu added on.

"Wait, what? How does that work?"

"Sentient Earth, implied universe pressure… To be honest, I don't really know, either."

2.8 (AbZHz101)

Waking up was misery. Between feeling like someone had was constantly practicing Thunder Wave on his brain and the contracting of his stomach he could tell it had been a few days since he had last eaten. 'What the heck happened?' he wondered, grimacing as he stared at the too bright sky. With the amount of light it would have to be at least midmorning, at latest midafternoon. It was rather

annoying, he had been having such a nice dream before he woke up too. Part of him just wanted to ignore everything that was happening and just go back to sleep, to see if he could dream the same dream... and maybe, just maybe finish it this time. But he was also famished, and something told him that if he fell asleep now, he probably wouldn't be getting back up.

As he rose he tried to collect his thoughts, only to find that he had two very much conflicting sets of "recent" memories. He sighed. *'Of course... I always knew the other shoe would drop eventually... But to think it would drop like this...'* He glared at the cheerful world and beyond, as if to aim his spite at the very concept of Fate. "{Well, fuck you too!}" Then his rage spent the tiny Pokémon sighed and began to walk off in search of food. "{That was really low,}" he muttered. But still, was it possible to dream a lifetime in one night? ...To dream within a dream? ...To experience bliss, despair, vindication... maybe even love? Was that possible in a dream? 'In the end, it doesn't matter,' the Pokémon thought. 'It taught me all I need to know at the moment. And that is that I need to take care of myself for right now. Damien wasn't coming back.'

The basic Pokémon tried to forage for food, but he was for the most part, a city Pokémon. Yes, he remembered living on a reserve for a long time but there were quite a few differences between then and now. First, the area he was used to scanning was made up of high mountains and steep cliffs, not lush forests. Second, he was used to looking for mountain foods themselves as they were favored by his kind over anything that he could find here. Third, he was used to scanning from the sky, not dragging his tail through the mud. Fourth he had never tried to search for food when he was this hungry, none of the Charizard had; it had never gotten to that point. On the rare occasion that one of them had gotten too sick to search for food on their own the others would always gather extra-the unspoken agreement being that if the roles were ever reversed the same courtesy would be given, but that was just a dream.

It was only after hours of fruitless searching that the Charmander began to really realize just how much trouble he was in. Even though he was on flat ground he was still swaying and stumbling from one edge to the other of the road that he had somehow found himself on. If he was in control of his faculties and able to see himself he would have noticed that his eyes were unfocused, his scales were paling into something like a dull rust, and his tail flame was dangerously low. Most beings would probably try to kill him in a misguided attempt at mercy thinking him at Death's door. But his Dream had given him something-a will beyond what most could imagine, a drive that would keep him going even if they cut off all his limbs and tore out his still-beating heart-he refused to die. Higher level thought briefly returned to the tiny Pokémon as he once again found himself on his back, staring up at a pair of faces from his dream. "{No way...You can't be real... You're only a Dream... great Dream... can I go back?}"

When he next awoke, it was to an strange ceiling and a dull ache in his left arm. Unable to make sense of what had happened he simply tried to lay there and get back to the dream in which he could dream. "{Hey, you doing alright?}" Charmander jerked. He knew that voice. Sweet Arceus, he knew that voice and so wanted to hear it. Because if he heard it then that meant that he was back in the Dream. "{That jerk that had the gall to call himself a Trainer left a few days ago. Ironically the moron let slip what he did in a neighboring town a couple of hours ago so they were just about to send out search parties when we came in with you. They had all the stuff already prepped.}" Charmander tried to take in everything that he was hearing and he just couldn't.

Tears began to leak from his eyes. "{Just stop... I don't want to hear anymore...}" the Flame Pokémon begged.

"{Look, I know that he was your trainer and all but he left you to die out there!}" the voice that he knew so well argued.

"{I don't care about that jackass! If he actually finally gets what's coming to him, then I would say "Good for the Justice System." I just

don't want to hear anymore of this Darkrai Spawn! It... it's too perfect... I won't be able to take it when I have to wake up on that rock or on the roadside.}"

"{What makes you think that this is a dream?}" There was suspicion in that voice. His dream friend was guarding his emotions. Charmander flinched at the tone. It conveyed silent words that he dreaded to hear: loss of trust.

"{Because, I already woke up once before.}"

"{Oh Original Ones...}" There was nothing short of unmasked horror now. "{You're Looping.}"

2.9 (jxz)

Red Woke Up-

And had to dodge a Flamethrower from a Charizard with a red visor.

Dodging the attacks, he knew that he had to find some place to hide, so he took a smoke pellet from his Pocket and threw it to the fire Pokemon. Luckily, it worked, and the Charizard was blinded long enough for Red to escape into some trees.

Once free of danger, he decided to check his memories.

"...Ugh, really? Archbishop Red, from the Church of Helix?" He sighed. His memories told him that the Charizard he was confronting was a follower of AJ, leader of the Great Anti-Gods Movement. He also had defeated some Pokemon and Trainers of the Church of Dome and Team Anarchy. Also, he was in Helix-Kanto, in the frontier between it and Dome-Kanto.

"Arceus damn it..." He whispered, as he took his X-Gear from his Pocket, and dialed Gold.

On the artifact, Gold appeared. He looked tired. "Yo, what's up."

"Gold? What happened to you?" Red asked, a bit worried about his friend.

"Eh, a Rhyperior wanted to kill me, but I defeated him first." Gold said. "And I was waiting for you to call. The leader of Team Anarchy-You know them?"

"Unawake me fought with some of them. Why?"

"It's leader is not Sapphire," Gold said. "It's a looping May."

"Well, that's a relief," Red said. "Sapphire would go Commando in this world, or at least go Tarzan... again."

"Yeah. She's coming from Anarchy-Hoenn. We'll see you in Mt. Silver, ok?"

"Ok."

He ended the communication and started to walk. This Loop would be interesting…

2.1 - Mega Man: Fire Red Version - Part 2

2.2 - Misty's first Fused Loop, with Percy Jackson, in case it wasn't obvious enough for you.

2.3 - Gary really is a prick before Johto, isn't he?

2.4 - PIKACHU IS A GIRL!

2.5 - That would be Black, from Pokemon Special. Since we have no idea what the original Dragon of Unova looked like, any attempt to form it in the Loops causes a Loop crash.

2.6 - The Introduction to the Multiverse for the Rescue Team Protagonist and Partner.

2.7 - The same for the Explorers Protagonist and Partner, courtesy of the Gates to Infinity Loopers.

2.8 - Charizard's First Loop. Yeah...I kind of feel sorry for him.

2.9 - Some Twitch Loops focus on the spazzing. Others focus on the Lore.

Chapter 3

3.1

"Pikachu?"

"Yeah, Ash?"

"Why are we robots?"

"I don't know. And that 'Super Adapter' thing is just plain *weird* ..."

"Yeah. I mean, you're my best friend and all, but I don't want to become one with you or something..."

3.2

Pikachu was not amused. Although, he wasn't exactly a Pikachu this time around. This time, he was a Past Participle. ...Yeah, he didn't get it either. He still LOOKED mostly the same as usual, but instead of being Electric-type, he was Verb-type. What Professor Oak was saying to the Unawake Ash wasn't helping his headache either.

"So remember, Ash. Try to catch as many Grammarmon as you can, and you too can be one of the most eloquent speakers in the World."

"I's wills done this Professor!"

Why, Arceus, why?

3.3 (Crisis)

Ash looked at the arrangement of Unown and read, "Weir two spell too drunk."

"No kidding," Misty agreed.

3.4 (Inkweaver22)

Pikachu wasn't entirely sure what he was this loop. He was still an Electric-type, just not one he recognized. Instead of being a mouse Pokémon, he was now some sort of red panda species called 'Volpan'.

3.5 (AbZHz101)

"{Well according to the nurses, officially Ash is temporarily in charge of your well being seeing as he brought you into the center... Unofficially it'll probably be permanent within about a week,}" Pikachu told his bed-bound friend. "{Pretty open and shut case, they said.}"

"{And I'll be able to leave, when?}" Charmander growled, glaring at the IV in his arm.

"{They'll be able take that out tomorrow if everything goes okay. They aren't going to let you out of the bed for at least a week, though,}" Pikachu replied.

"{But I *need* to move!}" Charmander pleaded.

"{Hey, don't use that on *me* . I'm just relaying the message. Honestly, I think most of it is they don't want to risk us running off with you before you're better and officially Ash's Pokémon. I figure you once you start recovering, we might be able to convince them to a supervised game of ball or something,}" Pikachu replied with a shrug. "{Besides, weren't you always lounging around when the rest of us were playing anyway?}"

"{I don't do prolonged inactivity well. What happens most days is that I switch between training and resting about every five minutes. I can

really only do prolonged strenuous activity if I'm facing someone I really want to beat.}" He purposefully ignored Pikachu's disbelief. " {Besides, I'm pretty sure that none of you would have appreciated the minor earthquakes that tend to happen when I run.}" Then he thought about what he just said-specifically how it related to the fact that he was currently a lot smaller and lighter than he was used to-covered his face with this paws, and growled into them. "{This is so confusing! You know what I mean!}" Any further discussion was put on hold as the door opened.

The two Pokémon looked up to see the faces of Ash, the Local Nurse Joy, and some of her Chansey assistants. "Well, you sure are looking better," the nurse said pleasantly. Charmander smiled back and gestured to the IV. "No, not yet. Because you haven't eaten anything for days it's entirely possible that if we were to take it out and feed you normally you would simply regurgitate the food and make yourself more sick. Yesterday was touch-and-go for a while so we would like to do everything possible to prevent a relapse." Charmander grimaced, but didn't press the issue. Something told him that if he did make an issue out of it he would only be in here longer. With that the nurses left the three Loopers alone.

"Hey, are you doing okay?" Ash asked.

"{I am now,}" Charmander replied with a smile. "{Pikachu tells me that you can understand Pokémon now.}" Ash nodded. "{Good, then just so you know, as soon as we're alone you're getting a Flamethrower to the face.}"

Ash groaned. " *Why?* "

"{Well, most of it is that I want to make sure its really you,}" the Fire type replied, nearly lost in his own thoughts. "{When you took me with you the first time... I thought it was too good to be true. It was so different from what I knew and all of it was *better* . And when I evolved the first time I wondered if it really was everything it seemed. So I decided to see how far I could push, know just what it would take to make you snap at me. Once I knew just how far I could go... I

would have been happy. I mean *everyone* has limits, it was only natural that you would as well... But you just *didn't* ! No matter how much crap I gave you, no matter what I did, I couldn't find that limit. I found the other's limits easily enough, you wouldn't believe the grief I got from the others for my little stunt during the Indigo League... But the one limit I wanted to find... I couldn't. It wasn't until I almost got myself killed while we were in the Orange Islands and you spent all night making my mistake right that I got it. The moment I became yours there was nothing that I could do to make you mad at me, much less revoke that gift.}"

"{Once I realized that... It made me reconsider all the things I had been doing and forced me to recognize how much of an idiot I was being. So I stopped... Mostly. After I finally got that part of you, I became worried about what would happen if you ever lost that. So the Flamethrowers were my way to check. To make sure you were still my trainer, still the Ash I knew.}" Charmander paused gathering up strength for what he was about to say. "{Ash, I won't purposefully hit you with attacks in public anymore if you don't want me to, but if you ever lose that part of yourself... I won't listen to you anymore. Because... That's what makes you Ash! That's what makes you our Trainer! Got that?!}"

"Yeah, loud and clear," Ash replied with a distant smile. There was silence in the room for about half a minute as everything that had been said sank in. Then Ash wondered aloud, "So you said that was most of the reason for the Flamethrowers... What was the rest?"

Charmander's face flushed, he turned his head away unable to look while explaining, and he muttered, "{I never really outgrew thinking that *"Ash is Ashes"* was funny.}"

3.6 (jxz)

Ash gave a drink to Marcus, as both humans looked at their partners fighting against the other.

"So... Anchor?" Ash asked, as Pikachu shot an Electro Ball to Agumon, who dodged.

"Basically. You?" Marcus said, as Agumon shot a Baby Flame to Pikachu, who destroyed it with Iron Tail.

"No, Pikachu is the Anchor." Pikachu didn't see Agumon behind him, until the lizard Digimon punched him. He was sent flying into a wall.

"Oh. Do you want to do something?" Pikachu used the wall to impulse himself and increase the velocity of his Surprise Attack, managing to tackle Agumon to the ground.

Ash grabbed some cards from his backpack. "I have these cards from Yuma's loop. Do you want to play?"

Marcus smiled, grabbing his own set of cards, as well as a D-Gazer and a Duel Disk. "You're on!"

And with that, they started the duel, forgetting for a while of the reason the two non-human beings were fighting in the first place was because they wanted to know who was stronger; A Pokemon or a Digimon.

But the two humans knew it would take a long time to know it.

And it was easier than make Yggdrasil (the machine, not the entire Multiverse) and Arceus fight, anyway. And it wouldn't cause a Crash.

3.7 (LordCirce)

Pikachu stared up at the sky. Dark clouds were swirling around, and within the storm, Pikachu could see the core of Zekrom glowing. It was almost time.

This Loop had been pretty much baseline. Bulbasaur and Charmander has swapped places earlier, and Ash had caught a

Carvanha instead of a Corphish, but it was otherwise the same. Pikachu was the only one Awake, and he had decided it was the perfect time to try out an idea he had.

A bolt of blue lightning lanced down from the clouds, blasting apart the contraption that Pikachu was currently trapped in. Ash sprawled backwards from the blast, while Team Rocket were hurtled skyward. Pikachu ignored it all as he twisted and darted forward. He had to act quickly to get this set up.

With a quick thought, five wooden boxes dropped on the ground around Pikachu. With a quick spin, he knocked all of them open with his tail, revealing five glowing Thunderstones. Pikachu grit his teeth as he felt the energy of the stones pulsing out, seeking to catalyze an evolution in his cells.

The energy of Pokemon evolution was rather mysterious, even to the Pokemon themselves. The energy itself was identical between all Pokemon, but it had a unique effect depending on the species. It was powerful, but it was impossible to utilize for anything except evolution. Or rather, it was almost impossible.

Pikachu shot out five thin sparks, each one striking a Thunderstone. The stones glowed, and the evolution energy poured over the connection, surging back into Pikachu's body. Pikachu could feel the changes starting, his tail thinning and fur darkening. With a tremendous effort of will, he forced back the change, corralling the energy of the Evolution Stones to pool within his center.

Seconds past, and Pikachu felt the energy build to a peak. The stones were dim now, their power exhausted, and pure white lightning crackled around Pikachu, pitting the ground and splitting the air. Pikachu twisted to glare skyward, at the form of the black dragon just visible in the clouds.

"{Eat this!}" Pikachu screamed as the energy he had built up leapt out and up, twisting into a pillar of pure white light. Pikachu, though, could see Zekrom's eyes widening through the glare, and then the

bolt struck. The storm was ripped apart by the discharge. Secondary bolts tore through the clouds, revealing the form of Zekrom for all to see. Zekrom writhed and reeled from the burst of energy. After several long seconds, the pillar of lightning tapered away, revealing a scarred dragon and an unconscious mouse. Zekrom roared before vanishing, white sparks still trailing across its body, while Ash ran forward to check on Pikachu.

Later, at the Professor's Lab, Pikachu studied himself in the mirror. He wasn't evolved, but he certainly was changed by the energy. His fur was much deeper, and he had gained about two or three inches in height. His tail was thinner as well, coming to a sharper point at the end. The biggest changes were to his cheek pouches. Both of them had turned pure white, creating a shocking contrast with his dark brown fur.

"{Heh, totally worth it.}" Pikachu shot himself the victory sign.

3.8 (LordCirce)

Red blinked as he appeared in a large blank room. The walls and floor were all black, with white lines at the edges. He barely had a chance to take it in, before a voice spoke up behind him.

"Hi there, and welcome to the world of Pokemon."

Red spun, to come face to face with Professor Juniper. She didn't appear to be looking right at him, focusing instead on a point just to his right.

"My name is Professor Juniper. Everyone calls me the Pokemon Professor."

Red groaned. It looked like he was going to be taking part in one of the games. He wondered if this one would include a menu system or not. Sometimes the games acted like real-life, just with flat

characters. Other times, it was just like he was in the game, including being unable to unzip his backpack without accessing a menu.

Professor Juniper's spiel was winding down as Red came out of this thoughts.

"...yourself? Are you a boy, or a girl?"

Red laughed. "Do I look like a girl? I'm a..."

"So you're a girl. I would like to know your name."

"No, I..." Red cut himself off before his name got set as "Noimnot".

"Please tell me your name."

"Red."

Red opened his eyes as the bright light faded away after his "registration". He quickly glanced down, and was pleased to see that he was still a boy. *'Heh, Looper trumps game.'*

"Red, I heard from Prof. Juniper that we can have a Pokemon." Red turned to glance at the boy that had just walked up beside him. He recognized him from the intro as Cheren.

Bianca showed up shortly thereafter, and they opened up the box that Professor Juniper had apparently left. "It's Red's house, so she gets first pick."

Red's brain froze up. *'She?'* . Slowly, he closed his eyes and began to bang his head on the desk by the box. *'Stupid, stupid, stupid game.'* Behind him Bianca and Cheren both stood smiling.

Lifting himself back up, Red looked at the three Pokeballs. Each was marked with a label detailing which Pokemon was inside. Snivy the Grass Type, Oshawott the Water Type, and...Pikachu the Fire Type?

Red reached in and pulled out the ball containing Pikachu. Was this some kind of variant? He ignored Cheren and Bianca as they picked their Pokemon, and instead sent out Pikachu.

"{Finally. I hate Pokeballs,}" The Pikachu sat down and shook himself off, before glancing up at Red. "{Oh, Red, it's you. How are you doing?}"

Red smiled as he recognized the tone of Ash's Pikachu. "Pretty good, though I am apparently female this time around."

Red frowned as Pikachu rolled over laughing.

3.9 (Khelder)

Waking up in the lab mid-Thunderbolt, Pikachu paused.

"{You're not Ash.}"

The apparent replacement for his best friend glared at him for a moment, sparking and smoking gently, before sighing.

"Maa, that wasn't very nice now, was it?"

Right, of course - after so many Loops alongside Ash, he'd forgotten that most people couldn't understand Pokémon. And Prof. Oak might keep him for study if he used English right away...

Once out of Pallet town, Pikachu spoke up. A quick explanation from each later, to clarify this was definitely a Looper and what usually happened in Baseline, and they were ready to set out. His companion was apparently fairly new to the Loops himself, but had picked up the basics and a few trick from friends in his home universe - most notably, a pair of clip-on earrings that would allow the wearers to understand each other regardless of language, and communicate over a moderate distance.

The electric Pokémon gladly accepted a few copies and designs, and they'd decided hurry to shelter rather than spend too much time in conversation.

They managed to reach the first Gym with less trouble along the way than 'baseline' - although not by much - and decided to win the Boulder Badge on their first attempt - the thought bringing Pikachu back to the present. Dodging a thrown rock, he darted forwards to knock Geodude out with a well placed, if mildly overpowered, Thunderpunch. Brock quickly sent out Onix, but they were interrupted before they could start the round.

"Crude, but I guess it worked."

Pikachu turned around and glared at his trainer, nose stuck in the Pokedex.

"{Crude? That attack was textbook-perfect.}"

"That was 'Perfect'. Really? Mind if I swap in then?"

When he hopped into the arena, Brock suddenly spoke up

"Hey, what're you doing? We're in the middle of a match here!"

He got a smile in return, and a clinically delivered reply.

"True... But while the rules state that a team consists of a Trainer and their Pokémon, and that only up to 6 members of the team may participate in the battles, nowhere does it say that those participants all have to be Pokémon."

Waving the Pokedex, showing the relevant articles, in Brock's direction, the looper looked at Pikachu until he left the arena, then ran through some quick stretches, ending with some finger contortions.

"Well, you have spirit - I'll give you that. But, I think my Onix is a bit big for you to take on yourself. What do you say?"

Flicking his head to spin his cap away from covering his eye, Kakashi risked a glance backwards towards his sullen partner with a smirk.

"Chidori."

3.10 (jxz)

Gold and May were at the place where, in normal game variants, Red and Gold fought; the summit of Mount Silver. Right now, May was trying to make some rocks float with Airbending, while Gold was practicing his Jutsu.

"When did Red say he would come?" May asked.

"He said he would be here any moment," Gold told the Anime counterpart of his friend. "Let's wait for a few moments, and if he doesn't appear, we'll go outside and look for him."

"And allow yourselves to be trapped by 'my' people? No thanks," Both trainers heard someone come from the only entry to the cave. From it, a badly bruised Red appeared, holding a Master Sword in his hands, which he quickly returned to his Pocket, as it was in a bad state, and they couldn't afford Demise free in this world.

"Red! What in the name of Xerneas happened to you?" Gold exclaimed, as he and May brought First-Aid kits.

"I found some followers of Dome..." Red winced as May cleaned his wounds with alcohol. "And I had to use one of Chouji's pills. Not the red one, of course."

"That explains why are you so thin..." May said, picking out some instant ramen from her backpack (Not her Subspace Pocket, her

baseline backpack.), and a generator from her Pocket, and started preparing food.

Once they ate, the three sat down and thought about what to do.

"We can't return to our in-Loop lives. They are so weird..." Gold said.

"And if we just come back and don't act like our in-Loop selves, we may be facing death by Pokemon." May said. "I was there once, and it wasn't pretty."

"But... Pokemon can't kill humans in Game Loops," Red argued.

"Trust me, you haven't felt an Aggron and Tauros avalanche," May shivered.

"I have an idea, but it's a bit difficult," Gold said.

"Tell it, tell it!" May exclaimed. Red nodded at him to continue.

"Well, it goes like this..."

"Attention, all followers of Helix!" Archbishop Red appeared in all TV's in Helix-Kanto. "We have a new enemy!"

The screen changed into an image of a big dragon. "There's a new god, the god of order! Unlike the rulers of Democracy, The God of Order-"

"Wants to destroy the world, thus destroying every human and Mon!" Great leader AJ's voice rang across the radios on New Land-Johto. "The god is so strong, I had to join forces with A And Red to save us! If we-"

"Let this 'god' kill us, everything we've done will be in vain!" A's voice shouted, while all members of Team Anarchy turned their

ears/eyes/whatever they had to her. "Thus, now I declare war against the God of Order, and a truce between us, the Great Anti Gods Movement, and the Church of Helix!"

"However, our war against the Church of Dome will continue, as they have decided to join forces with the God of Order to destroy the world." Archbishop Red said, as the image changed back into his face. "Thus, our first goal will be destroy them, and then-"

"THE GOD OF ORDER WILL BE DEFEATED!"

Cheers were heard across the globe.

May, Gold and Red looked in a tank of Team Anarchy, as the three groups destroyed the last of the Eldritch locations where he Church of Dome tried to summon "Lord Dome", as they had called the Kabuto fossil they had. They had decided to direct the entire hate of the groups towards the Church of Dome, in a Lelouch-kind of move. And it was really good, because the Church was REALLY bad all along.

"So... what now?" Gold asked, while the armies celebrated.

"Well, We can say the 'God of Order' was annihilated when we destroyed this place," May said. "Now, how to join our factions into one..."

"Why don't we say the gods died in the battle against the God of Order?" Red declared. "That way, mine and Gold's factions will be at peace, and I'm sure May's faction won't attack if we promise we won't."

"...What a good idea! Red, you're a genius!" May exclaimed.

"Now that's a phrase you don't hear every Loop," Gold murmured loud enough for Red to hear.

"Hey!"

3.11 (LordCirce)

James sat bolt upright, his eyes wide. "Jessie, look...out..." He glanced around at his surroundings. This was not that odd mansion full of Unown, and it didn't look like any place he had ever been.

'Did I get dropped into a new Loop?' James looked around dazedly, trying to remember how he got here. His eyes fell on a small photograph on the floor next to the mat he had been sleeping on. In it was a younger version of him, along with his parents...

Flashback

Young James was standing in the shadows of an alley, trembling. He had thrown a fit during a showing at the theater and had run out. His parents had followed, catching him in this alleyway. His father had given him a stern lecture about responsibility, then his mother had offered to buy him some ice cream. He had agreed, when a man appeared out of the shadows. There was a flash, a gun shot, his mother was falling, the man stepped back, his dad fell too.

Flash Forward

"Nooo!" James shook his head. In almost every Loop, his parents would fake their deaths or something similar to try and trick him to come home. He had tried it, once, when he and Jessie had quit Team Rocket and needed funds, but it had been just as horrible as he feared. However, while he was often estranged from his parents, that didn't mean that he didn't care about them. James sat for several moments, crying, before he slowly straightened up. His Not-Awake self had spent the past several years running around the world, trying to drown the guilt in meaningless activities, mixed with many forms of self-defense training. However, a letter had arrived just one week ago, from the board of his father's company.

It was time for James Wayne to return to Gotham City.

3.12 (Crisis)

Jessie would have liked her 'Loop self' this time a lot. She'd apparently been a special forces army nurse for several years, finally giving her the proper knowledge and experience she'd originally wanted in her baseline before joining Team Rocket, and it gave her regular access to all kinds of neat weapons and munitions.

The problem was her family. Not the fact that she had been married to some version of James, nor the fact that she was apparently the mother of versions of two of the twerps (May and Max to be specific). No, it had more to do with the fact that they were dead.

Killed in a mafia hit gone wrong.

Well, the mob would learn the error of their ways. Jessie Castle would punish them severely to make sure.

3.13 (LordCirce)

"{The Poke War II flying ace dives into battle. Hurling through the air, the ace twists and dives, firings off bolts of fury from the heavens. What's that? Out of the sun dives our hero's greatest foe, the Fiery Baron!}"

Ash and Misty watched as Pikachu buzzed about, floating around two feet off the ground, positioned like he was flying some sort of plane. Misty, who was Unawake but had grown used to Ash and Pikachu's quirks after a trip through Kanto, had only one question.

"Where did Pikachu get those goggles?"

3.1 - Hilariously, the next Loop they had was a ReBURST one.

3.2 - Grammarmon! Gotta Spell 'Em All! (Tagline by Crisis)

3.3 - Unown typically arrange themselves in words to communicate. They have terrible spelling if you give them booze first. (Tagline by Zap Rowsdower)

3.4 - A lot of Variants have Fakemon in them, don't they?

3.5 - Charizard's First Loop - Part 2. Don't worry about it, Charmander, we think it's funny too.

3.6 - The age-old question; who would win in a fight between a Pokemon and a Digimon? ...Like we're going to tell you! That's Flame Bait right there!

3.7 - Yeah...Pikachu has never forgiven Zekrom for depowering him in the baseline.

3.8 - Part 1 of a Round Robin Loop to get a certain someone Looping. But we won't tell you guys until Part 2 is posted, sorry.

3.9 - Pikachu has to deal with the fact that he's not the Supreme Master of Electricity. I suppose it's also nice to see that Kakashi has recovered as well.

3.10 - Part 2 and Final of the Twitch Lore Loop. They *really* didn't want to put up with the crap around there...

3.11 - HIS PARENTS ARE DEAD!

3.12 - If James is a DC, then Jessie's a Marvel. And guess where Meowth ended up...?

3.13 - Pikachu and Snoopy hit it off pretty well when they met.

Chapter 4

4.1

"Pikachu?"

"Yeah, Ash?"

"Why does everything look like an M.C. Escher painting?

"I think this Loop is one where Palkia went nuts."

4.2 (AbZHz101)

Red and Pikachu watched as Cheren and Bianca ran ahead through Route 1. The two Anchors stared at each other for a moment before nonchalantly following. How Black and White dealt with this in every flat variant was beyond them. As Red continued his stroll, getting what amounted to free money from Pikachu using Thundershock, or notably when Red doubted that he knew any Fire moves, Ember on what had most likely been until recently the local wildlife, he heard something he didn't expect. To anyone else it was a normal Pokémon cry but as Pokémon was Red's second language and he had been to Unova outside of this Loop he knew that this was not part of the regularly scheduled program. He knew that for two reasons: 1; the call was, "{Hey, Pikachu! Long time, no see!}", and 2; Squirtles were not native to Unova.

"Terrence!" Pikachu replied, as the Squirtle broke free of the grass line. The Squirtle grimaced.

"That was an in-Loop name and you know it!" the Pokémon shot back. Pikachu returned fire by sticking out his tongue and making a face. "Anyway, guess who else is here? Come on out guys!" A skeptical Chimchar and Oshawott soon walked into view. Though the Oshawott's face quickly became full of amazement.

"You sure this is a good idea?" the Chimchar asked.

"Relax, Pikachu was the guy who taught me about Looping. He's cool. And since the Trainer hasn't spazzed out about talking Pokémon yet he's probably a Looper too," Squirtle replied with a smile.

"Holy Crap, It's Red!" Oshawott shouted, derailing the argument before it could really begin.

"Yeah, that's me," Red replied with a smile. "I take it you know them?" he asked Pikachu.

The mouse nodded. "Squirtle is the Anchor for the Rescue Team part of the MD Loops, we met during a Fused Loop a while back."

Squirtle nodded. "And these guys are Chimchar, Anchor for Explorers, and Oshawott, Anchor for Gates to Infinity. We seem to cross more with each other than you guys."

"Well, as you know, I'm Red, and I'm Anchor for the Pokémon Special Loops. Right now we're in a flat version of Black and White's region. So want to... what is it they do in here again...? Oh right, convince the world that the bonds between humans and Pokémon shouldn't be severed and subsequently reveal the evil scheme of Ghetsis who plans on using Team Plasma to make it so that only he can have Pokémon and rule the world with an iron fist backed up by either Reshiram or Zekrom?"

One by one the humans-turned-Water-Types and the Fire Type Partner shrugged their agreement. "Sure, we've got nothing better to do."

Further conversation was interrupted by a cry of "Red!" and a blue blur as a Poliwag through itself at its trainer.

"Poli! You're here too?" Red asked the blue ball in his arms. "Is anyone else?"

"I'm here, Red," Poli replied, "but I haven't seen any of the others yet."

"Well, we're all going region romping," Red told the now-Poliwag. "Want to come?"

"Definitely."

By the time that Red got into Accumula Town Proper his patience was already wearing thin. Flat Game variants were always a pain to deal with because they always started out roughly the same. However, he was surprised to see Ghetsis out so openly so close to the beginning of the loop. "Wow, what a Plot Dump," Oshawott said. "And I could have sworn the dude was going to say and I am most definitely not a villain, I mean, sheesh, obvious much?"

"Your Pokémon..." Red snapped his head around as N walked up to him. "Just now it was saying..." Red slightly flinched; N could be a pretty creepy guy sometimes. "...What's a Plot Dump?" Red's brain partially froze as he tried to comprehend that question.

Thankfully Flat Cheren covered for him. "Slow down. You talk too fast. And what's this about Pokémon... talking? That's a weird thing to say."

N frowned, but then turned to Red, "...And what's your opinion?"

Red simply sighed and said, "It's been a long day."

"...But you understand them," N pressed.

Red looked over at Flat Cheren who had simply frozen. "Uh, yeah, could for a while now."

N's face lit up. "That's wonderful! I wish that I could stay and talk with someone else who truly understands Pokémon, but I feel as though I must go. I hope that we meet again soon..."

"I'm Cheren and she's Red," came the scripted dialogue.

"All... right..." N said uncertainly looking between Red and Cheren.

"It's been a *long* day," Red deadpanned as an explanation.

"Right then, I'll be going if that's all," N said as he walked away. Red and his team watched him walk away feeling as though they had forgotten something.

It wasn't until Cheren mentioned battling the Striaton City Gym leader that they realized what it was. "Hey, wait!" Pikachu exclaimed. "Weren't we supposed to Battle N?"

"Welcome, miss." Red ignored the snickering of his team, as he talked to the blue haired man outside of the café that Pikachu assured him was the Striaton Gym. "Yes, I am Gym Leader of this town. And you are...?"

"Red," the boy replied.

"Yes, you must be here to Challenge the Gym. Well, miss Red-" The snickering had turned into Pokémon coughing to hide their laughter. "What was the first Pokémon you chose?"

"Pikachu," Red replied, now somewhat curious as to what would happen.

"Pikachu, a Fire-Type... I see. It's weak against Water-Types."

"A Fire-Type? What's he thinking?" Squirtle asked.

"I'm part Fire-Type," Pikachu replied with a grin.

"Yeah, and I'm a Cubone," the Explorers Anchor said.

The others looked at him and Poli hesitated, "Um... Actually..."

The Explorers Anchor looked down and saw that he was a Cubone. "*Damnit* , not again!" When he noticed three of his companions giving him strange looks he sighed as he explained, "Some Loops I just spontaneously change species, doesn't last long. I can never tell when it's going to happen and I can't control it yet otherwise it would be awesome." The other two Mystery Dungeon natives nodded, confirming that this was a somewhat common thing for all of them.

"Anyway," Pikachu replied, after giving the now-Cubone another dry look. "I spent a Loop as a member of the Charmander line so it's Honorary if nothing else. Hey, Red," Pikachu said to grab the current Human's attention. "Can I take this Gym? ...Please?" He added Pika Eyes for good measure.

"Uh, sure," he replied unnerved. "Any particular reason?"

"I have a thing about Sea Monkeys. Panpour is close enough to set it off," Pikachu replied.

"Your Pikachu is strong, but can it handle the downpour that is my Panpour?" Cress asked.

"Please allow me to respond in the following way," Pikachu began. The battlefield seemed to tense as the ambient voltage skyrocketed. Sparks began to shoot off where ever there was a corner. Then it gathered into Pikachu's palms. he made sparks dance between two of his fingers, and pulled back on the tiny arc, pulling the stream like rubber. He lined up his shot, thankfully either Cress and Panpour were too surprised to react or it was one of the variants where if you had higher speed the opponent couldn't react until both trainers had declared what move their Pokémon would use. **"Lighting Snap!"** Pikachu cried as he released the arc and it hurtled off towards a wall. It bounced off of the wall without slowing, now heading for the ceiling, then at the ground, it deflected off a rock towards a different wall, then back to the ceiling, wall, wall, rock, ceiling, wall, floor, wall, buzzed by Cress making the man's hair stand on end, wall, ceiling, deflected off another rock and hit the Panpour right between the

eyes. It struck with the force of a true lightning bolt. Panpour fainted. "Yes! I love that about these Loops! Even if we accidentally overpower the techniques we don't kill anyone! Also, Bullseye!"

"I see, so you guarded against Pikachu's weakness to Water by teaching it off-Type moves that are strong against the Types of Pokémon that are strong against Fire. An interesting strategy. Well it proves that you are worthy of the Trio Badge," he said, holding out a piece of metal that Red was sure touching should have paralyzed a limb or more.

"Thanks," Red replied, letting Cress put it into his badge case for him.

"It's no trouble at all, Miss," Cress replied, not noticing the dark look that crossed over Red's face. "I wish you luck on the rest of your journey."

4.3

N looked across at his almost perfect double. "This just seems weird," he couldn't help but comment.

The person across from him rolled his eyes, which were brown rather than N's usual grey. "It's not my fault I Looped in as a Ditto this Loop and wanted to know what it was like to be human. On the other hand, I hope I get to add Transform to my Loop powers because of this."

N just shook his head. "Still, though, what am I even supposed to call you when you're like this?" he asked.

The other considering this. "Hm...how about P? I've already used it once before when I Looped in as the Raikage in Naruto's Loop. Actually, a lot of people around there only have 1 letter names. You'd fit right in, N," said Pikachu with a smirk.

N winced at that. "Actually..."

Pikachu was taken aback. "You mean you actually *have* a full name? I honestly thought your name was just N,"

N was sheepish. "I...I don't like talking about it. It's embarrassing," he muttered.

"Well, come on; it can't be *that* bad," Pikachu said.

"Trust me, it is," N said as he shuddered. And with a name like his, you couldn't blame him for only using the first letter.

"...Well, what is it?" Pikachu couldn't help but ask.

N sighed before just saying it. "...Natural Harmonia Gropius."

Pikachu blankly stared at him, before falling onto the floor and laughing incessantly.

N turned red. "IT'S NOT FUNNY!" he yelled.

4.4

Ash and Pikachu both Woke Up just as they left Pallet Town...and promptly collapsed on the ground, exhausted from the last Loop. "{Just what the hell was Ho-Oh *thinking* ?!}" Pikachu exclaimed. He didn't even have enough energy left to speak in any human tongues that he knew.

Ash was much the same; too tired to even try to roll over, as he had fallen flat on his face. "I have no idea...but we're going to have to warn the others about that particular variant," he mumbled through the dirt. Fortunately, Pikachu was fluent in Silent Protagonist and was able to figure out what he was saying.

"{Yeah...but after that, we're not speaking of it.}"

"Of course not. Who would *want* to willingly remember *THAT* ?"

4.5 (Conceptulist)

"Sew, wat dis Loop lik?" asked Ash Spellum. "I gets I needs me some Grammarmonses to speech right, but's iz anystuff else go down?"

Past Participle winced at the mangled verbiage. {In short. No. Nothing happens. Instead of Gyms, there are Schools. Instead of battles, there are tests. Most wild Grammarmon join trainer teams to try and teach the trainer how to use the rule of grammar they represent. It's like a horde of Grammar Nazis, running around yelling at everyone. The only good thing about this loop is that this time you're Awake to suffer through it with me.}"

Ash nodded, and wisely kept his mouth shut. For a moment or two. Then, he began to smile. A snicker quickly ensued, and it grew into a roaring chuckle in short order.

The Verb type mouse stared at Ash. "{What's so funny?}"

"Yuz a cleanly oldster... Damz it! Stupidest loop evar!" Ash complained. "Iz funny, butz I cannt speech et right."

Past Participle smirked.

Ash pouted. "Lik yuz try to speech human waz any betterist!"

"{Ash. You can understand me, so the solution is simple. Use Pokespeak instead.}" chided Past Participle.

Ash facepalmed. "{Why didn't I think of that? Also, can you understand me now?}"

Past Participle nodded. "{Now, what were you saying?}"

"{Great!}" Ash exclaimed. "{Now, I was saying you're a washed up old has-been and that this loop proves it.}"

Past Participle blinked confusedly, thought about his in-loop species, and then facepawed. "{Ash, that was a stupid pun.}"

Ash resumed his earlier bout of pouting. "{Well, I thought it was funny.}"

4.6 (zeusdemigod313)

"So what's the plan this time, buddy?" Ash asked. This time around only he and Pikachu were Awake as far as he could tell.

Pikachu shrugged. "I don't know, wanna see if we can get Arceus to," The anchor smirked. "'Talk' with Giovanni and team leaders?"

Ash smiled; messing with the Alpha Pokemon was always a blast, as long as he didn't crash the Loop.

But before Ash could say anything something that wouldn't normally have happened, or at least not for about a week, happened.

A large steel hand, attached to a steel cable, shot from the bushes and grabbed Pikachu, catching the Electric-Type by surprise and yanking him into the air. "Whoa!"

Just before Pikachu disappeared from sight, the source of the attack came into view, causing Ash to groan.

"Prepare for trouble."

"And make it double."

"To protect the world from devastation."

"To unite all peoples within our nation."

"To denounce the evils of truth and love."

"To extend our reach to the stars above."

"Jessie!"

"James!"

"Team Rocket, blast off at the speed of light."

"Surrender now, or prepare to fight."

"Meowth! That's right!"

Ash mimed the words with his hand as the Team Rocket's balloon floated from its hiding place amongst the treetops.

Pikachu rolled his eyes.

"Well... twerp." Jessie began. "Looks like we finally got your Pikachu," Ash almost missed the uncertainty in her voice, but he didn't miss what she said.

"Finally?" He asked.

Before Jessie could respond, Meowth cut in. "That don't matter now, cause we're... gonna give this Pikachu... to, the boss."

Both Loopers noticed that Meowth lacked his usual exuberance, ignoring what he knew was a bunch of useless threats, Pikachu spoke up. "{Are you alright?}" He spoke normal Pokemon, so as to not freak out Jessie or James... yet.

Meowth frowned momentarily, but gritted his teeth. "What's it to ya, runt?"

Pikachu frowned, normally Meowth wasn't so high strung, he looked back down to Ash, who just shrugged. Pikachu turned back to Team Rocket, he noticed that James wasn't even looking towards them, he

was just slumped against the railing of the balloon, staring at the ground.

"What's up with him?" Pikachu asked, switching to English.

The trio suddenly stopped, one by one their eyes all widened and their mouths hung open.

"You can talk?!" They shouted together.

Pikachu smiled. "Yep, and I can also do this," He shot an Ember attack at the balloon, poking a small hole in it and, thankfully, causing it to fall to the ground, except for the basket which, along with Jessie, James and Meowth, got tangled in the trees.

As Pikachu freed himself from the metal hand and Ash walked over to the struggling sorta villains, the three fell from the basket and landed face down in front of the Loopers.

Pikachu just stood in front of them, glaring at the three. "I think we may need to have a talk."

Pikachu, Ash, Jessie, James, and Meowth, sat in the kitchen of the Ketchum residence.

"You seriously expect us to believe you?" Jessie scoffed.

"Considering that, A. You know me and you have no reason to. B. You're still here. And C. You mentioned several things that haven't happened yet but are going to, yes," Pikachu explained, crossing his arms.

James frowned. "Well...what about Dialga? Or Celebi? They could be causing all of this; we've gotten sucked into their time travel before."

Ash sighed. Explaining the Loops was hard enough when it was his friends, and while Team Rocket wasn't his enemy per se, he understood why they didn't trust him.

"Look you three," He began. "Everyone else thought the same thing when they first started, even me, but we really are telling you the truth."

Jessie gritted her teeth, she didn't want to believe it, but the twerp was making some good points. "Prove it," She challenged, not expecting what came next.

Pikachu pointed to Jessie. "Jessie, your mother, a member of Team Rocket, died when you were young while she was on a mission to find Mew, you left your foster home to attend Pokemon nursing school but flunked out, you then went to Pokemon Tech where you met James, after your education you joined Bridge Bike Gang, when you joined Team Rocket you were reunited with James and met Meowth, you also tend to enter contests under thinly veiled aliases."

He turned to James. "James, you come from a wealthy family but your parents never had time for you and you hated all the social regulations that came along with it, your only relief was when you stayed with an elderly couple in the Battle Frontier, you also attended Pokemon Tech but after you got fed up with it you took to traveling with your Growlithe, Growlie, you not so secretly hate your arranged fiancee Jessibelle, who shares a startling resemblance to Jessie."

Pikachu finally looked to Meowth. "Meowth, you use to be a stray member of a Meowth gang led by a Persian in Hollywood, you learned to talk to impress a Meowzie, the Meowth you had a crush on, however she called you a freak and that led you to eventually join Team Rocket, when you couldn't be a good butler Giovanni assigned you to your little group and Meowzie rejected you again when after you beat the Persian when you returned to Hollywood."

The trio were stunned silent. "How did you...?" James began.

"We told you," Ash answered. "Time Loops."

It was the following day and the Looping members of Team Rocket were sitting together on the hill overlooking Professor Oak's Pokemon Lab along with Ash and Pikachu.

"How long?" Jessie asked. "Just how long has this been going on?"

Pikachu looked to Ash. "A few thousand maybe?" Keeping track of Loops was virtually impossible, although Pikachu knew a few Loopers had ways of doing it.

"And just how long does our... "Loop" last?" Meowth added.

"Baseline goes until after the Kalos League," Ash answered. "Although exact time is a bit hard to figure out, all the times we've interacted with Legendaries aren't always there, except for Mewtwo that is."

"How many others?" James inquired.

"Well, I'm the Anchor," Pikachu began. "Ash, Brock, Misty, May, and some of each of their Pokemon; we haven't had an official head count in a while."

"I can't believe this," Jessie said, shaking her head. "It's impossible."

"That's what I thought," Pikachu said. "And by the way, asking us these questions over and over is not going to make the answers any less true."

"Why are you helping us anyway?" Meowth asked. "Not like you have any reason to."

"See Meowth that's where you're wrong," Ash interjected. "While you guys weren't the... nicest people the first time around you were far from the worse, you helped save the world and even just wild

Pokemon on several occasions, and you never did any lasting harm."

"Besides," Pikachu added with a smile. "You're not the only Loopers who had a bad Baseline, or so I've been told."

The trio looked at Pikachu and Ash. "You really believe that, don't you?" Asked James.

"Well yeah," Pikachu replied. "This one time some chaos god Looped in and replaced Hoopa, he told us that-"

"Not that," Meowth stopped him. "About us, being... not bad?"

"The term I'd use is Anti-Hero," Ash answered. "You really did do some good."

"And you'd really just... trust us?" Jessie asked in disbelief.

"Well..." Ash started. "Not entirely at first, but given enough time I'd be happy to count you three as friends."

"Not like you could really do any serious harm," Pikachu added. "Even when Arceus crashes the Loop it doesn't cause any lasting damage."

The three looked at each other, then went into a group huddle. Ash and Pikachu exchanged glances, they knew that these three weren't really bad, but if they used the Loops to their advantage they could cause some serious trouble for Non-Loopers.

After a while they broke the huddle and walked over to Ash and Pikachu. "Well?" The Anchor asked. "What's up?"

"We've decided," James said silently.

"And you decided what exactly?" Ash inquired.

The three looked to each other, as if affirming what was to be done, then Jessie opened her mouth to say...

Giovanni sat at his desk, tapping a finger against the wood, the Boss of Team Rocket was waiting for a mission report from a few of his Kanto agents, and the messenger was late.

When the man finally did enter the room, his hands were shaking and he wore an expression that clearly said. "Don't shoot the messenger." He handed a letter to and a Pokeball to Giovanni, then quickly left the room.

Giovanni put down the Pokeball and unfolded the letter, as he read it, his expression turned to one of disbelief, then rage.

Official resignation of former Team Rocket members Jessie, James, and Meowth.

We quit! As such, we've sent back the Pokemon you gave us, if you come after us you'll sorely regret it.

P.S. We're keeping the outfits

P.P.S. You and your lap cat can rot in the Distortion World for all of eternity.

Giovanni glared at the paper, then he crumpled it up and threw it across the room, snarling, already planning on sending out his best agents to hunt down those traitors and teach them that no one leaves Team Rocket.

Then he remembered the Pokeball. "But I didn't send them any Pokemon." He said in confusion. He grabbed the sphere and tossed it into the air, where it burst open in a flash of white light as the Pokemon reformed on the floor.

"Electrode!"

Giovanni's eyes widened. "Oh, Shi-"

BOOM!

Giovanni laid limply on the floor as the Electric-Types grinned and rolled out a gaping hole that use to be a wall.

As it did a piece of paper that had been safely tucked away in the Pokeball fluttered to the ground, right next to the man.

P.P.P.S. Police enroute, have a nice day.

"You know you didn't have to blow him up right?" Ash asked rhetorically as turned off the news report showcasing the shutdown of Team Rocket.

"Yeah," Meowth smirked. "But after you told us all he does over the years, we figured he deserved it."

"Fair enough." Ash said with a shrug. "But for the record, explosions aren't the answer to every problem."

"Isn't that how you normally deal with us though? Jessie grinned knowingly.

Ash and Pikachu thought about that for a moment, then turned the TV back on.

4.7 (barryc100588)

Ash was standing in front of Trip, his Pikachu on his shoulder. Pikachu hadn't been fast enough to avoid Zekrom's bolt of lightning this loop, and it seemed to be even more powerful than usual, having still sapped Pikachu's electricity. "Well, Pikachu, looks like you're stuck with your attacks that aren't Electric-Type. Still want to fight?"

Ash asked his partner. Pikachu nodded and jumped to the ground, getting into a battle stance.

"I'm sending out my Snivy. Give us a win, Snivy!" Trip declared as he threw the Pokeball. The Grass Snake emerged in a flash of white light, and she stood proudly.

Professor Oak was the one overseeing this fight. "This'll be a one on one trainer battle. The battle will be over when either Pokemon's HP hits 0 or either trainer forfeits. Both Pokemon's levels have been adjusted to 50, in accordance to Pokemon League Rules, but keep the attacks they started with. Neither Pokemon will gain experience from this battle. Neither trainer will have to give money to the loser. Do you agree to these terms?" The wizened professor declared. Both ask and Trip nodded. "Then let the battle begin!"

Ash smiled. "I'll go first! Pikachu, use Quick Attack!" He declared. Pikachu let out a shout as he gather energy before charging off quickly.

Trip smirked. "Snivy, counter with Leaf Tornado!" Snivy focused his Grass-type energy into his tail with a cry and unleashed a tornado of leaves at Pikachu. The Electric Mouse was caught in the tornado and flung around, getting scratched up by the sharp leaves before being sent flying to his side of the arena. Ash pulled out his Pokedex to scan Pikachu and found him to have some health left, but he took a heavy hit. Pikachu glowed pink as he hit the ground.

"Man. If that had been a critical hit, Pikachu would have been done for. Because of the Level 50 restriction, all of Pikachu's stats are greatly reduced. And with his Special Attack reduced, he can't force his way past Zekrom's block. As it is, Pikachu's Accuracy was lowered," He shook his head. "Pikachu, use Double Team!" Pikachu got to his feet and glowed white before he split into many copies with a shout. The copies all surrounded Snivy and spun in circles as Snivy tried to watch them all.

Trip frowned. "Calm down Snivy. That Pikachu took a hit to its Accuracy, so it'll be harder for him to hit you. Especially if it knows Iron Tail. That move already has a 70% accuracy rate. With his base accuracy dropped by one-sixth for this battle, such a move would be unwise," Snivy calmed down and nodded. "Good, now surround yourself in Leaf Tornado and when I say so, unleash it in all directions!"

Ash was shocked, as that was the basis for Leaf Storm. If Snivy pulled this off, Pikachu would lose. Snivy focused and started glowing green. "Pikachu, dash in with Agility and use Iron Tail!" Pikachu gave a cry and dashed forward, his tail glowing like steel. He gave a flip and swung his tail down in an explosion of smoke and a cry from Snivy. "Did he hit?"

Trip was shocked. "He can't have hit Snivy! The odds weren't in his favor!" As the dust cleared, Snivy was prone on the ground, but struggling to stand and glowing pink. "He did. He hit Snivy and Lowered Snivy's Defense in the process..." The beginner trainer pulled his Pokedex out and scanned Snivy. "Snivy's barely hanging on. This last attack could be all Snivy has."

Ash frowned. "Pikachu hit, but the attack wasn't critical. Snivy must have had a little more hit points than Iron Tail did in damage. The good thing is that Snivy's defense was lowered. But Pikachu might not survive Snivy's counter." He looked at Pikachu concerned. "Can you continue, buddy?"

Pikachu nodded. "{You know I can, Ash.}"

Ash nodded. "Get ready to jump over this Leaf Tornado, Pikachu." *'If only Pikachu could use Aerial Ace, we might be able to get a win.'* Ash's eyes widened. "That's it!"

Trip smirked. "It's too late! Snivy, unleash your Leaf Tornado!" Snivy nodded and gave a cry. The tornado formed and exploded outward, destroying all the copies of Pikachu, but not expanding into the sky.

Ash noticed that and smiled. "Pikachu, jump into the air, then use Quick Attack to lead into Aerial Ace!" *'As a Flying-Type Move, Pikachu shouldn't need his electricity to use Aerial Ace. I just hope this works.'*

Trip was shocked. *'Did my opponent just throw the match?! Pikachu can't use Aerial Ace! And if he uses Quick Attack from that height, Pikachu risks being seriously injured!'*

Pikachu nodded and used his tail to jump into the air, high above the leaf explosion. He then glanced at Snivy and flew forward. As he was flying, his pupils contracted to take aim. Wisps of energy started flying off him as he flew. The wisps helped guide Pikachu to Snivy, and before Trip or Snivy could act, Pikachu bowled the Grass Snake over in an explosion of dust. When the dust settled, Pikachu was standing over Snivy, whose eyes were swirls.

Trip sighed. "I can't believe it. That Pikachu actually used Aerial Ace." He pulled out his Poke Ball and returned Snivy before looking at Ash. "Either you have severe dumb luck, or a great training style. I thought Pikachu couldn't battle without its Electric-type Moves, since its Physical Attack stat was abysmal. But you proved me wrong today. You taught me a thing or two about Pokemon battles."

4.8 (AbZHz101)

Ash and his team stood with the other humans and trained Pokémon, staring Mewtwo down from across the field. "Send out your first," Mewtwo directed. Charizard jumped forward before another trainer could send in one of their own. He had been *waiting* for this. The clone stepped forward to mimic him. Charizard closed his eyes and envisioned that he was in the back of a narrow straight cave... behind him, not even a step back, was what he had to protect. The ceiling was low, he could barely raise to his full height without scraping his head against the rock. The cave was barely wider than his body width when he set himself into the ready position. He would not back up a nanometer, he couldn't afford to. It

was one of his favorite tricks for when he needed to go all out from the beginning. It was said that the Charmander line was descended from Dragon Types, that had needed to fight off so many Ice Types from their high altitude mountain homes that their Draconic nature had morphed into a Fire Typing. Charizard didn't know if that was true, but he knew what helped get him into the groove and this was it.

He could feel his internal heat rising to the challenge, to strike down the obstacle in his path. Charizard's eyes snapped open and the doppelganger was rushing towards him. Charizard smirked as the clone streaked toward him and at the last moment caught Charizardtwo mid-flight, stopping the attack cold. Charizard smirked at the clone's surprise, lifted his opponent higher, twisted the Pokémon so that it was belly up, put his hand at the base of the other's throat, and slammed Charizardtwo into the ground. His feet hadn't moved. Then to make his point perfectly clear, he lightly placed his foot on the clone's head. "{I win.}" At Mewtwo's snarl he took his foot off of his opponent and carried the nearly-unconscious clone off the battlefield.

He watched with his trainer as their side's Blastoise and Venusaur were defeated. As the Venasaur clone was turning away he returned to his earlier position. "What are you doing?" Mewtwo questioned with a mental jab like razor wire.

"{Oh, sorry,}" Charizard retorted. "{I thought this was a three-on-three battle. You know, fight until one side has no more Pokémon. Guess you decided to change your own rules because you're scared and a sore loser.}" Charizard smirked as he saw Mewtwo's head whip over to the Blastoise for a mental command. Then he closed his eyes and returned to the cave. When he opened his eyes this time he had two streams of water barreling at him. As the high pressure streams of water ran over his body he slightly crouched forward and exploded at his opponent. He burst through the Hydro Pump with the advice, "{Tell your *trainer* to *train* you in *how to take a hit!* }" Charizard emphasized this by slamming the Blastoise clone onto the ground,

back first. "{You know,}" Charizard said with a smirk at his opponent. "{I heard there's this plumber who makes a living doing this... *Koopa Kick!* }" he shouted, booting it off the stage and into the wall. "{Two to Two,}" Charizard told Mewtwo with a smirk.

As he returned to his starting line for a third time and reentered his inner cave Charizard thought that he as almost to his target. Once he got through the Venasaur then that would be it. The Grass/Poison Type was at the mouth of the cave in a moment, throwing forward Razor Leaves and Multiple Status inducing powders. He had only one response to that... they would all *burn* . An inferno came out of his gut and incinerated everything in it's path. He had intended that the blaze let up just as it would have hit the Venasaur clone, he had no real quarrel with it so he didn't want its death... it simply had the misfortune to be a block in his path. Again he picked the cloned Pokémon up and moved him to the off the battlefield, as he was doing so he couldn't resist one last jab. "{Looks like I've only been made stronger because of my human,}" Charizard shot at Mewtwo. "{And that strength was enough to beat your entire team!}"

"Arrogant, insufferable fool!" Mewtwo snapped back intending to capture Charizard in a prison. Charizard, though reacted faster, Slashing through the faux Pokeball.

"{What the hell was that?}" Charizard roared indignantly.

"Humanity forces restrictions onto us. They abuse us for their own gain, alter Nature and Destiny to suit their whims! I will not stand for it anymore! I'll kill them all! And then, I will find those like you that managed to become strong despite Humanity's interference. I will take you and free you from those chains and you will all reach your full potential!" Mewtwo offered.

If anything that seemed to make Charizard even more furious, a glow erupted around his body. "{All I'm hearing from you is whining,}" he ground out. "{About how your life is so unfair because you didn't get everything laid out before you when you were born. About how what others thought your purpose in life was and how you thought

differently and that everyone was in some conspiracy to keep you down. Well guess what? You're fighting with shadows, setting scum as the standard and not the unpleasant exception. Yeah, there are some humans out there that if they died I would probably cheer, but do you know what? They are few and far between. You want to know what else? For all you've claimed that you are the most powerful... all I've seen from you is a lot of bitching, whining when things don't go your way, and some cheap ass parlor tricks. You're not the most powerful being on the planet; you're just a spoiled rotten brat that needs a good spanking!}" he yelled as he hurtled towards Mewtwo. The Psychic Pokémon reacted by throwing up a Barrier... which held for all of five seconds.

Ash watched as Charizard tried to take on Mewtwo singlehanded. He knew that Charizard could take on a Legendary Pokémon, he had been the one to defeat Nolan's Articuno after all, but he also doubted that Mewtwo would play fair. He was also slightly worried about why Charizard was acting this way. But he could not ponder that for long. Sure enough he could see more of those balls that Mewtwo used during new island "Everyone, support Charizard!" he told his team, tossing out Bulbasaur and Squirtle's Pokeballs. Those two together with Pikachu used a wide spread of Thundershock, Razor Leaf, and Water Gun to keep Mewtwo's "reinforcements" from reaching Charizard, but a few of them were still getting through.

Pikachu noticed this and decided that he'd need something with a bit more coverage, and decided to pull out a move he hadn't done in a while. He started running towards the wall, separating the stands from the battlefield, cheeks sparking with electricity. In his wake was an expanding wave of electric potential. He ran around the stadium once to eliminate any that had already come through, then aimed at the entrance where they were all coming from and stopped just short, allowing his own electricity to wash over him.

The light show distracted Mewtwo for a moment as the flame on Charizard's tail temporarily burned purple and green. It rushed up his tail as he swung it around, breaking through Mewtwo's compromised

defenses and flinging him into the stands below hard enough to crack stone. "{Enough!}" a new voice cried. Charizard broke off his attack, his flames returned to their normal tint, and his aura disappeared. The Fire Type turned to the Mother of All Pokémon, Mew. "{I think you have made your point rather clearly,}" Mew stated dryly.

"{Just one more thing, I have to make clear,}" he responded. Charizard then turned to Mewtwo, "{If you ever plan on hurting Ash, know this: Not even Arceus himself will save you from our wrath!}" He flew back to the rest of Ash's team and tried to land, but overbalanced and fell onto the stone. "{I think I'm going to be out of it for a while,}" he mentioned before falling unconscious.

4.9 (Lord Circe)

Red and Poli strode through the Viridian forest. They had just wrapped up the Mewtwo situation (Pika had asked to solo that battle), and now they were headed to rescue Yellow from the rampaging Dratini. Red still wasn't sure how the Dratini ended up in Viridian forest, but it happen regularly as clockwork after they helped Blaine catch Mewtwo.

"You want to take it this time?"

Poli flexed, and Red laughed. All of his Pokemon had a soft-spot for the gentle Viridian girl. Red had to admit he admired the way she was able to care for all Pokemon.

The pair had just entered the clearing when a laughing shout caught their attention. The two of them glanced at each other before running forward.

Yellow was being "attacked" by Dratini, but it was an attack of affection rather than the rampaging charge Red was used to. *'Is this Loop actually a Variant? Usually differences show up earlier,'* Red

pondered as he watched Yellow play with the Dratini she had obviously befriended.

Yellow glanced up as they approached, and her face lit up. She raised her arm to wave, then paused and her smile faded. A hopeful suspicion bloomed in Red's mind.

"Hello. Um, my name is Yellow. What's yours?"

Red grinned. "Red, and I have to say, I am glad Saur and I didn't need to rescue you this time."

Yellow blinked. "Are you reliving our adventure too?"

Red nodded. "Yep. Let me explain."

4.10 (Filraen)

Ash watched the Meowth balloon carrying Pikachu get away, a storm of emotions conflicting with each other. He wanted to pursue Team Rocket, to take his ever-present friend and partner from all his lives back but he knew he shouldn't, he couldn't.

It had taken the best part of two days for Pikachu at the Viridian City Pokemon Center to explain himself, and it made sense. It was something Pikachu just couldn't do while in a traveling Pokemon journey, not when his partner had so many chances (even more than Ash himself, he now realized) and hasn't able to. And Pikachu didn't want to leave a non-remembering version of Ash alone believing he was a uncaring trainer.

But his friend had chose this path this whole life because he didn't know how long it will take. Ash felt regret at being unable to help Pikachu other than getting accommodations with Professor Oak but was grateful to his partner who was doing all this effort for himself.

Cleaning tears from his eyes Ash whispered. "Be well, Pikachu. See you later in our next life."

Meowth didn't know where this abduction had gone wrong. They were in the balloon, getting swiftly away from that twerp and with this great Pikachu specimen on cargo, when suddenly he broke his cage and made the whole balloon basket a pandemonium. Before he knew it, he and the Pikachu were across the basket which suddenly felt far, far smaller that it felt this morning. And Jessie and James...

"Meowth, help!"

"We're going to fall!"

... weren't of much help right now, desperately gripping the end of a rope hanging off the balloon.

"{So, Meowth. Do I have your attention now?}" The Pikachu said while standing between Meowth and Ekans and Koffing's Poke Balls

"W-What do you want?"

"{So it's true; there was a human talking Meowth around here,}" Pikachu shook slowly his head. "{What happened, wanted to impress a kitty who rejected you for being a freak?}"

Meowth blushed instantly. "How did you know?"

"{I'm part Psychic-type. Anyway, now that I have your attention I want to talk. I have an offer for you.}"

"Meowth, hurry up!" James' voice interrupted the Pikachu.

"Wait a moment, James!" Meowth shouted back. "Remember dat I'm in charge and I'm in negotiatin' right now." When Meowth's attention returned to the Pikachu he was holding a disk in a plastic box.

Where had the Pikachu gotten it from? Wait a tic, he recognized the design! "Don't tell me dat is...?"

The Pikachu just smiled "{Yes, Meowth. This is a Technical Machine; number 16 from the Kanto catalog, which contains the instructions you could use to learn Pay Day,}" then the Pikachu placed the disk in the middle of the basket. "{There are more from where it came from; consider it a first payment for long-term services, plus accommodations and food as long as you refrain from stealing from your hosts.}"

While Meowth didn't trust the Pikachu, the allure of using proper attacks other than Fury Swipes was too strong to resist. "What do I have to do?"

Pikachu looked at him in the eye. "{I want you to teach me to speak human.}"

4.11 (Khelder)

"{So, with Team Rocket distracted by that fake Moon-Stone you let them 'steal', it's time to get the Cascade badge. Most people usually have more Pokémon at this point though.}"

Kakashi looked up from tending the campfire and shrugged.

"They seem happy enough where they are. Anything I should know for the gym?"

"{It's a water gym, but if you're lucky, then the three eldest Sensational Sisters will just hand you the badge...}"

The next day...

"You were saying?"

Pikachu scowled. It seemed that Misty had heard about Brock's 'shocking' defeat, and returned home as fast as her (undamaged) bike could carry her. From her floating platform in the pool, she called over to the Looping pair stood at the edge.

"You're here to challenge me? Well, take your places, and let's get started!"

Kakashi and Pikachu looked at each other, eyebrows raised, before both walking forwards.

"Mind if I start this time?" Kakashi muttered, ignoring the gawking spectators.

"{Sure. Wouldn't want to make things *too* easy now, would we?}" Reaching their platform, the duo stepped off the water and dropped into stance.

Facing off against Staryu, Kakashi dodged the first few attacks, then dived beneath the water. Pikachu peered into the depths, frowning, and then jumped back upon hearing Kakashi declare **"Earth Flow Spears."**

Large pillars of rock erupted in blasts of spray, scoring a glancing blow against Staryu. As the Pokémon used Recover, Kakashi returned to the surface, before hastily blocking a Tackle.

"Hnn... Unexpected. **Mudslide.** "

The nearest pillar crumbled towards them. Darting back, the ninja didn't quite dodge the Water Gun that struck his leg, hard. Fortunately, his opponent fared no better, and was returned by Misty. As Starmie burst forth from the Pokéball, Kakashi limped off to the platform.

"{Now who's not being very impressive?}"

"I'm not as fit as I usually am. Nothing a few weeks training won't remedy."

"{And you forgot he could heal.}"

Pikachu jumped onto the water lightly, eyeing the remaining pillars carefully, planning his moves.

"{Mudslap. Underground Projection Fish. Rockslide.}" Slipping into one pillar, and bursting out from one behind the blinded Water Pokémon, Pikachu struck her down with rocks ranging in size from pebbles to small boulders. Turning to the Gym leader, he asked, " {Need any help with the clean-up?}"

"Well, I found it amusing"

"{Shut up. So, I forgot she couldn't understand me? What's the big deal!}"

They were on the road to Vermillion City, two Gym Badges pinned to Kakashi's jacket.

"Speaking of big deals, why the reaction to my choice of moves? The water walking was probably a shock, sure..."

Pikachu paused in the middle of the road, staring at Kakashi.

"{Right. Ninja. Of course. I thought you were just trolling everyone, but for you Lightning beats Rock, and Rock beats Water.}"

Kakashi stared back, equally incredulous. Pikachu elaborated.

"{Well, Ground nullifies Lightning. Water conducts Lightning, but puts out Fire. Fire burns Wood, and so on... I generally get past it with a little extra juice, but I might experiment with mixing some Chakra into my Aura now? Something to think about.}"

"So, the next Gym is Lightning typed? I was going to say Wind attacks, or Flying by your system, but..." He checked the Pokédex "...Yup, that's weak against Lightning. Of course. May as well roll with it though - and you were probably right about needing a new partner too."

4.12 (jxz)

Ash saw the sight in front of him.

He was replacing Kamina in a Gurren Lagann Loop, while Pikachu was replacing Simon.

They hadn't felt anyone else Looping, but they had spent only one or two Loops in Naruto's Loop, and thus they hadn't perfected the use of the Ping.

Right now, he was hunting for some food, as Kamina used to do every Loop.

Then he saw that there was someone replacing Viral.

"Let me tell ya three things, twerp. First, I'm Meowral, commander of the human eradication unit. Second, Ya'll have to explain me why am I some sort of human/cat hybrid. Third, Tha hippo...grape...thing is my dinner, And I won't let ya take it."

Said "Person" being Meowth.

Ash sighed. This Loop would be a bit more interesting.

"Why did you decide to betray your own kind, Meowral?!" Thymilph demanded to know.

"...Meh, they have catnip." The cat Beastman said, as he launched a feral Fury Swipe to the Dai-Gunzan's "face", breaking it and sending

the General Beastman and his main crew to a near rock.

"Now, guys!" He shouted at his fellow Loopers. They were glad Meowth was there. After all, Ash didn't like to die, even in Loops with afterlifes. Now, they had to think on how would they handle the Nia situation…

4.13 (Inkweaver22)

"...and that's what usually happens around here." Takeru Takaishi explained to the looper who was replacing his older brother.

"Sounds fun." Shigeru Ishida, known as Gary Oak in his home loop, replied as they wandered around the summer camp. "Can you tell who else is Awake?"

"From what I can feel, it's just you and me for the humans. Patamon is co-anchor, so he can tell us on who is on his side when we get to the Digital World. So do you want to go Baseline, or did you have something you wanted to do?"

"Hmm... Well, I'm still kinda new to all this, so let's go Baseline for now." Gary replied as he noticed a single snowflake float out of the sky. "Is it starting to snow?"

"Ah, that's our cue." Takeru switched directions, heading for some stairs that rose high into the mountain. "We'll be joining the others pretty soon. How good are you at playing the over protective older brother?"

"I think I'll be able to manage."

Gary groaned as he became conscience again. Stupid aurora-portal. He blinked as he felt something resting on him. Lifting his head, Gary saw what appeared to be some sort of green penguin, kappa, *thing* sitting on his stomach and staring at him.

"It's about time you woke up, Gary!" The small In-Training chirped.

"How do you know my name?" Oak's grandson asked as he sat up, placing the small Digimon in his lap.

"You'd think your first Pokémon would know your name by now," The green bird-thing chuckled.

"Blastoise?"

"In the digital flesh! Although, right now I'm called Chapmon."

"Well this makes things a lot easier," Gary said as he stood. "By the way, I'm called Shigeru at the moment."

"It suits you," Blastoise/Chapmon replied as he allowed himself to be carried by his trainer. "Let's go meet up with the others. Tokomon said they would all be in the direction," He pointed a green flipper off to their right.

"Tokomon?"

"One of the Co-Anchors. I think he normally goes by Patamon."

"Did he tell you who all was Awake here?"

"Just us and some guy named Wizardmon. He apparently is new to the Loops like we are," The Pokémon-turned-Digimon squirmed in Gary's grip. "Now let's go! We have to get to the others before Kuwagamon does."

"Who?"

"A giant red beetle with a nasty temper, or so I'm told."

"Great," Gary sighed. "Let's get this over with."

"Chapmon digivolve to... Kamemon!"

Gary stood in awe as he watched Chapmon digivolve. (For the sake of preventing confusion, they decided to just go by his Digimon names for the duration of the loop.) It was different then how Pokémon evolved. Ok, it wasn't all that different, with the white glow and the changing shape, but it certainly felt different. It was like he was charged with pure energy and could almost feel the emotions of his partner.

"Pointer Arrow!" The cybernetic turtle launched an arrow-shaped missile in tandem with the other Rookie Digimon's attacks, causing Kuwagamon to burst into flames and disappear.

"Great job!" Gary praised as the others celebrated around them.

"What, that? That was nothing!" Kamemon puffed his chest out. "If I still had my cannons I could do a **Giga Drill Breaker** and vaporize that pathetic excuse of an insect."

"I still don't know how you were able to reverse engineer that when you haven't looped into that universe."

"It's Gurren Lagann. I just pour all my determination into making it work and it does."

"That..." Gary paused and furrowed his brow. "That actually makes sense. Should I be worried?"

Before the Rookie could reply, there was a loud roar as Kuwagamon reappeared. The giant beetle then proceeded to snap the cliff in two.

"You didn't tell us this was going to happen!" Gary shouted at Takeru as they fell.

"Oops?"

Gary screamed in pain as Seadramon squeezed him.

"Shigeru!" Kamemon shouted in desperation as he swam towards his human partner, using Gary's in-loop name to prevent suspicion. There was a loud screeching as Gary's digivice began to glow, just as Taichi's had earlier that day. "Kamemon digivolve to... Gwappamon!"

"DJ Shooter!" The kappa Digimon launched the disc on his head at the sea serpent at high speed, causing it to drop Gary into the water. Gwappamon dived down a quickly brought him back to the surface. After depositing him safely onto his shoulder, the Champion turned back to Seadramon. **"Gawappa Punch!"** He pummeled the serpent until it retreated back down into the depths of the lake.

Later that evening, Gary and Kamemon sat off from the others.

"Thanks for saving me." Gary said sincerely as they skipped stones across the water. The small turtle just shrugged, trying conceal a blush.

"Eh, I'm sure you could've taken him. And besides, I couldn't let my best friend get hurt."

"Do you really mean that?" Gary asked, somewhat taken aback.

"Of course! I mean, you're my trainer, partner, whatever. You're stuck with me no matter what." Gary chuckled at Kamemon's enthusiasm.

"Thanks Kame. Now, my memories say I'm pretty proficient with a harmonica. Want to hear some?"

Across the shore, Takeru smiled as a gentle melody drifted across the lake. A bond between a human and their Digimon partner was strong, even more so for loopers. He always enjoyed watching new bonds form between those who were close to begin with, especially the newer loopers. It was one of his favorite things caused by the loops. Yawning, he pulled his own partner close to him and prepared to go to sleep, wondering how the rest of the loop would play out.

4.14 (Jcogginsa)

An unawake Ash and Pikachu were hiking their way up to the peak of mount Coronet to foil Cyrus' plan once again. Brock and Dawn were awake but had other things they wanted to do this go around. Ash's team was the same as baseline, with the exception of his Charizard who was subbing in, replacing his Torterra. Charizard had wanted to try a hand at mentoring Ash's Chimchar. Thanks to that, Chimchar had already evolved into a fully fledged Infernape.

They were almost there when suddenly, Pikachu was a dozen feet away, reeling with pain.

'What the hell just happened?' He thought, before looking over to where Ash had been. The color drained from his face. A tall, very buff blond man was standing there in Cyrus' Team Galactic uniform. His hands were around Ash's throat, and Ash was being drained away. Pikachu saw red. He immediately lunged at the man, trying to save Ash. But the man merely pivoted, placing Ash in the path of Pikachu's attack. Pikachu halted his momentum instantly, but in the process, he was left open. The man wasted no time in exploiting it. He fired some sort of projectiles from his pupils, bisecting Pikachu. He then dropped Ash's body to the ground.

"Now that these nuisances are out of the way I, Dio, shall remake this world in my own image." Said the man, Dio Brando, before walking away to enact the plan.

Once he was gone, Pikachu opened his eyes, and mentally thanked Arceus for that Special loop where he was Koga's Arbok. After reattaching the two parts of his body, he crawled over to Ash's...Ash, and reached for the Pokeballs on his belt. He needed a few moments to use Recover before he could rejoin the fight, and that was time they didn't have. He found Charizard's Pokeball without any difficulty, and hit the button. Charizard appeared in a beam of red energy, and took one look at Ash before letting out a roar strong enough to shake the mountain. Pikachu knew Charizard was in no

condition to listen to any plans, and so he pointed the flaming dragon in Dio's direction. Charizard took off with a Flare Blitz so strong that the rock walls melted as he went through them. Then, Pikachu began to reach for another ball.

"There, that takes care of the rabble" Dio said to himself as The World finished off the last of Team Galactic's commanders. Team Galactic had been useful for his plan to kill this world's loopers, but now that it had been taken care of, he no longer needed them.

Then he heard a loud roar coming from the chamber where he'd left the trainer's remains. A second later, a Charizard enveloped in blue fire burst in. However, Dio was prepared, and he fired a shot of his Space Ripper Stingy Eyes at the flaming dragon. Unfortunately, his projectile eye fluid instantly evaporated from the heat of the Flare Blitz. As such, The World had to intervene, using its time stop to block Charizard's path football style.

Dio grunted as burns appeared on him, in the same places where his Stand touched Charizard's fire. "It's intense enough to burn my Stand?" Dio said to himself as Charizard tried to push The World back, succeeding in pushing it a few inches at least. Dio growled, and stopped time once more. This time, Dio himself moved, and went over to Charizard left tail. Using his vampiric freezing ability, Dio then snuffed out the flames there. Including Charizard's tail flame.

As time resumed, Dio let out a hearty evil laugh as Charizard slumped to the ground, dead.

"In the end, your rage is just useless, useless, useless!"

Hiding near the entrance of the cave, Pikachu grit his teeth as he saw Charizard die. *'That bastard...I'm gonna kill him,'* Pikachu thought. At least Charizard had managed to buy him time to use recover, and recognize their opponent. Dio Brando. Pikachu knew of

him, having read a few issues of Jojo during a Hub Loop. That had factored into his plan. Fortunately, he was able to see Dio's Stand with Aura Sight, which would help.

Pikachu hardened his tail into steel (Iron Tail) and rushed out at Dio with a Quick Attack. As he did so, the area around him became shadowed. Pikachu canceled his Quick Attack into a handstand (pawstand?) and swung his Iron Tail upwards, bisecting a steamroller Dio had tried to drop on him with his Stand, no doubt from his subspace pocket. Pikachu had anticipated that, and used a special electromagnetic trick he picked up in a Zatch Bell loop to propel the steamroller towards Dio. Unfazed, Dio countered with his Space Ripper Stingy Eyes, slicing through both pieces of Steam Roller at Pikachu. Fortunately, they were deflected by a hasty Counter Shield.

Suddenly, he was badly injured and being held against the ground by The World. Pikachu hated Time Stops.

"You useless rodent. Did you really think a stupid creature like yourself could defeat the immaculate DIO!" shouted the vampire. Pikachu looked him square in the eyes and smirked, before using Thunder Wave on The World. Dio recoiled as he felt himself be paralyzed just as his Stand was. Then part two of the plan kicked it.

Having snuck ahead and stolen the Red Chain, Infernape swung it at The World, the chain wrapping about its neck. Then he pulled, and Dio felt terrible pain in his very being.

"Dio Brando..." Pikachu began as The World released its grip on him. "You don't deserve this kind of power, so we're taking it away!"

"NEVER!" Dio Shouted, as he tried to pull his Stand back towards him. There was a mighty tug of war, before the Red Chain began to flash and a bright light filled the room, along with the screams of both Infernape and Dio. Finally, when both subsided, Pikachu opened his eyes. The World was gone, and Dio slumped over, dead. Pikachu

then looked over to Infernape. He was only unconscious, and being cradled by a Stand

Infernape's Stand was a head taller than The World had been, and just as buff. Its skin was smooth and white of the same shade that was on Infernape's chest. Its upper thighs and arms seemed to be made of smoothed out fire stone, and its head sported a long mane of flames that acted as it's hair. It's face was made of carved Fire Stone, and had two flames as pupils. In the center of it's chest was another piece of smooth Fire Stone, and inside that, The World writhed in flames.

4.1 - ...I couldn't come up with anything better that day.

4.2 - The Quest to Get N Looping: Part 2 - The Meeting of Five Anchors! The Stranger with Green Hair Appears! He's the one I mentioned last time.

4.3 - In which Pikachu laughs at N's unfortunate name.

4.4 - Same as the MLP Loopers don't talk about TCB Loops, the Pokemon ones don't talk about Poke War Loops. I *hate* the idea of these stories, as it implies that humanity can't co-exist now with creatures that they've been living with since the dawn of our race. I also don't appreciate how it ruins the innocence and charm behind even more of my childhood.

4.5 - Remember the Grammarmon Loop? Somebody pointed out the pun I accidentally made with Pikachu's Loop Name, so we had to include it somehow. Cue this Loop.

4.6 - Looks like Team Rocket has gone to the beginning again!

4.7 - I'm...not exactly sure what this is supposed to be. I suppose it's a blending of the Anime's story with the Games' physics, but it doesn't make much sense to me regardless.

4.8 - Charizard's First Loop: Part 3. As a general warning, none of Ash's Pokemon take too well to him being hurt in any way.

4.9 - Yellow's First Loop.

4.10 - How Pikachu learned to speak in the first place.

4.11 - KakAshi - Part 2: Pikachu used Snark. It's not very effective… Next time, Kakashi might actually get a second Pokémon! And they've accidentally decided to troll their way through Kanto. (Tagline by Khelder)

4.12 - That's where Meowth ended up when Jessie became the Punisher and James became Batman.

4.13 - Gary and his Blastoise's first fused Loop. Blastoise is based on his counterpart from Saphroneth's Ashes of the Past. And yes, Gurren Lagann airs in the Pokemon world too.

4.14 - Dio Brando...the Bigger Bad of JoJo's Bizarre Adventure. And unfortunately, due to his connection with the protagonists, he's Looping. As a result of this encounter, Pikachu is now his number one non-Joestar rival. Also, Infernape's Stand is called Burning Down The House. In addition to pyrokinesis, it can also melt and reforge one Stand and let Infernape use its powers as well. Since he obtained the stand from the Red Chain pulling at The World, it is currently The World: Burning Down The House. As a side note, he can only do this to one Stand at a time, to mitigate OPness. This also has activated Infernape as a Looper.

Chapter 5

Quick Note: Infernape's Stand was renamed to Fight Fire with Fire. Because Burning Down the House is a Canon JoJo Stand. It's from Part V, but it's Canon.

5.1

"Pikachu?"

"Yeah, Ash?"

"Why am I a fire-less Rapidash?"

"...No clue."

Ash looked around the strange forest they were in. He and Pikachu had been through a lot of time resets, but this was the first time they'd ever been somewhere like this. "I wonder where we are?" he wondered as he went to move closer to Pikachu. Instead, he ended up tripping over his hooves, not being used to an equinoid body.

Pikachu facepawed. "How about you just stay here and get used to four legs while I go figure out where we are, alright?" he asked. At Ash's agreement, he scampered off through the forest. As he exited, he saw what appeared to be a cottage of some kind on the outskirts of the forest. As he ducked down to get closer, he froze when a voice chimed in from behind him.

"Oh my. I've never seen anything quite like you before." As Pikachu turned around, he saw what looked to him like a pastel-yellow colored Ponyta with a pink mane that also wasn't fiery. The one thing that threw him off were the pair of wings on it.

"{I've never seen a Ponyta like this before...}" he muttered to himself in Pokespeak. He was shocked to find that the pastel not-Ponyta that

spoke human tongue could understand Pokespeak when she said...

"What's a Ponyta? Is that what you call Ponies? Well...to be more accurate, I'm a Pegasus, although I don't really like flying," she, and it was definitely a she, said. "I'm Fluttershy; what's your name?" she asked.

"...Pikachu," the electric mouse Pokemon said after a moment's pause. Unfortunately, since Pokespeak, for most Pokemon anyway, consists of a Pokemon speaking its name in different tones and stresses, it took him a while to make it clear to Fluttershy that he meant that his name was Pikachu. *'One of these days, we need to figure out something so we're not confused,'* he thought to himself.

Anyway, just as he was about to say something else, a lavender not-Rapidash came onto the scene. "Hello, Fluttershy," she greeted. "Who's this?" she asked as she turned to him. Strangely, her eyes widened for a second before she looked as though it had never happened.

"Oh, Twilight," Fluttershy greeted. "I was just saying hello to my new friend. He says his name is Pikachu," she said.

Twilight had a pensive look for a second before saying, "Hey, Fluttershy? Do you mind if I talk to Pikachu here for a bit? I've been working on an Animal Translation Spell and I think I've gotten out all the bugs," she asked.

Fluttershy nodded. "Okay. I'll be inside if you need me; it's time to feed Angel Bunny," she added as she walked to her cottage and shut the door (softly) behind her.

Twilight then turned to Pikachu. "I guess Fluttershy isn't Awake if she didn't notice considering our visit there, but what's a Pikachu doing in Ponyville?" she couldn't help but wonder.

"That's what I'd like to know," interjected Pikachu, much to Twilight's shock. "Where am I? First time keeps resetting and not even Celebi

or Dialga or even Arceus knows why, and now I'm in a place with pastel colored not-Ponytas and not-Rapidashes? What's going on?!" he wondered in frustration. He was getting fed up with trying to figure out what exactly was going on.

"A talking Pikachu?" Twilight wondered before the rest of what he said registered. "Wait; time has been resetting for you? You're a Looper?!" she asked in shock.

"Looper? What's that?" Pikachu asked in confusion.

"Okay...imagine that every single world out there were branches on a tree, and that tree is the multiverse," Twilight explained. "Now, imagine that something happened that almost broke the tree..."

Pikachu winced. "That sounds bad," he commented. "So if the tree that is the multiverse is broken, what's going on to fix it?" he asked.

"The Time Loops," Twilight bluntly said. "Looping stabilizes the Branches of the tree while repairs are made. But it's going to be several eternities before the tree is stabilized enough to even think about ending the Loops. The Admins, the quasi-divine upper-dimensional entities in charge of the universe, are working very hard just to keep things from getting worse."

Pikachu whistled. "Sounds daunting..." he commented before a scream from the Forest cut him off. Pikachu paled beneath his fur. "Oh crap! I left Ash in there alone while I went to scope the place out!" he yelled in horror. He quickly dashed off in a Quick Attack, cutting off what Twilight was going to say.

Ash tripped over his hooves as he tried to run away. He had no clue what was chasing him; it looked like someone had taken a Pyroar and fused it with a Bug-type of some kind. As he fell, the manticore, for that was what it was, got ever closer, causing him to scream for help.

Just as the manticore was about to do...something...a yellow blur came out of nowhere. It was Pikachu, who had channeled the speed of his Quick Attack into a Double Edge, knocking the manticore back a good few feet. "Ash! You alright?" Pikachu asked.

"P-Pikachu! ...Yeah, I'm fine," Ash said shakily. Pikachu then turned his attention to the manticore.

"Alright! Listen up, whatever you are! You've just made the biggest mistake of your life if you think you can go after Ash like that!" Pikachu declared. *'Wait...that sounded more like something Squirtle would say...oh well,'*

The manticore growled before launching itself at Pikachu. Pikachu dodged, and immediately used Iron Tail to whack it in the stomach. But the manticore didn't give up, and let out a loud roar, that caused shockwaves in the air, knocking Pikachu backwards. The manticore then swooped in and attempted to stab Pikachu with its scorpion tail, but Pikachu performed a mid-air dodge and used Thunder Wave to paralyze the manticore. Just as he was about to launch into a Volt Tackle though...

"STTOOOOOOOOOOPPPPP!" was heard as Fluttershy ran up. However, much to Pikachu's chagrin, she immediately turned on him. "You should be ashamed of yourself! Attacking Mr. Fluffykins like that out of nowhere...!"

Pikachu immediately started gibbering. "{But...But...Ash...in danger...weird thing...attacking...!}"

Ash then chimed in. "Um...it's alright, miss. Pikachu was just trying to protect me," he pointed out. Fluttershy deflated.

"Oh...well, the least you could do is apologize...I mean, if that's okay with you," she said.

Pikachu rolled his eyes, but he acquiesced when Ash gave him a look. "{Um...sorry, Mr. Fluffykins,}" he awkwardly said. The manticore

growled before flying off deeper into the Everfree.

It was then that Twilight ran up. "I heard a scream; is everypony alright?" she asked, trying to deflect the Unawake Fluttershy from prying too far into this.

Ash then spoke up. "Um, we're fine, Miss..?"

Twilight realized then that they had never gotten her name. "Twilight Sparkle. I gotta say, I hope it didn't get too loopy for you guys this time," she not-so-subtly said.

Ash widened his eyes before nodding. "Ash Ketchum. Pikachu's my best friend," he said as Pikachu leaped up onto his back, since trying to do so on his shoulder would be problematic.

"Well then, Ash, Pikachu. Do you mind coming following me over to the town library? There are a couple of things I have to talk to you about," Twilight said. At the duo's agreement, they said goodbye to Fluttershy and walked with Twilight to the library.

5.2

"...And here's the host of Jeopardy! Alex Trebek!"

"Thank you, Johnny. And I must say, ladies and gentlemen, that this is one of the strangest rounds of Jeopardy! I've ever hosted," commented the aforementioned Trebek. "I mean, we have here a unicorn, a Pokemon, and a lawyer competing today. Not exactly your usual crowd. Oh, no offense meant," he apologized.

"Don't worry about it, Alex," Twilight Sparkle said amiably.

"I'll be honest; I didn't expect this either," Phoenix Wright admitted.

"...Why am I even here?" Mewtwo wondered. *"I don't even know what this show is!"* he complained.

"...Actually, neither do I," Twilight admitted.

"Seriously?" Phoenix asked in disbelief. "You of all people don't know what Jeopardy! is?"

Twilight blushed. "I may have been a bit distracted last time I was here..." she admitted.

"Okay then, guess it's up to me to explain," Phoenix mumbled before launching into an explanation. " Jeopardy! is a Quiz show where we compete for a cash prize. There are 6 categories with 5 questions each, with each question in a category getting progressively harder as you go along. One of the questions is a Daily Double, where you can bet up to all of your current score to try to answer one super hard question."

"Couldn't have put it better myself," Alex said, causing Phoenix to remember that he was there.

"Oh...sorry about that, Alex," he apologized. But he just waved the apology off.

"Don't worry about it. Now, these are the categories in today's round," he said, waving to the board. The categories lit up on the board. They were the following: **Magic is Friendship** , **Objection!** , **I choose you!** , **Move Tutoring** , **History of Law** , **Genetics** .

"...Those seem oddly tailor-made for this group," Mewtwo pointed out.

"They were the idea of this game's sponsor," Alex replied.

"Who's that?" Twilight wondered, just as a platform came down from the ceiling, revealing a familiar pig-tailed martial artist.

"RANMA?!" both of the other two present Anchors cried out in shock. Mewtwo was just confused; Pikachu had neglected to tell him about the O7.

The Original Anchor grinned in response. "Thought I'd make things more interesting," he said. "Don't mind me; just get on with the show!" he added as his platform retracted into the roof.

"Alright, so which of you will start first? ...How about you, Mewtwo?" Mr. Trebek asked.

Mewtwo started before looking at the board. *"Um...* ***Move Tutoring for $200?"*** he hesitantly asked.

"Alright, now here's the question:..."

5.3

"Hey, Mewtwo?" Ash asked. "I always thought you were the only Mewtwo, so where did the female one I met in Unova come from?"

"...We don't talk about her,"

"But...?"

"I said, we don't *talk about her,"*

5.4 (zeusdemigod131)

"Cold."

The word rung in the mind of a Pokémon in a lab deep in a jungle of Kanto. But what was really confusing, was what happened after that.

"...Where, where am I?"

In all honesty, the Pokémon shouldn't have been able to form a sentence like that, or show confusion; he hadn't learned Confusion yet.

Mewtwo opened his mind and surveyed the area with his psychic powers. What he sensed filled him with pure, unbridled rage.

Giovanni's helicopter landed on the secluded island, the leader of Team Rocket exited and walked towards the lab. A sinister grin on his face.

As Giovanni entered the lab, several scientists scurried out of the way. To no one in particular, Giovanni asked. "How is-?"

The tank at the center of the room exploded, sending shards of glass everywhere.

The Pokémon within the tank floated from the hole in the ground where his former prison had been, his psychic powers lifting him off the ground.

"You," He snarled.

Giovanni took a step back, then felt something stab at his mind, he and everyone else in the room crumpled to the ground, most unconscious, most, but not Giovanni.

For one of the first times in his life, Giovanni felt nervous, but he tried anyway. "Greeti-"

"SILENCE!" The psychic shout left Giovanni grasping his ears, which did nothing to dampen the pain, or ringing in his brain.

Mewtwo floated over to Giovanni and lifted the man's chin, forcing him to look at the Genetic Pokémon.

"I don't know what you did, Giovanni,"

Giovanni's eyes widened as Mewtwo said his name, a name he had never been told.

"But you are going to PAY!" Giovanni felt something tearing through his mind, and had he had control of any of his bodily functions,

including his vocal cords, he would have screamed.

Mewtwo pulled all the information he could from Giovanni's mind, as he did, his confusion only grew, the boss of Team Rocket didn't know anything about what he had done, or... was going to do?

"I'm going to fix this," He snarled, dropping Giovanni. *"If it's the last thing I do."*

Giovanni lied lifelessly on the floor, he wasn't unconscious per say, nor was he dead, his mind was simply a messed up shamble of what was once a human brain, in scientific terms he was a vegetable, unscientifically, his mind was pudding.

Meanwhile, Mewtwo stood outside on the helicopter pad, the helicopter having been tossed into the ocean seconds earlier.

"I will fix this," He assured himself. *"No matter what!"*

Pikachu and Ash were in Viridian City, and they had a plan to take on the gym. It involved Charizard, two Mega Stones, a lot of planning, and a bet with Giovanni.

The plan was pretty normal when it came to dealing with Giovanni and Team Rocket early on, but everything changed once they stepped inside the gym.

"'Bout time you's guys showed up," Meowth said, lowering the battle platform that he, Jessie, and James were on. "We have a problem."

"What's up?" Pikachu asked.

"Giovanni's a vegetable."

Ash and Pikachu deadpanned. "I thought this Loop was going to be normal," Pikachu said. "What type of vegetable, out of curiosity?"

"The kind you have on life support," Jessie answered.

The pairs eyes went wide. "Ohhh... what happened to him?"

The trio looked glanced to each other, uncertainty in their eyes.

"What?" Ash groaned, expecting the worst.

"Giovanni was on a secret island that doesn't exist," Jessie began.

"Where scientists were doing experiments that weren't happening," James added.

"On a test subject who you've never met," Meowth finished.

Ash's eyes widened in realization. "Mewtwo?"

"You got it," Meowth answered. "Most of the scientists survived... actually everyone technically survived, but anyone who can still talk said he escaped and knocked everyone out, then when they woke up, Giovanni was lying in a pool of his own drool."

"Right," Pikachu stepped forward. "Options are that this is a Variant, or someone's replacing Mewtwo."

"Anyone else Awake?" James asked.

"I got Charizard," Ash threw the Fire-types Pokeball up and let Charizard out.

Charizard stretched and eyed Team Rocket quizzically. "What's wrong?"

"Some kind of violent Mewtwo on the loose," Pikachu summed up. "Misty, Brock, May, Mrs. Ketchum and Professor Oak are Awake too; so's Togepi and Blaziken."

Jessie nodded. "Alright, well if he knows what Giovanni knows, which we're assuming because he probably stole his memories, then he's probably going to take out a few crucial facilities."

"Anything jump out?" Charizard asked.

"A few research facilities around Kanto and Johto, and a couple of outposts in Hoenn," James answered.

"One of them keeps tabs on Magma and Aqua," Meowth added.

"Seems like a good place to start," Pikachu said. "Charizard, head to Hoenn, get May and Blaziken, we'll check around Kanto and Johto. Meowth, Jessie, James, can you guys get to Sinnoh? I wanna make sure this guy doesn't try anything with Arceus, if he tries to control him or the Creation Trio there might be problems."

"Right!" Charizard took off and flew through the door, actually breaking it as he went. Jessie and the others headed towards the back of the gym.

Ash and Pikachu sighed and headed through the shattered doorway, both wondering just what this Loop had in store.

May and Blaziken walked down a seemingly abandoned road, looking for any sign of civilization, or whatever you called the likes of Team Rocket. "Charizard said it was around here somewhere," May said.

Blaziken raised an eyebrow at something over the horizon. "{Well, I see smoke over there.}"

May looked in the direction Blaziken had indicated. "Crud."

Once the pair made it to the smoldering remains of Team Rocket's outpost, they expected to find unconscious survivors. Instead, they were greeted by an explosion.

"{I think he's over there,}" Blaziken stated before running off.

"Yah think?" May asked, chasing after her Pokèmon.

Once May caught up with Blaziken she saw that he was facing the Pokèmon they had been looking for. "Mewtwo," May whispered.

The Psychic-type turned his head towards May and Blaziken. *"Who are you?"* He asked, his voice dripping with anger.

"I'm May and who are you?" May wondered what world this guy was from, he seemed to have a real vendetta against Team Rocket for some reason.

"I am Mewtwo!" He answered, the color drained from May's face.

Blaziken turned to his trainer, eyes wide. "{He's Looping?!}" The Fire-type shouted more than asked.

May gulped nervously. "I'm gonna get Ash on the holocaster, we're gonna need him and Pikachu." May had never met Mewtwo during the baseline, so he wouldn't know her, but Ash and Pikachu had.

Blaziken nodded. "{I'll keep him here,}" As Blaziken made his way towards the Legendary, hoping he'd be willing to talk, May pulled her holocaster from her Subspace Pocket.

"Ash... Pikachu... come on, pick up." After a moment Pikachu's image crackled to life above the device.

"Hey, May, what's-"

"{Maaay, he's not listening... Shadow Claw!}"

"Happening? ...He's there isn't he?"

"Oh yeah, and he is pissed... oh and it's just Mewtwo, he's Looping."

Pikachu's eyes widened. "Sweet Arceus! Alright, hang on, we'll be there soon," The Anchor hung up just as Blaziken flew past May, ramming through a wall and ending up buried in a pile of rubble.

May turned to see that Mewtwo was now glarng down at her. *"You would dare try to stop me?"* He asked. *"Do you know who I am?!"*

May took a few steps back, then she felt something trying to pierce her mind. "{Stay away from her!}" A blue light exploded from the pile of rubble, coming to a stop between May and Mewtwo. Blaziken, now in his Mega form, took a fighting stance. "{Come and get me.}"

"Rraaahhh!" Mewtwo screamed and launched forward, knocking Blaziken backwards again.

"{Flamethrower!}" May ducked as a torrent of flame shot from, Blaziken's mouth, blowing Mewtwo back.

"Psychic!" Blaziken held his head as Mewtwo assaulted his mind.

"{Focus Energy.}" Blaziken said under the strain. "{Flare Blitz!}" Blaziken jumped forward and slammed into Mewtwo with all his power, knocking the legendary into the ground.

"Insolent fool!" Mewtwo screamed. *"You will pa-"*

That was when Ash, Pikachu, Misty and Togepi appeared in front of Mewtwo, the Egg Pokèmon giggling while the other three groaned on the ground. "Did we have to use Togepi?" Misty gripped.

"Hey, I may be part Psychic-type, but she replaced Arceus."

"Pikachu?" Mewtwo asked in disbelief. *"A... Ash?"*

"Hey Mewtwo," Pikachu said. "I think we need to have a talk."

"What you're saying is impossible, and yet you're telling the truth," Mewtwo shook his head. *"And your attitude towards all of this,"* Mewtwo was currently on Professor Oak's lab, and Delia had made tea for everyone.

"Yeah, it takes some getting used to." Ash sighed. "But we'll help you in anyway we can."

"Also, are ya gonna turn Giovanni into a vegetable every time?" Meowth asked, earning him a glare from the other Loopers.

Then there was a shattering sound, everyone turned to Mewtwo and saw that he had broken his cup. *"That man deserves what he got."*

Pikachu pursed his lips, they definitely had to be gentle with this one, Mewtwo was... difficult, to say the least, Ash captured him a few times before, usually when they had a plan for some huge battle later on, and dealing with him was always a headache, that being said, he wasn't a bad guy, he just had a bad past.

"Look Mewtwo, I agree, Giovanni's a terrible man, and did he deserve that? Probably. But you can't just go around lobotomizing people, it's... wrong, not entirely wrong when it's Giovanni but still."

"I will bring an end to Team Rocket, and then-"

"And then what?" Pikachu asked. "Once this Loop ends Team Rocket, and Giovanni, will be back to normal, no brain dead boss, no blown up facilities, the only ones who'll even remember are Jessie, James, and Meowth."

Mewtwo was shocked, this little Pikachu spoke to him with such gawl, of course, if everything he said was true then this little Pikachu was far more powerful than him.

"Well what do you suggest I do every time I... Awaken, let Giovanni go?"

"No, do what you need to, if it helps you deal with the stress then we're not gonna stop you, but you're going to have to learn to control your temper." Pikachu knew that Mewtwo was quick to anger and slow to trust, the former could cause some serious problems if they couldn't get it under control.

"I can control myself just fine."

"You really think so?" Ash asked. "I know you let Giovanni go the first time, but that was more because Mew convinced you to show mercy, it's not that you lack control, and it's not that you're overly cruel, it's that you have some anger issues."

Mewtwo grimaced but didn't argue. *"Well what do you suggest I do?"*

"Well we all have our own ways of dealing with stress, do you have any hobbies or interests that you never really got a chance to work on?"

"I was secluded in the mountains for a large percentage of my life, I no longer find joy in battle, and I spent much of my time contemplating existence, either my own or in general, I did enjoy it when Mew came to visit me though."

Pikachu sighed. "Alright, Ash, Meowth, get over here." The other Loopers walked over to their Anchor, who pulled them into a huddle. "Ash get the others, we're going to try and find something that Mewtwo's interested in."

"And if we can't?" Ash asked.

"I'll... I'll think of something, but in the mean time, Meowth, keep him occupied."

"What?!"

"Come on, you're both cats, sort of... just talk with him, answer his questions, just don't let him leave!"

Meowth sighed. "Fine," Ash and Pikachu raced out of the room, hoping the others were all still at Ash's house. "Just don't take too long." he turned back to Mewtwo, who was psychically putting his cup back together, actually refusing the glass. "Please."

5.5 (SeasideCharizard)

"Hey, Pikachu! I've got an idea!" Oshawott chirped, running up to Pikachu, who had just come away from the Beartic Slide.

Pikachu was not at all surprised. "You have an idea every Loop. What's it this time?"

"Well, I came out of a RéBURST Loop recently."

Pikachu frowned. "...So you want us to do a Burst Loop? That sounds a bit weird."

"Oh, not at all," Oshawott denied, though the smile on his face that was already there started to grow wider. "But I would like you to… say, get a Burst Heart. Of a Legendary. Any Legendary."

"Didn't you just say we wouldn't be doing—"

Oshawott cut Pikachu off. "Pikachu, just because we're not using them directly, doesn't mean we're not using them. I'll just say I have a 'plan'. It might take a very long time, but I have a plan."

Pikachu squinted her eyes. "A plan for what?"

"For beating Yggdrasil, that's what," Oshawott cryptically replied.

He followed up by bringing a human world laptop out of his Subspace Pocket, which apparently had a ridiculous amount of assorted 'stuff' on it.

He opened it, and showed Pikachu a large list of… fanfiction.

"This is what makes up about a quarter of the Loops of Team Poképals, and a few of Team Go-Getters's. By my predictions, considering the fact that our Loop is in desperate need of some sort of religion and Post Town just happens to be terribly lucky, we have about three hundred Loops before we get hit with the full force of the Bitterfaygo Train. Three hundred Loops until Neon Genesis Mystery

Dungeon comes to reap our souls. Three hundred Loops until Puella Magi Pikachu Magica slams German festivals in our jam. Three hundred Loops until—"

"Okay!" Pikachu interrupted. "You have a plan to counter every dark and edgy Loop that will ever get thrown at us. Right. So what's the plan?"

"Not ruining the surprise," Oshawott unhelpfully responded. "Just find yourself a Burst Heart of some Legendary at some point. I think you already have a general idea of what I'm trying to do, but I'm tinkering just a bit with the situation. I'll be asking Emolga and anyone else who starts Looping to do the same."

Pikachu considered what Oshawott said, and proceeded to frown even more. "Oshawott, this sounds more like a plan for fighting the power."

"...Who said it wasn't?"

"It's a plan to fight the power, isn't it."

Oshawott crossed his stubby arms. "Come on, there's a difference between fighting the power and a coup d'etat run on a lot of carefully planned and precise Peggy Sue Xanatos Gambits."

"So, the plan for when we enter a Loop we don't like, is to unleash Looper wrath and mess with the premise of the Loop to the point where it actually becomes enjoyable to see where it goes?"

Oshawott nodded. "Exactly. But I'm still not telling you how."

"That's fine," Pikachu allowed. "It'll be interesting to use when my patented 'Do you really care for your friends' speech fails to stop a war... or when the Loop is just dumb."

"Great. Since Emolga's Awake this Loop, I'll go tell him too."

At that, Pikachu sighed, unexpectedly. "I just hope someone else starts Looping soon. Having a number less than four is starting to make me feel weird!"

"...It has been a while," Oshawott recalled. "In that case, I guess we should stay on the lookout... but, anyway. You were doing that thing with the Magnagates, right? So go find a related Legendary, figure out how Burst Hearts work, you know."

"Just to make sure, this is a serious plan, right?"

"This isn't a serious plan, Pikachu. This is The Plan. Get more popcorn, settle in your seat, and prepare your Japanese anti-piracy ads, because the film's about to start."

Pikachu took a moment to stare at Oshawott, dumbfounded. "What?"

Oshawott himself was silent for a bit.

"...Even I don't know what I just said. Wow."

5.6 (jxz)

Ash sighed. He just had to die and become a Yamask this Loop, didn't he?

Well, at least he died in a non-violent way. That meant he could still possess his body.

The main problem wasn't that he couldn't grow; he had already accepted that in his seventh or eight Loop.

No, the problem was that he was still dead, and thus, his body was... decomposing.

"Really, Ash, you should have thought more about letting seventy three Jinx kiss you," Pikachu said.

"Come on! How could I have known that they were all Poison-types this Loop?!" Ash shouted, as he used another Ice-Type attack on his own body in order to keep it as non-undead as possible.

"You have your Pokedex," Misty said.

"Yeah, yeah. I know." Ash sighed, as he re-entered his body. "At this rate, I'll have to use the 'Mr. Freeze' Method."

"You mean bad jokes about ice?"

"I said Mr. Freeze, not Schwarzenegger."

5.7 (The Imaginatrix)

His mind was struggling to come to grips with several sets of conflicting memories. He remembered being captured by Paul, mistreated and abandoned, being taken in by Ash, and being trained with seemingly endless patience and encouragement until he evolved into Infernape and finally mastered his problematic ability. Then he remembered being captured by Paul as a Chimchar again, being mistreated and abandoned, and taken in by Ash and befriended by his Charizard, who had become like an older brother in the short time they had known one another. He had not remembered his first—had it been first? He was still not sure—journey with ash, but he had still become close enough to the trainer to be stricken when he was killed, and when the boy's murderer had also killed Charizard, he had tapped into a well of power he had never known before, and triumphed where the dragon had failed. In the time after that, he remembered having both terrifying nightmares and victorious dreams as a result of that event.

And now … now he had just been captured by Paul, and he was once more a Chimchar. Had he dreamed those events? Was he going crazy? Or was time repeating? He had no idea what in the Distortion World was happening, and it frightened him.

For the third time, at least to him, he was released into Professor Rowan's backyard. Across from him, Aipom stood poised for battle, and behind her was Ash, alive and well, with Pikachu on his shoulder.

Between the firm friendship he remembered from the happier set of memories, and the traumatic nature of the darker one, Chimchar was overcome by an impulse he had no desire to resist. Forgetting entirely that he was supposed to do battle with the other monkey in front of him, he ran across the field and threw himself at Ash, tackling him to the ground and sending Pikachu tumbling across the grass. The mouse picked himself up and looked over at the Fire Type, who had flung his arms around Ash's neck and was babbling semi-coherently between sobs.

"{Ash—you're here—but you were—but you're okay and—please don't die!}"

Pikachu's ears shot up, and his eyes widened. The only other person staring harder at the spectacle was Paul.

"What's wrong with you?" the purple-haired trainer snapped. "This is a battle! Come back over here!"

Chimchar did not seem to hear him. With a snarl of frustration, Paul prepared to return his Pokémon to it's ball. Before he could complete the action, however, he was sent sprawling by a blow to the midriff, and the Pokéball flew out of his hand, landing several feet away. He lay there, gasping for breath; the blow had knocked the wind out of him, but didn't seem to have caused any lasting harm. A bright flash nearby caught his attention, and he sat up and turned his head in time to see the Pokéball break, the two halves twisted and giving off sparks. His gaze landed on the Pikachu, which was already returning to its trainer's side, resting a paw on his chimchar's back as if to comfort it. He got to his feet, scowling at the scene before him.

"Forget this," he said in contempt. "I'm not wasting another ball or any of my time on a crybaby who won't fight when I expect it to. You

can keep it."

And he turned on his heel and stalked away, leaving a bemused and Unawake Dawn staring after him.

"What just happened?" she asked an equally Unawake Brock.

The gym-leader shrugged.

"No idea."

Ash was glad he had been Awake for this. After Paul had walked out on the battle, he and Pikachu had taken Chimchar aside, to the further consternation of their unawake friends. After the little Fire Type had calmed down enough to answer a few questions, it had become clear to both of them that he was Awake, and Pikachu had introduced him to the time loops and their various peculiarities.

"{Basically, the Loop you remembered was a Variant known as a Fused Loop,}" the Anchor explained. "{Dio Brando came from another universe, and we shouldn't be seeing him again for a while.}"

"{But we will see him again?}" Chimchar asked.

"{I won't deny it's possible. The Loops might send us to his world next time, or we could end up in a completely different setting.}" Pikachu's cheeks sparked. "{One thing's for sure. If I ever see that creep again, I'll make him pay for what he did to Ash, and I know the others will help if they're there and Awake.}"

"{If that ever happens, you can count me in,}" Chimchar vowed fiercely.

"I hope I can see that," Ash said, speaking for the first time. "Pikachu told me about your stand. It sounded awesome."

Chimchar smiled hesitantly.

"{Yeah, it was.}"

Pikachu frowned thoughtfully, and then turned to Ash.

"{I think we should contact Liza and get Charizard over here again,}" he said. "{He'll want to know about this and maybe having him here will help in … other ways.}"

Ash made a point of asking Pikachu exactly what he meant by that later, then nodded.

"I'll call her tomorrow."

Pikachu could not help smirking along with Infernape. His plan had worked out even better than he had hoped. It turned out that Infernape could still use his stand, though he had needed the support of Ash, Charizard and the Anchor to make any progress with it, and he hadn't even been able to use it consciously until he was fully-evolved. It had been well worth it in the end, however.

Paul stared down at the unconscious form of his last Pokémon, then up at the proud victor, who had decimated his entire team without taking a single hit.

"Bet you're sorry you released me now, huh?" Infernape said in perfect English. He had gained the ability thanks to his stand, but had kept it under wraps until this moment.

The look on Paul's face was priceless.

5.8 (SeasideCharizard)

Red had Awoken in a completely unfamiliar world.

This would occur every once in a while, perhaps because he was in some ROM hack, or in a Fused Loop, or some other oddity.

As Red still carried Poké Balls, as far as he could tell, he was certainly still a Pokémon Trainer, so he could assume that he was still in some Pokémon world, which is always a nice touch for his adventurous self. With that thought, he waited for his Loop memories to catch up to him.

When they did, he didn't particularly like what was going on.

As it turned out, there was some kind of Moemon Loop currently running. "Some kind" meaning that Red actually didn't quite understand what was going on here. Certainly, all of the Pokémon had been replaced by, well, little girls.

But, firstly, all of said little girls were very literally little, and were now sentient magical puppets of moderate intellect with the ability to reproduce amongst themselves. Secondly, these puppets didn't seem to be Pokémon at all. Thirdly, every Poké Ball in existence was now based on the Yin-Yang symbol. Finally, like what happened in the second generation games, Red was that one Kanto Champion who disappeared to become the very best, like apparently he already was anyway.

The actual problem with this was that his team really was the very best, which wasn't supposed to happen right from the start of the Loop if none of his normal Pokémon were Looping with him. Aside from being Level 100, IV bred, and EV trained from the get-go, he had access to Pokémon (which were now named Boneka, for good measure) that didn't even normally exist in nature. Not even as Legendaries; these were special occurrences. Very, very special occurrences. As such, Red did indeed recall travelling across the land, and searching far and wide for them.

He also had eleven disciples with incredible teams in their own right, each of whom could scare Champions just by their very presence and had, like Red, dedicated themselves to the art of Pokém—Boneka battling. Anyone who wanted to challenge Red would have to go through all of them first.

But, incredibly enough, one of Red's most recent memories was a defeat at the hands of the young new Champion of whatever this region was. A complete and utter defeat. None of his chosen apostles of ultimate Boneka battling fared anywhere close to better.

Definitely a Looper.

As his Loop memories told him that he was a silent protagonist this time, he decided to just up and leave the horribly dank cave that he awaited challengers in without any explanation, to find out what in the world was really happening.

Red didn't have to travel far at all, as it turns out. It was as easy as checking out the most populated city. There she was—the newly crowned Boneka Champion of… Kanto? Red was fairly certain it was Kanto.

Helpfully, the Looper was quite friendly and willing to exposit a little. Red managed to learn that this was, indeed, a Fused Loop, with the very Champion being a Looper of the "Loop-like thing" was fusing with Red's own Loop.

What unnerved Red was the circumstances surrounding this particular variant, though.

"It's actually a bit hard for me to believe what you said. I'd thought you were a Stealth Looper this entire time!" the Champion, a cheery blonde girl in an oddly out-of-place purple dress and a very light pink mob cap, Maribel Hearn, commented as she and Red walked around something that looked very similar to Viridian City, but was apparently a different place.

"...What do you mean by 'this entire time'? Has this happened before?" Red asked.

"Of course!" Maribel blurted out, before elaborating. "This is a decently common variant that I go into. Nine times out of ten, if we

have a Fused Loop, which happens pretty often in my opinion, then this is the one. So I've been in here hundreds and hundreds of times."

There. That was the thing that was mystifying Red. This girl, from some kind of Loop, had been in here enough times to be completely familiar with the variant in just about every way, even though, according to her, the variant changed itself very often, and at random, to the point where it sometimes even completely threw out the setting.

In the meanwhile, the Anchor of the actual Loop, Red, was experiencing this for the first time.

It simply didn't make any sense.

"Maybe it's just one of the quirks of Yggdrasil?" Maribel guessed. "In general, if I get involved in something, it's not going to work quite like it should. Really, maybe there is an explanation, or there isn't. Anyway, I have to admit, this one is surprising. Like I said, I thought you'd been Awake for at least some of those Loops. But then it turns out that you weren't Awake for a single one!"

"Not a single one, huh…" Red mumbled, himself curious as to what could have caused this glitch. Not that wondering was going to get him anywhere, so he turned his focus on another avenue. "What do you usually do for this Loop? Since it's a whole new world, I'm going to explore everywhere. Probably go on a whole new journey. But I'm guessing you have some plans, right?"

Maribel's merry expression fell a little, thinking about what it was that she usually did. The fact that she had to think about it at all gave her the answer. "...Mmh, not exactly. This Loop has unexplored opportunities everywhere, so even at this point, I haven't seen all there is to it. I will say that whenever Boneka Contests crop up, I always go for being a Coordinator."

"Is there something special about the contests? I never found them that interesting, unless I'm in Ash's… well, Pikachu's Loop. Those are pretty cool."

"Ooohohoho, you have no idea…" Maribel mumbled in an almost frighteningly excited tone for the quiet voice.

Red blinked, having to take a moment to get whatever he just heard. "What?"

"Think those kinds of Pokémon Contests you just mentioned," Maribel began, with an eerie excitement shining in her eyes. "But… with just a bit of, what's the word…. er, lunacy."

Again, Red didn't reply right away, but eventually, his eyes widened and his face turned to just a slight, yet sharp frown.

"Wait a minute. Don't tell me this is that Loop—"

"This is that Loop, yes," Maribel cut off, not bothering to check what Red actually meant. Mainly because she'd given this response before. "And before you ask me more, I don't exist, this variant doesn't exist, and the physical space you're occupying right now doesn't exist, so if you stop trusting what you see, you'll at least know why. We give a new definition to 'bizarre adventure'."

"...R-Really. Well, in that case, I'll just be going, then. On that journey," Red stuttered, quickly walking away while waving and nervously chuckling. "See you later, if, uh, you ever actually find me!"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure I'll be seeing you soon!" Maribel replied cheerily, waving back, though Red didn't exactly like the choice of words. He swore that they were chosen on purpose.

Possibly insane Loop or not, as Red turned his head forward and walked off into a route that he didn't catch the name of, he figured he shouldn't let all of this get him down. Fresh start, new Pokémo—darn it, Boneka journey. Just go straight ahead.

Just ignore the suddenly very creepy girl still waving.

Nope, this was not going to be a good Loop.

On the other hand, Red had a team of practical gods, so he could go see what there was to this world at whim. And if the almost artistic natural surroundings were any indication, the journey was actually going to be fun. At least Red could take pictures. And if Loop memories served correctly, the battles were actually very much like what battles between Looping trainers would look like; mostly insane.

"Okay, fine," Red muttered to himself, "I'll give the Loop a chance…"

A decision that could be called into question, considering the nature of the Loop; though Red was not fully aware of it at the time.

Nothing is real past the looking-glass.

5.9 (jxz)

Dawn looked at Ash's weird backpack. It had two guns at each side, connected at the backpack by wires. Each gun had a sign on each side, one had a minus sign and the other had a plus sign. "What does that do?"

"Oh, this? Is my Mixi-Max Gun." Ash said.

"Mixi-what?" Dawn was confused.

"Is a thing I took from somewhere." He said. "It gives you the aura and some physical modifications of any Pokemon or human you shoot with the minus side. You wanna try?"

"I don't know... It sounds weird."

"But it's not." Brock said. He turned to Ash. "Can I show her?"

Ash smiled. Brock may not be Awake, but he could always trust him. "Sure, show her a Mixi-Max!"

"Alright!" Brock started glowing with yellow light, expelling a light that wouldn't look out of place in a DBZ Loop.

"Mixi-Max... Sudowoodo!" The light dissipated, and showed Brock again... a bit changed. His hair was now brown, and with a sprout-like tuft of hair in the center. His hands now had three green balls instead of his fingers. He looked at himself. "Wow, I had forgotten how weird is to have this things as fingers."

Seeing at Dawn's shocked face, Ash turned to Brock. "Hey, Brock! Why don't you show her the powers you gained?"

"Sure!" Brock said. He turned to a rock close to them, and ran to it. As he got close, his right arm began glowing with a white light.

"HAMMER ARM!" He shouted, as he punched the rock, which was pulverized.

Dawn looked in awe, as Brock returned to normal. "That was..."

"Awesome, would be the word you want."

Dawn only nodded. "If you and Piplup are true friends, this will work."

Dawn turned to Piplup.

"Prepare for Trouble!" An Unawake Jessie said.

"And Make it Double!" An Unawake James said.

"Well, Make THIS Double!" Dawn shouted, as she was wrapped in a yellow aura. When it disappeared, she had penguin-like wings, and a beak. "Mixi-Max, Piplup!"

The face on the Team Rocket would be one that Ash and Pikachu wouldn't forget, even more when Dawn used Whirlpool on the three thieves.

"This is as fun as when Jessie used Mixi-Max with Meowth," he said to himself.

5.10 (AbZHz101)

Red had been having an interesting time so far. The Loop was a mix of the novel and the familiar with a healthy dose of serendipity to top it off. Here, at the age of ten young children became Trainers and were given their very own creature to set off with on a journey throughout the region. Even the type system was the same, the major difference was that these creatures often were the size of a normal skyscraper when fully grown. In this variant, Kaiju replaced Pokémon. The serendipity was more the fact that so far there had been no major incidents of Kaiju trying to break a city. Red remembered his luck and gave it until just after he got his Seventh Badge.

As Red walked into the Local lab to receive his Starter Kaiju. Afterwards he stayed behind to speak with the resident Professor, Prof. Serizawa. "Is something the matter, Red?" the man asked. "Most children run outside as fast as they can to introduce themselves to their new friends."

"Oh, it's nothing major Professor," Red replied, acting like a ten-year old trying to downplay something they thought was really important. "It's just... I was thinking last night, how do we know if all the Kaiju that we know of are all the ones out there? Couldn't there be more?" he shuffled his feet slightly to sell the "Small child with a big dream called out by an adult" image.

"Ah," Prof. Serizawa replied. "Well if you're interested, I can show you these," he said walking to a nearby drawer and pulling out a rather thick manila envelope. He carefully removed the objects

inside, which were collections of fuzzy photographs and yellowed hand-written reports. "These are reports and photos that my family has spent generations collecting. They are all focused on one Kaiju that we still don't know if it exists or not... *Godzilla* ." Smiling at the heirlooms, the professor flipped through the mess with long-practiced ease. "Here you can see charcoal copies of an ancient civilization's etching. At the center is what we believe is their savior and their destroyer, it's name... *Gojira* . Notice the body type, its spines, and the fire breath. Some have speculated that this is an ancient Gigan, others that it is an extinct Kaiju, and still other believe that it just plain didn't exist except in the minds of the ancient people. I don't know if its a Gigan or not but I don't believe that it has been wiped out. This isn't the only place where it appears, or the only form it takes... here is a description of their destroyer's molten chest and belly, how Hell itself has been bade manifest on the one which once protected them. And here, see how this carving is just slightly different than the original? The crystals on it's shoulders seemed to be a representation of Enlightenment, though it later on is a warning that knowledge and wisdom are not one and the same."

Then the professor moved to another section of the papers and quickly pulled on out. "This is a report made one hundred years ago, by a single soldier who survived the destruction of his entire platoon. He speaks of a Black Beast, who's unearthly wail tore at the hearts of men, of how it calmly passed through the enemy formation routing them without even looking, of the Blue Fire that erupted from its maw. His description is uncannily like that of the description of Gojira. His commanding officers, after reading his report, said that the had hallucinated from the distruction around him and sent him home, they sent a copy on and five days later marched through the same battlefield. They were never heard from again," the professor finished darkly.

"Ah, here we are!" Professor Serizawa said happily, pulling out a series of photographs. "This is the oldest story that we have from that ancient civilization. It begins by calling Godzilla a child of the Ocean and the Earth; but the Sky the one who was married to Earth

cursed the union and the child it brought forth, turning it into a hideous Beast and demanded that Earth banish it forever from their joint domain. Sorrowfully, the Earth did as asked, throwing the child deep into its Mother, the Ocean. The next time we see the Child of Earth and Ocean, the creature is fully grown and powerful enough to wage war against the powers that banished him. Here, you can see Godzilla battling both Land and Sky as the people run in fear. This fierce battle would have been the end of all had Ocean not intervened. However, Ocean was a crafty mother, and did not battle on one side or the other. Instead, while all three slept off their wounds, she called to a young boy in his dreams to come to her at when the Moon was brightest. So the boy walked to the edge of the shore at midnight on a Full Moon.

"Ocean hid her child from his sight and told the boy to continue to walk along the shoreline. She told him that she had a very powerful message for him, but she could only tell it in a place where he had water on three sides and above his feet. At first the boy tried to walk directly into the water, but whenever his feet would touch the water, it pulled back. So the boy walked along the shore, looking for a place where this didn't happen. He had not gone five steps when he came to a vast wall. The boy would have despaired then and there had he not heard Ocean's voice whispering one word, "Climb." So the boy did. And when he came to the top of the wall there was a hill, and he heard Ocean say, "Come." He followed her voice until he was as far out as he could manage. Only then did he feel the water over his feet and see it surround him.

"It was there that Ocean told the boy of Godzilla's past, and more importantly how he could save all three: Earth, Sky, and Godzilla. Ocean told him a secret to calm and befriend her son, but that it would only work that very morning, for if Earth, Sky, and Godzilla continued to fight that day all three would die. The boy wailed for he could see the first glimmer of the Sun's rays. He had taken too long. So he wept, and asked the goddess how he might get to Godzilla in time. And the goddess replied with a strange little smile, "Look down." And with that she removed the enchantment that she had

placed over the boy's eyes. The boy was on the sleeping Godzilla's head! And the beast was about to stir. Acting quickly the boy did as Ocean had told him and reminded the Beast of the heart that it once had. Thus did the Beast's rampage stop and it became their protector.

"Of course, as in any ancient epic, the Hero cannot be unopposed," Professor Serizawa continued, with a slightly bitter chuckle. He pulled out a photograph of an ancient painting, the focus was two figures fighting off in the distance while the people quailed in fear in the front. Red could recognize one of them from an earlier portrait as being Godzilla. "Here we see Godzilla making war with his nemesis. The Ancients had no name for this fell creature, and so called it simply DESROYAH." Then, the Professor pulled his head out of the legend for a moment and noted for Red that, "This character is pronounced 'ah' but would often be transcribed as 'er' in later editions."

"The Ancients don't have a conclusive narrative on where DESTROYAH comes from. Some say that Sky, still angry at Earth and Ocean, got her revenge by spending a night at the Fish King's Palace. Other's say that DESTROYAH was Godzilla's twin, and still others say that it simply came from beyond, for whatever that could mean. The two godlings battled for a hundred days, neither landing a blow. Then, DESTROYAH did, well something and Godzilla was dying. The boy, now an aged man, ran to his friend and pulled out a treasure that he had been given by Earth years before. It was only meant to be used in the gravest of circumstances. The Ancient Treasure revitalized and changed Godzilla, returning him to his original form. Godzilla then unleashed Sunfire on DESTROYAH and killed the fell beast. Then the treasure lost it's power and broke open."

"The clan took the two pieces of their former treasure back to their village, but Godzilla was exhausted by his battle. He returned to his Mother Ocean, to rest and recover. And from there he waits the ages ready to spring to his people's defense if their need is true."

5.1 - The Intro to the Multiverse, courtesy of Twilight Sparkle. As a side note, this is pre-Crash.

5.2 - I was in a Jeopardy! mood that day. On that note, you're wondering why Mewtwo is here, aren't you?

5.3 - Mewtwo's first meeting with the other one from the Genesect Movie didn't go so well…

5.4 - Mewtwo's first Loop. How he got from there to how he was in the previous two snips will be revealed some time later. Don't have a good estimate when.

5.5 - Just to clarify, there's no breaking of the Fourth Wall. Oshawott's just a Meta Guy.

5.6 - Because apparently that's a thing somewhere. Not sure where.

5.7 - Chimchar/Monferno/Infernape's First Loop after the Dio Incident.

5.8 - We were going to have a Touhoumon Loop eventually. It was inevitable.

5.9 - Apparently, Ash enjoyed using this with Arceus one Loop. He especially liked making Giovanni suffer.

5.10 - Pokaiju! Because why the hell not!

Chapter 6

6.1 (Crisis)

"Who's this, Pikachu?" Ash smirked. "You get a girlfriend and not tell me?"

"Yuk it up, you," Pikachu groused as his unexpected admirer nuzzled him affectionately. Dang it, that was supposed to have only been for that one lonely variant! She wasn't supposed to have started Looping!

"Eevui!" Pikachu's female friend chirped happily.

6.2 (Kalimaru)

Ash smiled, using a large stick to push his gondola down the flooded streets of Lumiose City. Off key, he began singing some dead tune or other about pasta.

Sitting in the gondola, Pikachu put his face in his paws and sighed. He just couldn't bring himself to tell Ash that Lumiose was supposed to be the equivalent of Paris, not Venice.

6.3 (Crisis)

Pikachu cursed. He just couldn't seem to get away from Eevee in the Loops lately! He couldn't tell her no either. One look at that face starting to tear up and every protest died in his throat. And what was worse this time...

"Well, I give you my blessing!" Red did his best to sound like a proud paternal figure and not laugh his butt off at this development. "Remember to treat her well! If you don't..."

Pikachu sweatdropped nervously as Eevee cuddled him happily and wondered where Red had learned such an ominous demon head illusion. It had to be at least a 13 on the Soun Tendo scale...

6.4 (AbZHz101)

Charizard's usual Awaking point was rather annoying for the Fire Type. Why couldn't he Wake up with Ash or just after Damian left him to die? It would be less of a pain than constantly having to wake up to a hunger-induced head-splitting headache. Grumbling about having the worst luck Charizard tried to push himself off the rock. The operative word being "tried." Such endeavors always went better when one had limbs. As Charizard tried to figure out what had happened his Loop Memories, kicked in. ...Well, this would make for an interesting change. He was a Dratini.

"{Remind me,}" Pikachu said as he, Ash, and the now Dragonair dodged their way through a gauntlet of Dragon type attacks. "{How did we get into this situation again?}"

"{Damian is apart of the Dragon Tamer Clan this variant,}" the Pokémon who was normally a Fire Type replied. "{I was *supposed* be his partner, but the Loop changed his family, not his personality. After we embarrassed him and left, I guess he went running home and lied his tongue off.}" The now Dragon Type ducked a Hyper Beam and shot back a Dragonbreath at a Druddigon that left itself open, stunning the other dragon temporarily. "{The Clan thought that you guys had stolen me or something, but when I defended you they started to get suspicious and now we're doing the trials that a junior Clan member is supposed to do with their partner in order to be recognized as an adult.}" Pikachu fired off a rather large Thunderbolt that broke into five smaller ones, forcing some of the Dragons to dive for cover giving them some breathing room. "{We win, we stay together, Ash becomes an honorary member, and Damian probably gets banished or something like that. We do well, but lose... guess it would be up to if we impressed the Elders or some crap like that.}"

"{And we haven't used any Out-of-Loop powers because we don't want them to think that we cheated, as that kind of thing is what got us into this mess in the first place,}" Pikachu sighed wearily. Tests of honor were annoying. They were nearing the end when a Dragonite stepped out in front of them and charged a Hyper Beam, aiming at Ash! Charizard and Pikachu both leapt into action. Charizard tried to absorb the hit, but was surprised when he was thrown back. Pikachu having anticipated this, as he had made the same mistake charged an Iron Tail and deflected the rest of the blast away from their Trainer.

"Dragonair!" Ash called out, more on reflex than concern, Charizard often inflicted far more damage on himself without even flinching.

"{Ow,}" the now Dragonair grunted, "{Okay, note to self: Standing your ground works infinitely better **when you have legs!** }" Somehow, the Dragonite was setting up another attack! Charizard was really mad now. Objectively, some part of him realized that this was probably an engineered scenario to see how far the Pokémon would go for the Trainer. Most of him really didn't care and the rest suggested to his rational side that if such was the case, listening to his emotions and treating it like a genuine threat would be the correct response. Again the Dragonite sent a Hyper Beam at Ash, and again his Pokémon put themselves in the way. This time though, unseen against the beam of light, the current Dragon type was glowing white.

Dragonair faltered, but then *Dragonite* dug his new feet into the rocky earth, tried to grab the raw energy with his claws, *somehow succeeded* , and used Dragon Claw to *tear an energy attack to shreds* . Then the now fully-evolved Pokémon launched himself forward at nearing supersonic speed and started swinging at the Clan Dragonite.

As if bored, the other Pokémon sidestepped the Looper's swings. "{Why do you try so hard?}" the old Dragonite asked.

"{Because, Ash is *my Trainer!* }" the Looper roared, swinging at the older Pokémon with all his might.

The older Dragonite smirked and caught the attack by the wrist. Then the smirk bloomed into a full-fledged smile. "{A good, honest answer. You pass.}"

6.5 (zeusdemigod313)

Misty hummed to herself as she made her way to where she usually found Togepi's egg. Misty had taken to getting the egg as soon as possible every Loop, which somehow or another lead to the Egg Pokémon hatching sooner, but once the Gym leader made it to the spot where the egg was normally found she was confused to find nothing there.

Granted, they were only a few months into the Loop but the egg was normally there by now.

As Misty wondered whether something had happened or if this was just a variant she noticed something, a single plate laid half buried in the ground, Misty grabbed the plate and dusted it off, thinking it was some old artifact they just hadn't noticed before. Once she dusted it off however, her eyes widened in surprise. The object in her hand looked like one of Arceus' plates but it didn't look like any she was familiar with, it was a plain rectangle, egg shell white, with no other tell tale features whatsoever.

"Maybe Sound-types are a thing again?" She wondered, remembering the few odd variants where new types cropped up. That was when she felt the temperature drop.

When Misty had arrived in the valley it had been sunny and there hadn't been a cloud in the sky. Now, the sky had darkened and the clouds above roared with thunder.

"Starting to think this isn't going to be normal." Misty sighed.

The Cerulean Gym Leader watched as a golden orb descended from the clouds and began to head straight for her. Misty was worried at first but calmed down once the object slowed, coming to an almost complete stop in front of her.

Misty took a few tentative steps forward to examine the object. It looked like a Pokemon egg, pure white with a golden ring encircling its center, and it was surrounded by a golden aura.

As Misty got closer to the egg she felt the plate in her hand begin to pull towards it, once she let go the artifact shot towards the egg and was absorbed into it.

"Is this...?" Misty began, she was interrupted as something else shot past her head and into the egg, followed by another and another and another. Misty counted eighteen in total, including the plate she had found.

At this point Misty had an idea of what was going on but wasn't sure until the egg began to-

CRACK

Misty held her arm up to cover her eyes as the egg exploded outwards in a blast of gold, temporarily blinding the Looper, when she could finally see again Misty was almost shocked to see a tiny Arceus standing amongst the remains of the shattered egg sniffing at the remains of its former home. Misty had never actually seen a baby Arceus before but she had heard the legends about him hatching from an egg.

'So this Loop he has some kind of heir or reincarnation thing?' Misty thought to herself. Then the Arceus looked up at her, smiled, and happily chirped. "{Misty!}" Before leaping into her arms. Despite being a newborn and only being the size of a Bulbasaur, Misty was knocked to the ground as the Alpha Pokemon leapt into her arms and began nuzzling her affectionately.

Misty fell more from shock than anything else. "T... Togepi?" She asked in disbelief. The giggle the little Legendary let out was more than enough to confirm it.

'Togepi is a god,' Misty thought to herself, now beginning to panic. *'And we're only a few months into the Loop!'*

6.6 (Inkweaver22)

"Oh? Did you pick up something little guy?" Red asked his Zigzagoon. He was in a game variant and the only one Awake at the moment.

"Zig!" The small raccoon dropped a dead Taillow near Red's feet.

[Red got the Leftovers!]

6.7 (Lord Circe)

Sora jumped backward to land on his bed with a sigh. In the cockpit, Donald steered the Gummi ship away from the latest world, while Goofy showed their two newest guests around.

"...and here's where I almost stepped on Chip and Dale when we past through a, whatchamacallit, nebula, and everything went dark. I baked them a cake, but it kind of exploded in the oven. Ahyuk!"

Sora stretched and sat up on the bed, just as Pikachu jumped up on the edge of Sora's mattress. "Man, that was a good world."

Pikachu scowled a bit. "I'm glad you think so. You aren't the internationally renowned criminal, reviled by all those you hold dear."

"Haven't you pulled the evil mastermind bit like half a dozen times by now?" Ash spoke up from where he was poking at the wall of the ship.

"Twenty three," Pikachu grumbled, "but I was never the sidekick."

Sora laughed. "Yeah, I guess so. I'm just glad that I didn't have to beat you two up or anything."

Pikachu sniffed. "You could have tried."

Sora rolled his eyes and laid back again. "Where are we headed next?" He shouted towards the cockpit.

"I dun know! Stop askhing!" Donald shouted back. While sometimes they could plot a decent course between worlds, other times it was more up to chance where they ended up.

Pikachu stretched, before laying down next to Sora. "So, explain to me again how the Keyblade makes my lightning different. I can't feel anything different, and the Heartless seem to explode the same way either way."

"It has to do with hearts. When you blow up the Heartless normally, their hearts are still trapped in darkness, so their bodies can reform. If you use a Keyblade, or are fighting together while linked to someone holding a Keyblade, you are able to free their hearts and keep the Heartless from reforming again."

"Huh. Well, I still can't feel a difference. Though that makes me wonder what effect a Time Flute might have on a Heartless, what with hearts in shadow and all of that. Ash, do you still have one in your pocket? I don't think I ever grabbed one."

Squeak

Blinking, Sora and Pikachu turned to look at Ash, who was currently gnawing on the corner of the Gummi Ship. Ash glanced at them, before delicately stepping away from the wall, coughing twice into his hand. "Um, no. No, I gave my last copy to Anakin. He was going to try to use it to start a clone rebellion or something."

"Bwahahahaha! Bwapikakakaka!" Pikachu rolled off the bed, reverting back to Pokespeek as he lost himself to laughter. Ash frowned.

"Oh, like you haven't thought about trying it."

Sora shook his head, only for Goofy to poke his head back in. "Yeah, like the time you and the Caterpillar wandered off in Wonderland, and you came back and ate off one of the wings. Lucky Donald had a spare."

Sora frowned, as Pikachu rolled over and started pounding on the floor with laughter.

Meanwhile, back on Kanto...

Meowth snickered as he discreetly took another photo of his team and their leader this Loop. He knew it was a Fused Loop and all, and even as scary as his memories of the Twerp and Rat as villains were, it didn't take away from the hilarity of the scene in front of him.

"Alleycat, keep up. The Soot Soldier and Joltrat could be hiding out anywhere around here." Jessie, or rather, Miss Hiss called out. She was dressed up in skintight costume, decorated with a snakeskin pattern and donning a vibrant purple mask. Next to her, James was dressed up as Smokey, in a coal black uniform, with a dark blue mask and a rather impractical scarf wrapped around his neck. He peered around worriedly.

"Do you really think they'll be back? That blast of light was big." James sounded nervous, which was understandable, given the ruin that the Twerp and Rat had made of Saffron City before Awakening. That weird kid Sora had shown up and they had all staged a battle or something (Meowth hadn't exactly got a chance to chat with them about it), which ended with "Soot Soldier" and "Joltrat" getting banished in a big ball of light.

"One can never be too cautious." A figure dropped from the rooftop where he had been scanning the skyline. Meowth hastily snapped one more shot before dropping his camera into his subspace pocket as Giovanni stepped forward into the light. He was dressed in a bright purple costume, with a pair of wings extending along the bottom of his arms, and a mask stylized to look like a Zubat's ears and mouth.

"Come, Miss Hiss, Smokey, Alleycat. Though we owe the Keyblade wielder our thanks for stopping our enemies, Soot Soldier and Joltrat, we can not let down our guard. Evil never sleeps, after all."

"Yes, Zubatman!" Jessie and James spoke in unison, while Meowth bit his lips to keep from laughing.

6.8 (Jcogginsa)

"You sure you wanna do this, Pikachu? You're quick, but this is gonna need stamina," Sonic asked the little yellow mouse. This was one of those loops where a ton of different Loopers were gathered together. Most were chatting or playing cards, but a few of the speedier Loopers had decided to do something they'd been meaning to do for a while. Have a Race.

"It's no problem; I had a Loop a while back where Pokémon races replaced Pokémon battles. I can handle myself." Pikachu replied

"If you say so," Sonic replied, as he and Pikachu took their places on the starting line. Ahead of them, Ranma in his girl form shouted out, "Okay, the rules are simple. When I say go, ya zoom off. It's a simple once over around the world, first to make it back to the line from the other side wins. Now then, if ya need to get yourself revved up for top speed, ya got 30 seconds!"

Lightning McQueen revved his engines, Rainbow Dash took a stance and ascended, Sonic summoned up his Super Form, and Wally West ate 12 mini-corndogs. As for Pikachu, electricity began to

crackle around him, like he was using Volt Tackle but standing still. He began to hover 3 inches of the ground.

"GO!" shouted Ranma at the top of her lungs. Pikachu shot forward, going 10 times escape velocity.

Dash and Sonic passed him nigh instantly, and Wally passed all 3 of them 10 seconds later when he stopped eating and started running. Still, at least he beat Lightning.

6.9 (AbZHz101)

Charizard appeared in a flash of light on center stage. He could see opposite him was a Charmander and behind the Pokémon was the Ash-act-alike. Now they were back at Indigo Plateau. He could see the Charmander shaking, throwing the him off his game. From what he had remembered he had never actually even hit his opponent last time, it had been more of a comedy routine as it ran back and forth across the stage fleeing from his Flamethrowers. And when the Pikachu with the weird haircut had come with the same look in his eye... it hadn't had any chance of being a battle and this was shaping up to be as embarrassing. The referee said go but his "opponent" continued to shiver. He really couldn't let this go on. Crossing his arms, he growled at the Charmander, "{Wow, I didn't think that you held your trainer in such little regard.}" That got the reaction he was looking for, the Charmander recoiled as if struck.

"{Wh-what?}"

"{Look around you. People and Pokémon have gathered from all of Kanto and maybe beyond to watch this event. You represent your trainer, you show just how skilled he is. How he reacts when things are going wrong. If I remember right earlier today your trainer was one of the main reason that a large scale theft was averted, and here you are *embarrassing him* because I'm *bigger than you* . What the hell do you think that says about him if you are willing to let yourself be intimidated by size? Do you think that if you were being attacked

by a rampaging Gyarados, he would just sit back quaking in his shoes? If you respect your trainer at all, you'll fight me with your whole heart!}"

The Charmander hesitantly looked around the and then back to his trainer. "Zippo?" the boy asked. It was then that a change came over the little Pokémon, and the atmosphere changed. Zippo now had a glint in his eye, Charizard was positively beaming, and the two trainers looked like they were about to burst into happiness. "Go get him, Zippo!"

"{You got it, Richie!}" the tiny Pokémon replied. "{I won't lose,}" Zippo stated to Charizard a feral grin forming on his face.

"{Well, then this will be interesting, because I won't lose either!}" Charizard replied with a matching visage. Then Zippo charged the larger Pokémon. The Charmander did his best to make use of his smaller form and theoretical speed advantage, dodging and running to avoid Charizard's flames while looking for an opening. He spotted one and leapt for it, only to realize mid-leap that it had been a feint as he was swatted away. "{Good effort,}" Charizard noted.

"{ *I'm not done!* }" Zippo declared as a white light surrounded his form. Zippo evolved into Charmeleon! The now Stage 1 Pokémon rushed again at the Stage 2. It was the same dance only this time Zippo was becoming slightly singed not only because he wasn't used to his increased size but the changes to his Speed and Evasion. Zippo knew that if things kept up this way he'd lose for sure. So he gambled on getting a lucky hit and charged straight through Charizard's Flamethrower.

Unfortunately, Charizard was well versed in that particular gambit and knocked the Charmeleon skyward with his tail. Zippo tried to tumble in midair to land on his feet but his body wouldn't respond. He watched as the ground rushed toward his head, more annoyed with himself than anything else. About a foot from the ground though, there was a sharp jerk in his tail. Surprised, he stared at the strange sight of an upside-down Charizard face wearing a head-splitting grin.

"{Good fight. Find me again when you have the technique to back up that heart of yours, our rematch will shake *mountains* ! Oh, and one more thing... next time, don't hide it.}"

"{Yeah, agreed,}" Zippo responded with a smile before he was engulfed in a red light.

After the match Ash congratulated his Pokémon, "You know, I didn't think you were one for inspirational speeches, Charizard."

Charizard blinked. "{Oh, that's because I'm not... I heard you guys mentioning how the kid seemed to be like a clone with different colored hair so I just took something from one of Pikachu's pre-tournament speeches, since I figured he'd probably react the same way we usually do.}"

"It was Johto," Pikachu stated smugly.

"{Are you sure? Because they all seem to run together for the rest of us.}"

"Watch it, Hothead," Pikachu playfully growled.

"{Anytime after the tournament, Rodent. Bring it,}" Charizard replied in kind.

6.10 (AbZHz101)

As Team GoGetters cheered and completed their first major mission since the addition of their strange Squirtle teammate, they and the clients felt a strong breeze. Inexplicably it drew the Rescuers' attention skyward, and gave them the feeling of *safety* . "Hey, everything alright?" the local Pikachu called out.

"Ah," Charmander replied, Pikachu's voice breaking the spell. "Everything's alright." Almost as one the three took one last look at

the sky then began to walk with the two brothers back toward Pokémon Square.

Meanwhile, on the far side of a nearby mountain peak a Charizard lightly touched down. In front of him was a rather dark cave, though one that usually had no connection to the tunnels under the mountain range, but then again, Mystery Dungeon, so who knew? He calmly strode into the darkness, keeping his tail flame behind him, anything that might want to harm him didn't have the power and the Pokémon that could hurt him generally didn't want to. After he had walked a far enough distance that his light didn't illuminate the path to the entrance he caught sight of his target. "Well, I'll say this: they're wet behind the ears, in way over their heads... and they're going to change the world. But then, we already knew that, eh, Blastoise?" There was the sound of heavy footfalls as a Blastoise stepped into the light.

The Water type nodded. "It's good to see that our presence so far does not seem to have affected their journey." Even though shadows hid the actual event, Charizard knew that his friend's eye had grown misty. "Even though we can solve all their problems before they occur, how would that aid them? How would they grow? We have had and taken many chances to be the Heroes, they have only but this one... And it's always good to remember where you come from, if only to more easily see where you've been and more importantly where you are going."

"I hope that is not a veiled attempt to abandon them I hear," a third, feminine voice rang sharply from the dark, as Meganium stepped forward.

"To abandon anyone would be to abandon my pride as a Rescue Team Leader," Blastoise replied. "I was merely reminding myself aloud that we must take a more laissez-faire approach in this endeavor, lest we accidentally spoil what we are trying to nurture." Meganium merely glared. "Do you not trust me?"

"Need I remind you," Meganium's sharp retort struck. "That the two of you *set fire* to a river, which then caused the ocean in which it ran to *ignite* ?! And how *that caused all the water in the atmosphere to come ablaze* ?! *You two morons burned a planet to a* ***crisp*** *in under thirty minutes! HOW IS IT THAT YOU TWO WERE BRILLIANT ENOUGH TO CREATE A CATALYST TO REVERSE A COMBUSTION REACTION AT HIGH TEMPERATURE AND NOT HAVE ENOUGH* ***COMMON SENSE*** *TO* ***REALIZE*** *WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU EVER* ***USED*** *IT?!"*

As the two males winced at all the right times as their female teammate got into full "Rant Mode" Blastoise whispered to his partner, "So how many vials of Fire Water Catalyst do we have left after filling our order?"

"We picked a Plum from off of the Roof," Charizard replied before wincing again. Blastoise knew the reference to a high-scoring Mahjong hand, they had just finished five vials and got them to safety before the last reset.

"ARE YOU TWO IGNORING ME?" Meganium shouted. If it weren't for the fact that Blastoise had long ago learned that he could never win against a female in the throes of "Righteous Fury" he might have said yes to wind her up. Also as they had told her to take that Loop off for a vacation and this was their first Loop together after that... They probably deserved this.

"Of course not," Blastoise said, as both he and Charizard had been keeping one ear on Meganium's rant to check if she had noticed their small conversation. Thankfully, it seemed as if she hadn't.

"So then, what is this plan of yours?" Meganium asked in a voice that promised pain if he tried to be a smart alec or hadn't tried to think his plan through.

"I was actually thinking that we set up an unofficial base of operations close to the other side of the continent, perhaps by Mt. Freeze..." Blastoise said with a smirk. "I said unofficial because a

Team GoGetters already exists with the same Identification number as what our badges use. And I cannot imagine calling ourselves anything else, and I don't think either of you could. At the same time we would be one of the few Pokémon with the power and drive to head off the natural disasters in that part of the continent. By the time most of the standard Rescue Teams would be able to get there the disaster would have long since passed as would most of the chances for relief efforts or body retrieval... We know that the general area near the Square is in good hands, we're a Rescue Team. I say we head to where we will be most effective."

"And what of our Baseline selves?" Meganium asked tightly. While she felt deeply about being able to help as many as possible, she could never be the kind of Pokémon that didn't help someone when she knew they were in trouble because doing so might help more in the future.

"I do not remember any even semi-permanent shops out that way," Blastoise replied. "It is likely that we will constantly be having to dole out supplies of food to those we aid, and if we have no steady source of crops, for which none of us has the time to tend, then we will have to purchase what we will give. That will mean that we will most likely become semi-frequent visitors to the Square. It is more than probable that we will encounter them on such an errand, and Pokémon their age always see to unintentionally pester travelers for stories and advice. I do not see why we should not give it."

Charizard landed lightly on the cliff south of the Square. The three Loopers of Team GoGetters had all spread out to handle their tasks more efficiently. Meganium was looking for a good patch of land that would serve their purposes and that they could buy. Blastoise was looking for materials and contractors. Which meant that he had to deal with the team's accounts, or in this case, the creation there of. The Fire type calmly walked past the currently unopened Makuhita Dojo, and to the Southern edge of the Square Proper. It was still rather early in the day, and as such Rescue Teams were reviewing

and preparing for the jobs that would be undertaken that day. Rather impressively, he slipped through the crowd of Rescue Pokémon, managing to keep their attention off of him for the most part as he made his way to his first destination, Kangaskhan Storage.

As he stepped up to the stall he put a socially acceptable smile on, enough to be pleasant but not overly familiar. "Welcome to Kankaskh-" the matron of the establishment began to rattle off before stopping, staring at Charizard in surprise.

Before he could ask her what was wrong, another voice gave him an approximate answer. "Hi, Auntie- Dad?!" his baseline self asked. Charizard jerked around in response, shock written on his face. "Eh, heh, heh, sorry about that..."Charmander chuckled nervously, his body language reading "I'm so dead."

Imperceptibly, Charizard shook himself. "No, that's alright," he covered quickly. "If I met a stranger who had as strong a family resemblance as we do I'd be surprised too." He subtly accented certain worlds like "stranger" to imply distance between the two of them, as technically they weren't related or at least not in a way that there were pre-prepared words for. He added a gentle smile in an attempt to break up any tension, as he silently thought, *'Did I always sound like I had a cold?'*

"Eh, I don't see it," Squirtle mumbled.

The former human didn't expect to be heard so he wasn't expecting Chikorita's "Hush!" or the accompanying light hip check to the ribs.

Neither of them were expecting Charizard to notice the by-play and act on it. He turned to the Basic Fire type in front of Auntie Kangaskhan's stall, lips already forming a smirk. "Your friend hasn't seen many from our line I take it?"

"Uh, no," Charmander answered meekly. "You'd be the second one that he's seen."

"Oh? Is he from some off-continent colony?" Auntie Kangaskhan asked. Internally, Charizard swore, able to see where this was going. This was supposed to be easy! Go in, sign some documents, get back to the others! Not accidentally force some of his friend's baseline-self's secrets out into the open!

"Er, no," Charmander replied again. "Actually, we have no idea where he's from. I found him passed out in the forest the other day. The only thing he could remember was thinking that he was a human for some odd reason! I was going to bring him back to the Square, but then Butterfree flew by worried about Caterpie. I didn't think we had time to go back to the Square so I had to take him in with me. Turns out he was a lot better at handling Mystery Dungeons than I gave him credit for. Afterwards, Chikorita and I went asking around to see if anyone had heard about a missing Squirtle and nothing's come up yet. So Chikorita suggested that we have him join the team in hopes that someone would recognize him. Even knowing how good he was in Tiny Woods we've been surprised at just how much help he's been."

Kangaskhan frowned, not exactly happy that Charmander had taken such a risk with a Pokémon he barely knew, but it seemed to have worked out for the best. "I'll keep an ear out, alright?" she stated more than asked to Squirtle.

Uh, yeah," he responded, clearly uncomfortable. He searched around for something to change the topic to and before he really knew what he was asking he blurted out, "I mean I get that he's probably at *least* in the high eighties, but how's that supposed to tell how you're related to somebody?" he said motioning to Charizard. The Stage 2 felt like bashing his skull against the pavement, but refrained if only because then it would give away that he knew more than he should, however this was quickly replaced by the realization that his friend could tell the levels of other Pokémon during baseline. The others alternated between stared between the two. "Oh, that's not normal, is it?" There was a synchronized shaking of the heads of every naturally born Pokémon present.

Then, Kangaskhan turned to Charizard. "I realize it's not considered polite, however I am curious how accurate the boy was."

"Can't say, ma'am," Charizard replied sheepishly. "I haven't had myself checked in quite a while now." All technically true... and the fact that Looping tended to do weird things to the level system.

Kangaskhan frowned, and Charizard felt a jolt of fear run down his spine, as if he had just failed some sort of test. "Still, that's a rare talent that he has," she said. As she did so, she stepped out from behind the stall and in front of the group, "We at least should check its accuracy." Then she stood calmly in front of the group. "So Squirtle, what level do you think I am?" a small challenge in her voice.

"Hmm..." Squirtle replied getting a good look at the matron of Kangaskhan Storage for the first time. "That's weird," he muttered just loud enough for everyone else to hear. "I'm getting two numbers... can you go down levels?" The disbelief in his voice was obvious. Shaking his head he responded, "Sorry, but I'm getting two numbers for some odd reason. I figure that you know level fifty skills, but you have around level thirty stats," he replied with a disgruntled sigh.

To his surprise, Auntie Kangaskhan simply started laughing, "I shouldn't be so surprised. I knew I had lost a step or two between a couple of clutches and standing behind the stall, but I thought I had kept myself in better shape than that!"

Squirtle blinked. "Wait... So I was right?"

As Kangaskhan nodded, Chikorita jumped in, "So you were on a Rescue team?" Both elder Pokémon noticed that she hadn't completely unintentionally addressed them **both** with that particular question.

"Actually, Rescue Teams are more a recent thing," Kangaskhan replied. "Before all these natural disasters became so commonplace

it wasn't all that unusual for Pokémon to travel 'round the continent in search of an adventure. I had quite a run in my day, but eventually I'd had my fun. I wondered what I could do and constantly thought about how annoying it had been to carry all my things with me, and let's not even get started on bad days where just nothing goes your way and you end up out cold for hours on end and some opportunist just **waltzes** by and takes all your stuff without lending a helping hand. And I realize that being a Kangaskhan, I had it better in the storage capacity department than most. So I set up my stall and when Adventurers started banding together into Rescue Teams, every shop keep in town threw their full support behind them. It's good work that you young'uns do, and don't let anybody ever tell you different!"

After Kangaskhan had finished Charizard felt four sets of wondering eyes and one more calculating set fall on him. "Eh, sorry, maybe in another timeline," he said with a cheesy smile. "Actually, I was here because some friends and I found ourselves locked on continent for an indeterminate amount of time and we were hoping to make use of your services," he said directing the last part at Kangaskhan.

Oh, are we keeping you from your business?" Chikorita asked slightly horrified.

As Charizard tried to placate the young Rescue Team, Kangaskhan told him in a voice that was slightly too sweet, "I'll get the papers for you. Be back in a tick."She jovially pulled her youngest child out and stage whispered, "Keep an eye on them for me, will ya?"

"No, it's alright. We're just getting ourselves settled at the moment," Charizard said to Chikorita. His eyes flickered over to Auntie Kangaskhan as he gave a quick "Thank you," before reengaging the younger Pokémon. "So we're all spread out at the moment. Meganium is looking at land available for sale and negotiating with the owners," the Stage 2 mentioned.

"Does that mean that you're moving near here?" Charmander asked. His older self could guess at the reason. He had a big case of Hero

Worship when it came to members of his evolution line. He had gotten better at keeping it in check as he got older but it had never really gone away.

Kangaskhan had found what she had needed, but feigned continuing to search, hoping to figure out what this Charizard's game was. "Eh, probably further out," Charizard answered, embarrassed. "We're all Stage 2 so we can afford to trade some safety for cash." He shrugged. "But there are still things we need to do here."

"So what are the others doing, if that's not too impolite?" Squirtle wondered.

"Well, there's only three of us,"Charizard started. "And you already know what Meganium and I are doing. Blastoise is checking the prices for contractors and materials. We can't do much more on that front because we aren't sure what plots are available. And each of them would require different amounts of work to make a safe, habitable place." Charizard's lips quirked up, "It also keeps him from signing anything, which is good because... well," he leaned down and whispered in a conspiratorial manner, " **No one** can read what he writes!" Team GoGetters and the Auntie's youngest all began to laugh. "No, I'm serious, I haven't met a Pokémon that wasn't him that's been able to make heads or tails of what he writes down unless we help them first! And then, when we ask him what the heck he put down he goes and completely changes his style, it's maddening! But if you persevere and ask him one more time he'll give you something that vaguely **approximates** something that looks like what most Pokémon know."

While younger Pokémon were laughing Charizard looked at where Auntie Kangaskhan was. "Uh, I've also got to do the same thing with the... I believe Persian?" he asked even though he knew that Persian **did** in fact run the bank. "If they're that hard to find I can come back," he offered.

The words snapped, Kangaskhan out of her thoughts. "Ah, here are the forms, sir," Kangaskhan said, reentering the conversation.

"Thank you," Charizard replied pleasantly. The young Team GoGetters somewhat shuffled around awkwardly before making to leave. "You know," Charizard spoke up while his head was still in the forms, "none of us are exactly farmers or herders, so at least one of us should be stopping by about once a week." Charizard left the unspoken invitation hanging as the three Pokémon left to complete their missions for the day.

"You know, I've kept this stall for years," Auntie Kangaskhan said aloud as if she was reminiscing. "I watched two of those kids since they were freshly hatched, knew their parents real well too." Only someone who was listening for it would notice how her voice was gradually starting to get darker, more menacing. "You know, when I first saw you I thought that little Charmander had gone and evolved twice during their last mission, and worried about just what could have forced that. But then, there he was perfectly fine and still a Charmander. Every sense I have *knows* that you are that kid's blood, and I *know* that his parents had never had a clutch before his, nor one after. I can guess how your *friends* look too." Then, she leaned in close and whispered in his ear, "I don't know *what* you are, but if any harm comes to those kids, ***I will end you*** ." Then she returned to her normal position and tone and chirped, "Everything seems to be in order, have a nice day."

As Charizard walked away he felt the conflicting feelings of a chill down his spine at being threatened, and a fire in his heart that Auntie Kangaskhan had been watching out for him that much as a child.

6.1 - That would be Vee, Red's Eevee by the way. Yes, we know Vee is canonically male, but it's funnier this way.

6.2 - Ash thinks so too, which is why he's reenacting the Spaghetti scene from Lady and the Tramp .

6.3 - Red thinks so too.

6.4 - Now Charizard really IS a dragon. This will help him when he uses his X Mega Evolution.

6.5 - Togepi with the powers of Arceus. You are right to be afraid.

6.6 - Because we freaked out about Omega Ruby and Alpha Sapphire, and I mentioned that in my first Pokemon game (Ruby version, by the way), I had a Zigzagoon on my team. That thing ended up as a Level 93 Linoone.

6.7 - Nanananananana, Zubatman!

6.8 - Sonic claims he let Wally win. Whether or not that is the case is heavily debated between the speedier Loopers.

6.9 - Charizard's First Loop: Final Part. This is how Charizard fights when he isn't trying to grievously injure and/or kill the opponent.

6.10 - Mystery Dungeon Rescue Team's First Mini-me Loop. These are a constant throughout the Looping universes where the Looping Memories of a Looper get incarnated as a separate body while the baseline versions of them are doing their baseline things.

Chapter 7

Guys, I am *so* sorry this took so long to come out. I blame only myself for this. But there's some good news. The good news is, this is going to be a Mega Update, so hold on to your socks! ...Literally. Don't want to lose them like Ash did, then get sucked into a Pokeball with them.

7.1

"Two Pikachu and a Luigi walked into a bar. They go up to the bartender. What do they do?"

"...Okay, I give up; what do they do?"

"They ask if they can get *Smashed* !"

"...Ash, that was not funny at all," Pikachu said disapprovingly.

Ash hung his head. "I thought it was funny when that happened..." he said morosely.

"Try being the one who had to integrate two sets of memories of fighting yourself. I don't know how that happened in a Smash Loop, but I still have a headache!"

7.2 (AbZHz101)

Red's journey had been interesting so far. Battles were not held in cities for rather obvious reasons, but instead there were usually six square miles of flat planes outside the city limit for Kaiju to test themselves in. Though gym battles were also slightly different. To be able to challenge a Gym Leader you first had to get a City Battle Permit. That usually required large amounts of time taking a video and oral test on why a Trainer ordered their Kaiju to use one move

and not another (nine times out of ten for safety reasons). Then you had to schedule it with the city itself so that they could make sure that no one would accidentally walk onto the battlefield. And finally the maximum number of Kaiju that could be used in a Gym Battle was two-half of the total a Trainer was allowed to have on their person at any given time.

Red had earned three Gym Badges already. He had also met the resident morons, Team AMF... who really didn't seem to be thinking their whole evil plan through. How was removing every Kaiju with a certain body type from existence supposed to allow them to rule the world again? On second thought, he didn't want to know. If the villain's evil plans started to make sense then it was time for him to go see a specialist before he ended up as one of them. Currently he was on his way to the fourth major city on the route through the region, though judging from the landscape, a large mountain range running nearly parallel to the sea, the next battle would be taking place over or in water. That would be different than usual.

Suddenly, the earth trembled. Red braced himself as well as he could along the rocky path. Suddenly he found that he had a front row seat to a Godzilla vs. Destroyah rematch! Red had been to the Hub before and had gotten the movies on a whim. He had been very glad of that whim after hearing the Professor's legend. Red didn't know if Godzilla was still Radioactive or if Destroyah still used "micro-oxygen" to basically rust things to death, but he didn't exactly want to find out. Red watched the battle from his small perch, it wasn't that he didn't want to help Godzilla-who was more True Neutral to Destroyah's "Kill ALL THE THINGS!" but he had a feeling that trying to move right now would only result in him falling off a cliff. "Ahahaha! That's it, Destroyah! Kill him! Annihilate him! Don't even leave bones! And after we're done here, we'll find his spawn and kill that too!" Red heard a man yell. From what he could remember of the goons that he had taken down, the man's name was Gyozen.

Just after that, Red saw some nearby rocks fall away to reveal a cave. Well, Red could appreciate a cue when it made it less likely

that he'd fall to his doom, and ran into the new cave, as an afterthought kicking at the wall and running further in to avoid the subsequent cave in. Let's see those idiots follow through that! The cave seemed to have some florescent moss so it wasn't that dark. Red hurried along the main path, taking slight comfort in each tremor that threatened to topple the mountain about his ears, because it meant that Godzilla was still alive, still fighting.

Red hit a decline and kept going, thankfully it seemed like there wasn't anything else wanting to move when it felt like the mountain was trying to learn to dance. Suddenly he heard a cry from one of the side tunnels and used a nearby outcropping to change his direction as quickly as possible while also losing as little speed as possible. he dashed through the tunnel and saw the opening in the distance. Taking in what information that he could Red saw that he was about to come out on a rocky ledge just above and behind two Team AMF members, who looked like they were about to attack a baby Kaiju. Red could see where this was going but didn't exactly mind. His team was a bit too big to battle in the cave system but spending enough time around walking, talking juggernauts taught you a thing or two about self-defense and the Art of the Cheap Shot... as did hanging around Pokémon.

He jumped from the ledge and used one of the goons as a landing pad. He knew that it and the subsequent introduction to the ground was coming, the goon didn't. Red rolled through the fall, coming up in front of the other goon as he tried to turn around. Red was already lashing out with a punch as he was coming out of his crouch. He was aiming for the goon's gut but was a couple inches south. As the goon doubled over, Red grabbed his head and introduced it to his knee. The second goon dropped.

With the trash taken out, Red put on a friendly face and went over to the small Kaiju. In the back of his mind, Red noticed that the shaking had stopped. "You okay?" he asked the tiny Kaiju. Hesitantly, the Kaiju nodded. "Good, I'm going to help you and your dad, alright?" At this there was a much more resolute nod.

However, before they could continue further, there was the sound of a set of hands clapping from behind Red. The Anchor turned and saw the Leader of Team AMF, Gyozen, was the source of the noise. "Nicely done, boy," the man mockingly congratulated. Red noticed motion out of the corner of his eyes and spotted little crab-like Destroyah things scuttling around to surround them... oh, right- it could *do* that. "I wouldn't have thought a mere child to be so capable. But no matter, hand over the Kaiju and I *might* spare you. Talent such as yours should not be wasted."

Red looked back at the Kaiju behind him. "Do you trust me?" he asked. The Kaiju fearfully nodded. "Okay, hold on to me and don't let go." He pulled an item out of his bag and shot back, "Go rot in Eiken!"

Gyozen yelled "Kill them!" just as Red yelled out "Wonder Orb!" to activate the item that he had in his hand. There was a flash of light and a burst of energy as Red and the tiny Kaiju were transported away before anyone or Kaiju could do anything about it. "NOO!" Gyozen howled. "Don't just stand there! I want them dead *yesterday!* "

But Red and the baby were already outside. As they cleared the caves, Godzilla, laying in a pool of its own blood, saw that its child was unharmed, mustered up the strength to move the earth one last time and blocked the passage that the two had used to escape. Parent and child were reunited for a brief moment, though as Godzilla began shooing the smaller Kaiju back towards him Red tried to be surprised. "You're going to bury the entire area, aren't you?" he asked dully. The Great Kaiju shuddered as it nodded. Red offered the little Kaiju a Pokeball (they still had the same name for some reason) which the little creature quickly accepted as its new home.

Then Red ran to the cliffs and jumped off, sending out his flyer as he did so. He had an aerial view as a Legendary Kaiju made its tomb out of a mountain pass. It would be too much to hope that the landslide had decommissioned Gyozen or Destroyah, but he had at least gotten away. He might need to contact the Professor though.

He'd need an ace if he wanted to take out that thing, and the standard trope was that All Legends Are True.

7.3 (AbZHz101)

"Wait, so let me make sure I understand this correctly," Misty began, having woken up late in the Loop. "Before you caught Charmander, he was a Fire Type," she began Looking at the Unawake form of one of Ash's strongest Pokémon.

The Pokémon was off a little ways. "Yep," Ash replied.

"But when you caught him, you used a Water Ball." Charmander was currently under the water. He now had a rather large Tail Fin. "So now he's a Water Type."

"Yep," Ash agreed again. "Honestly, I stopped trying to figure this variant out a while ago. Just go with it."

7.4 (jxz)

"So, you're a girl this Loop too, eh?" Ash asked his/her friend, as they were walking through the streets of Pallet Town, which now looked more like a city.

"Yeah. I Wake up, and I'm Pika Denki, really good in speed sports," Pikachu said, her hands in her pockets. "I just don't know what's happenin-OOF!"

She was interrupted by a yellow crystal which fell on her head. Ash was going to talk, but she was also hit by a brown crystal. When the two girls looked the things that had hit them, the things began to glow.

"What do you think is happening?" Ash asked Pikachu.

"I don't really know..." Pikachu said. Suddenly, a blue portal appeared, and from it came...

"Arceus?" both Loopers asked.

"That's my name," the God Pokemon said. "And you have been chosen."

"Chosen? For what?" Pikachu asked. It was then when the crystals transformed into mirrors in a flash of light.

Ash recognized those mirrors. "Oh Xerneas..."

"Sparking like a thunder, Cure Pikachu!"

"Powerful as the elements, Cure Trainer!"

"Together as one, Pokemon Pretty Cure!"

Ash tried her best not to blush, while Pikachu only sighed and started to beat Choiarks.

Since the last time Ash was in a Variant like that (With him taking the place of the friend without powers, and Gary becoming Cure Blastoise), he knew it was going to happen some day.

That didn't stop her from being ashamed of, and from Misty (Cure Starmie in this Loop) to take photos to blackmail him/her for who knows how many Loops.

Oh well, at least she could kick the Choiarks' asses to release steam.

"So, your sister is Cure Blaziken?" Ash asked Max.

"Basically. I wanted to be Cure Jirachi, but my powers are mostly Dark-type based."

"So you became Cure Mightyena."

"Basically."

"HAHAHA!" Cure Piplup laughed at Cure Axew's outfit.

"Shut up, Dawn! It's not my fault that the fangs are stuck there!"

"So... what now?" Ash asked.

"Well, we could use my Keyblade to purify Queen Giratina, but I don't think it will work too well," Pikachu said.

"I can't believe Giratina and Arceus were in love..."

"Eh, there have been worse Loops out there."

7.5 (AbZHz101)

The internal battery has run dry.

The game can still be played.

However, clock-based events will no longer occur.

When Ruby heard those words, before even Prof. Birch appeared, he knew he was in a Flat variant. As such his first thought was, *'Speed Run!'*

7.6 (readerboy7)

When Zaffiro woke up, he didn't know what he expecte- wait. Zaffiro? He?

"La batteria interna è scarica.

È possibile giocare.

Tuttavia, non si verificheranno gli eventi collegati all'orologio."

"Wait. A foreign language game variant? How the hell is that possible?"

As Zaffiro left Albanova, he reflected with relief that at least most Pokemon names hadn't changed, although his had, and settled himself into a world of incomprehensible confusion.

7.7 (Lord Circe)

Lucy stared at the pair of golden keys in her hands. Time had started over again, leaving her walking through Hargeon Town. Like always, she was looking to join Fairy Tail. Unlike before, however, she only had two keys on her, and only one of them was familiar, though the other one seemed to be familiar to her from somewhere. The one in her left hand was Taurus' Key, with an odd symbol in the base replacing his usual mark. The other was a thin key with what appeared to be lightning bolts at the end. Somehow, she knew that the two keys were the keys to the Gates of the Bull and Rat, respectively.

"Well, I better figure this out now before I try and find Natsu." Lucy walked a little ways down an alleyway, and held out the unfamiliar key. "Open, Gate of the Rat!"

The familiar light shown, and a figure appeared. A short figure. It was a mouse, sort of, but it was different from any mouse she had ever seen. It was large and yellow, with ears that almost looked like bunny ears, and a tail that zig-zagged like lightning behind it. It shook itself out, before glancing around.

"Huh, don't think I've ever been here before." Its voice was surprisingly deep for such a small creature. It turned to look at her.

"Hey, are you the one who, uh, summoned me? Where are we, exactly?"

Lucy took a deep breath. "We are in the Town of Hargeon, and I have summoned you to make a contract. I..." Lucy froze, before grabbing her hair and breaking down. "Ahh, I can't do it! You're a mouse, and I don't know who is what this time. Is Aquarius going to be a fish? Does Aquarius even exist?" Lucy turned to stare at him. "Do you even know who I'm talking about?"

The mouse stared at her for a long moment, then stuck out a paw. "Hello, my name is Pikachu. It's nice to meet you. I'm not entirely sure, but I think it is safe to say, Welcome to the Time Loops."

Lucy twitched, twice, then collapsed in a faint.

7.8 (Inkweaver22)

Gary looked down at his Tag and Crest with a frown. Takeru had told him that the virtue of the Crests usually changed to fit the visiting Looper's personality, so for him to still have received Friendship was a bit unnerving. He was assured that it wasn't uncommon for Loopers to get baseline Crests, as it showed that they were already exemplary when it came to expressing that specific trait.

He snorted at that.

Him, Gary Oak, an exemplary friend? He seriously doubted that. While he and Ash had made up after the Silver Conference, Gary had still been a grade-A a**hole to him and his friends, and there weren't a lot of ways to make up for it. At least he now had an eternity to try.

"Shigeru?" Kamemon nudged Gary's leg to gain his attention, using his in-loop name as the others were close by. "Why so blue?" Gary sighed despondently a tucked his tag and crest away.

"I just have a lot on my mind right now, Kame." Gary replied, using the nickname he gave his Blastoise-turned-Digimon. Said turtle made a face.

"You're not going to keep calling me that after this loop are you?"

"Why? You don't like it?" Gary frowned. He had actually started to grow attached to the name.

"It's not that I don't like it." Kamemon said, rolling his eyes beneath his helmet. "It's that it literally means 'turtle'. A bit redundant, don't you think?"

"Yeah, I guess." Gary sighed again.

"But seriously, what's got you down? Is it your Crest?"

"That obvious, huh?" He shook his head. "It's just... I don't feel like I deserve this. I haven't really been a good friend."

"What do you mean?" asked an Unawake Koushirou who had been listening in while examining his own Crest of Knowledge. "You haven't been unpleasant to be around." Gary chuckled darkly.

"Yeah, I'm not 'unpleasant' now. But a while ago, I practically ruined what could've been a really good friendship with my unpleasantness." The rest of the group grew quiet as Gary began to reminisce. "We had known each other since we were babies and were practically inseparable as kids. But as I got older, I began to become arrogant just because of who my grandfather was. I thought I was the greatest thing to ever happen to mankind, so I started to belittle him. Putting him down every chance I got." Sighing once more, he pulled out his crest to examine it again. "I was basically the biggest jerk in existence. We grew apart, and became bitter rivals for several years. It wasn't until he beat me in a competition that I realized how over-inflated my ego was. He approached me afterwards while I sulked and we were able to reconcile."

Gary shook his head in regret. "Not that it really mattered. I didn't see him again after that for a long time and when I did, he had changed quite a bit." He clenched the Tag in his fist. "I can't help but wonder what it would have been like if I had stayed his friend, if I hadn't pushed him away. Could we have been as close as he is to his other friends? I'll never know now and probably never will." There was a contemplative silence as he finished dropping his emotional baggage on the group.

"Do you know what I think?" Taichi spoke up after several minutes. "I think it doesn't matter what happened in the past. You made up to each other and you're trying your best to be a good friend now so that's all that matters." Takeru smiled. Leave it Taichi, Awake or not, to know just the right thing to say.

"Yeah!" Kamemon agreed. "Just because you burned what chances in the past doesn't mean something new can't grow from the ashes!" Gary didn't fail to notice the double meaning in his partner's words.

"Thanks Kame." Gary smiled and rubbed the top of the turtle's helmet affectionately. "Let's keep going. We won't be getting anywhere just standing around talking."

7.9 (zeusdemigod131)

In the treasure-filled room, you find...

• a pair of boots of teleportation

• a humming chrysoberyl of protection

• a plasmic greataxe of shred poison

• a compendium titled "Did You Know : the Necklace"

• **an old amber**

• a wet block

• an aquatic quiver of arrows of the trilobite

• a pile of 904 assorted coins of platinum

"Aero!"

Gary patted the newly revived Aerodactyl on its head, wondering just where the fossilized tree resin had come from.

7.10 (TokoWH)

Some loops were odd, what with the whole multiversal fusing shenanigans. His normal loop was nothing he couldn't get used to. Having to re-catch Pokemon he already caught was annoying, though the few of his Pokemon that were looping made it rather easy to meet up with them again. Dealing with Team Rocket and the other tons of villainous teams was also becoming rather easy, even when the levels of his Pokemon got reset due to being savvy enough to keep a mountains worth of vitamins and rare candies in his subspace pocket.

Of course, dealing with a dragon that looked like it came right out of the pits of hell and was dead set on causing the apocalypse was something completely new to him... for once.

Red looked up at the rather imposing gateway to the beast lair. Stopping the apocalypse was nothing new to him, having personally taken down Team Galactic several times now. Dealing with non-looping big bads from other loops also wasn't too much of a problem either. That still didn't stop the odd unnerved feeling he had in the pit of his stomach. Regardless, with a determined look, he let his body on the door and began to push it open.

The area was dark. Why was it evil beings of unimaginable proportions loved dark areas, he would never know. Then, the lights flashed on, revealing a giant purple dragon.

"So," the demonic dragon announced in a low, gravelly voice. "You are the child that has been disrupting my plans. I've been expecting you." it said with a sadistic smirk.

This dragon, the 'Dark Master' as he referred to himself, - *'Geeze. This guy couldn't have chosen a more generic title if he tried?'* - came from a time before even Pokemon existed, if his loop memories were anything to go by. It was only recently he managed to escape whatever hell hole he was sealed from, which likely meant he didn't know much in the ways when it came to Pokemon.

Red smirked, grabbing a Pokeball from his belt and tossing it into the air. In a flash of light, a black and blue deer like creature appeared in front of him. It had taken Red a while to track down Xerneas, but he slowly got the feeling it was going to be worth it. The Dark Master merely looked on with an amused glance.

"Really, now? Do you think these pathetic beings you humans catch for your own amusement can harm me?"

Red smirked. "As a matter of fact, I do. Xerneas, Moon Blast!"

The Dark Master wore a grin that bore far too many sharp teeth than any being should ever have as he watched the mon in question begin to glow, before sending a wave of energy at him in a futile attempt to defy him. However, said grin was quickly wiped off his face as he went stumbling back, a searing pain unlike any he had ever felt washing over him. Staggering to his claws, the Dark Master let out a inhuman growl.

"You insolent little-!"

Red watched as the dragon opened his maw and shot a purple beam out towards his group. Red just watched on, Xerneas taking a

defensive stance as it was hit full force. The grin returned to the Dark Masters face, as a cloud of dust kicked up in the lair. The Dark Master got to his paws... though he was almost knocked off them once again at what he saw.

As the dust cleared, Red wished he had a camera so he could take a picture of the look the Dark Master had on his face. Xerneas stood defiantly, completely unfazed by the attack. The Dark Master tried his best to respond to this illogical chain of events, words escaping him before he finally managed to say something.

"What... what is this *abomination ?*"

Red smirked. If there was one thing he absolutely loved above everything else in fused loops...

"A fairy type," Red said, crossing his arms. "Get wrecked."

...it was when villains from other universes discovered type advantages

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7.1 - This is, these days, called the Mikasa Glitch, as it was first compiled as an actual thing when it happened to Mikasa Ackerman from Attack on Titan. It's been happening since forever though.

7.2 - Pokaiju: Part 2. Godzilla will Awaken next part when he evolves.

7.3 - The type of the ball is separate from its catch rate multiplier.

7.4 - Fused Loop with Happiness Charge Pretty Cure. Iris is not Awake, although...horrible, horrible ideas are springing to mind...

7.5 - If you'll recall, that actually is something that happens.

7.6 - That's Italian, by the way. Also, the Looper is a genderbent Sapphire.

7.7 - Lucy is the Anchor for Fairy Tail. Yes, those guys.

7.8 - Gary and Blastoise's First Fused Loop: Part 2. Look at it from Gary's perspective; you finally make up with your best friend, and then you find out that time is Looping...and he's been Looping far longer.

7.9 - Random Loot Generator. It's pretty ironic though.

7.10 - In which villains from other Loops deal with the Type Chart.

Chapter 8

8.1 (AbZHz101)

"And now we bring you the scene from Tokyo, in the Kanto Region," the reporter stated calmly. Immediately the screen lit up in fire, destruction, and the silhouette of a Kaiju that Red knew far better than he ever wanted to. The blaring of sirens, screams of people, and the roar of the flames themselves drowned out anything that the reporter there was actually saying. He was just entering the Pokaiju Center after earning his Seventh Badge... *'Called it,'* Red thought. Almost immediately his phone lit up with multiple calls. First was his mom, making sure he wasn't in Tokyo at the time, which he wasn't... he silently added a yet to his statement. Next was a police alert, which he steadfastly ignored. Third, was a call from Prof. Serizawa. This, like the call from his mother, Red answered.

"Red!" the professor shouted in relief. "I was worried that you were already in Tokyo. Anyway, I looked over tests done on the relics before Team AMF destroyed them as well as tests of soil from the island where the Legend comes from. I was able to identify three different possible reactants that should catalyze Godzilla's evolution. I sent the three candidates to the Mart in Chiba, that's close to where you are right?"

"Yeah, just got the badge from the Gym when the report went out," Red replied.

"Excellent, excellent," the Professor replied. "I had sent the items a couple of days ago so they should be in. And Red..." the Professor's voice grew somber, "I'm sorry. You shouldn't have to go through this kind of thing, especially not at your age. Please forgive we foolish adults that forced such a burden upon your shoulders."

"Don't worry about it, Professor," Red replied. "We've got this." With that, Red closed his phone, ending the call. He sprinted down the

street, just about the only person whose eyes weren't currently glued to the screen showing the devastation of Tokyo. As Red entered the Pokaiju Mart, the news had returned to the studio they informed their viewers that they had just received a type supposedly from Team AMF, who were publicly declaring their responsibility for DESTROYAH's rampage throughout Tokyo. When Red walked up to the counter and saw that the merchant's eyes were still stuck on the TV he rather forcefully slammed his hand on the service bell, causing the man to jump. By the time that the man had recovered Red's hand was gone and he had a smile on his face. "Hi, I was told that there should be a package for me here. My name is Red."

"Uh, yeah, just got it in today," the man said stunned and obviously still trying to watch the television. It wasn't until Red cleared his throat that the man realized that Red probably wanted to get his items. Coming back with a medium sized cardboard box with the stamp, "Handle with Care." Putting it on the counter, he then pulled a clipboard off of the top and handed it to Red. The boy signed in the correct places, and then the man slid the box towards him. "Those are some high grade stuff, and from Prof. Serizawa, no less. What's a kid like you going to use those for?"

Red opened the box and saw three items: a Fire Stone, a Meteorite, and a Metal Coat. "Oh, you know, help him with a rare Evolution chain, stop DESTROYAH, normal stuff," he said as he placed the items in his bag. "See ya!" he called, leaving the store before the clerk could comprehend what Red had actually said.

Once outside the city limits Red released his team. They had all heard his last couple of conversations, and knew where they were going next. Red sat on one of his Kaiju and looked at Godzilla, he had been so different after he had evolved, it was so strange. But then, Gyarados was incredibly different than Magikarp so... "So do you want to see if these things even work before we go?" He asked. Godzilla snarled. It seemed that Godzilla wanted to fight DESTROYAH as he was now, at least once. "Okay, but you know, if *none* of these things work and we're losing, we won't have any

safety net." This time Godzilla snorted at the idea that he might be outmatched. "Fine," Red conceded. "Guess we're heading to Tokyo."

As Red approached Tokyo airspace, Red took in the desolation caused by Team AMF. He also noticed that DESTROYAH wasn't the only Kaiju that the group had out at the moment. That might complicate things. Directing his Kaiju, he released his team one by one in key areas to take on the troublemakers. Then DESTROYAH was in his sights.

"Go Godzilla!" he yelled, as the King of Kaiju appeared in a flash of light onto the Tokyo scene. Godzilla took one look at DESTROYAH, roared, and charged to meet his foe. As Godzilla wasn't going to be listening any time soon, Red focused on the other Kaiju Battles he was running throughout Tokyo. Soon however, he heard a terrific boom come from behind him. Turning he saw that Gyozen had brought in a flying submarine to aid DESTROYAH in the fight and between the two of them they had nearly killed Godzilla.

Red could hear Goyzen's mocking laughter, as he declared that even the Legendary Kaiju, Godzilla was no match for DESTROYAH. Growling, Red looked over at Godzilla, who somehow met his eyes. Godzilla was resigned, almost saying "Fine, you were right. Just get it over with." Red didn't have time to search, so he pulled the first item he grabbed out of his bag and pitched it to Godzilla. The reactant sailed through the air, unseen by Gyozen or DESTROYAH and connected with Godzilla's pebbly scales.

Ending 1:

The Fire Stone hitting Godzilla's scales caused a blinding flash of light and a tremendous release of energy. Now it was as if Godzilla had magma underneath his scales. Not only that but the temperature near him skyrocketed! Congratulations! Godzilla had evolved into BurningGodzilla! Not only that but it seemed as though his evolution had healed his previous wounds. Red grinned, BurningGodzilla had

been the Kaiju that had taken DESTROYAH down in the movie. The only possible hitch in that plan was Gyozen and his flying sub, and both Red and BurningGodzilla knew it. BurningGodzilla threw Red a quick smirk before concentrating his heat at the flying sub. His intent was to short out the electronics by overheating them, but it looked more like BurningGodzilla was trying to learn how to control his heat powers. Then Burninggodzilla grabbed the hovering sub and spun it around and charged at DESTROYAH.

As he was doing this, Red noticed that DESTROYAH was setting up to attack BurningGodzilla while he was distracted. He was *not* letting that happen. He whispered the Kaiju underneath him, "We've got to buy Godzilla some time. Let's keep DESTROYAH busy." The Winged Kaiju cried its assent as it swooped past DESTROYAH on an attack run. DESTROYAH tried to follow the Kaiju's areal turn it noticed something coming at it from the ground level.

Focusing on the new threat, DESTROYAH only had enough time to widen its eyes before he was pierced by the sub-turned-battering-ram. BurningGodzilla pushed the sub forward as hard as he could, overbalancing his opponent and forcing DESTROYAH back, still clutching the sub. With that, BurningGodzilla inhaled, and burned the sub into molten slag with his Red Spiral Ray, forcing the molten metal further into DESTROYAH. DESTROYAH reached for BurningGodzilla, with hate in his eyes. BurningGodzilla retorted by firing another Red Spiral Ray at DESTROYAH point-blank, killing the poisonous Kaiju. Victorious BurningGodzilla stood amongst the rubble with the rest of Red's team as they all declared their supremacy to the heavens.

Ending 2:

The Meteorite shattered upon contact with Godzilla, releasing an explosion of energy which Godzilla seemed to drink in eagerly. His most of his scales became a regal purple, his belly scales a shade of red, and from his body grew yellow crystals. They replaced his spines, one grew as a crown on his head, but all those were dwarfed

by the sheer size of the crystals that bloomed from his shoulders. Congradulations! Godzilla evolved into SpaceGodzilla! There was a moment before the fighting began again, when the opponents simply stood, sizing each other up. As they did so, Red felt a tingle in the back of his skull-as if some sort of connection and the being on the other end was saying, "Okay, now what?" Red smirked, oh this would be fun.

As one they noticed the flying sub fire off a barrage of missiles as well as DESTROYAH charging its attack beam. "Put up a barrier!" Red yelled. In response, the crystal on the crown of SapceGodzilla's head lit up as the missiles slammed into some unseen wall of force. More mentally than anything else Red asked the Legendary Kaiju, "Can you go on the attack while maintaining the barrier?" DESTROYAHs attack hit the barrier and SpaceGodzilla grimaced before making a reply. It was a feeling of affirmation, and it felt as though he could handle splitting his focus twice and maintain the barrier if they kept this level of force.

Red grinned. He then pulled out his Pokaidex and scanned DESTROYAH, alright a Poison/Rock dual type. And he knew just from the mental connection that Godzilla was probably at least partially Psychic. That meant-"How about we give DESTROYAH a real nasty headache, and bend that sub like a cheap spoon?" he asked with a feral grin. SpaceGodzilla's visage matched his trainers as his two shoulder crystals began to glow. It would be later impossible to confirm as the distance matched with the dust and debris hid the telltale glow that denoted something was currently being affected by Psychic powers, but everyone knew that SpaceGodzilla was responsible for turning the flying sub into a model of a hexadecachoron and DESTROYAH to collapse to the ground, writhing in pain before turning into some kind of goo that no one wanted to touch.

Ending 3:

The glass jar containing the Metal Coat shattered upon impact with Godzilla's scales. The liquid metal made contact with Godzilla and expanded from the point of contact before there was a brilliant flash of light. Then, everyone heard the hiss of hydraulics and pistons firing. When it faded, the light from nearby fires bounced off of Godzilla's new stainless steel "skin." However, close to many of the joints a plethora of tubes and cables could be seen, as if giving rubbery homage to Godzilla's original scale color. Congradulations! Godzilla evolved into MechaGodzilla! Once the light had disappeared, Red felt his phone vibrate. Taking it out apprehensively, he saw that he had a text from a number that he didn't recognize. Confused, Red opened the text:

"Trainer, designation Red,

MechaGodzilla, Type designation Steel & Dragon, reporting. Requesting orders. Techniques available: Hand Drill, designation "Metal Claw," Attack Type Steel; Tail Slam, designation "Iron Tail," Attack Type Steel; Absolute Zero Cannon, designation "Sheer Cold," Attack Type, Ice; Twin Mazer Cannons, designation "Thunderbolt," Attack Type, Electric. Requesting designation of technique and target."

However, Red didn't have more time to think because Gyozen was going on the attack! He could see the drill at the front of the sub begin to rotate. They were going to ram MechaGodzilla! *'I'm not going to let that happen!'* Red mentally growled. "What do you say we introduce Gyozen to the rest of the team?" Red asked his flyer. The Kaiju cried its assent before it dashed at the floating sub. Before he was gone Red yelled to MechaGodzilla, "Take your own initiative, just focus on DESTROYAH!" Immediately Red got another text that read:

"Compliance."

Red's Kaiju flew in on Team AMF's sub on an attack run blasting it with it's beam attack as it did. This changed the sub's target as it tried to destroy the Kaiju that had attacked it and Red with it! The two

led the sub on a merry chase through the ruins of Tokyo, looking for the last two Kaiju on Red's team. When they found them, Red yelled, "Guys! Hide behind some buildings and Body Slam the sub that's chasing us!" Red didn't know why but for some reason his Kaiju always heard when he gave them instructions. The two Kaiju complied and when the sub passed by brought their full weight to bare. The sub was well designed to fight a Kaiju, but it was not designed to handle the full weight of a Toho Kaiju, much less two. The combined weight crushed it like an empty pop can.

Now free of their hostile tail, Red and his team returned to the area where MechaGodzilla and DESTROYAH were battling. If the fight had taken place outside of this kind of Loop, the fight might have been more balanced. However, it was taking place in a Loop where Toho Kaiju were treated as Pokémon, with all the rules that such a thing imposed. Among them were the facts that DESTROYAH was now a Poison & Rock dual type; its signature attack was Poison Type; MechaGodzilla was a "Kiryu," Metal/Mechanical (Steel) Dragon; and the universal fact that *Steel Types could not be affected by Poison Attacks* . Another couple of universal facts were that Steel Type attacks did twice as much damage to Rock types as normal and the "STAB," Same Type Attack Bonus-if the Attack's Type matched at least one of the Attacker's types, it dealt 1.5 times the damage. These all stacked. Thus Red returned to a battle that might be best described as MechaGodzilla wailing on a punching bag marked "DESTROYAH." However, for all this, whenever it seemed that MechaGodzilla had won, DESTROYAH dispersed and reformed ready to continue taking hits and doing next to nothing in return.

Scrambling to help Red tried to remember if the movie had stated any of DESTROYAH's weaknesses. It was some kind of colony that had been altered by the Oxygen Destroyer and so it only had one mind... Couldn't use that. Uh... Godzilla took him out with a Red Spiral Ray! ...But MechaGodzilla couldn't use that any more... Wait, it wasn't even supposed to work because the one thing the scientists had found was that DESTROYAH was only killed by Extreme Cold! ...And MechaGodzilla had the Absolute Zero Cannon. Red grinned.

"MechaGodzilla, use Sheer Cold, then shatter the statue with Iron Tail!" Red's phone vibrated again as another text was received from MechaGodzilla.

"Compliance."

MechaGodzilla opened his arms and revealed the cannon that was inside his chest. In most situations, the cannon took too long and was too difficult to aim to often be of use. Here, though, when his opponent showed no signs of dodging nor could it use the opening that MechaGodzilla's stance and charge time provided, it's power could be seen. A sphere of blue energy flew from MechaGodzilla's chest and struck DESTROYAH square in its own. The sphere imploded on contact freezing the enemy Kaiju solid. Then moving forward even as his chest panels hid the cannon form view, MechaGodzilla brought his tail to bare in the same style as a roundhouse kick, easily shattering the fragile statue.

8.2 (Inkweaver22)

Gary could only watch in growing horror as Vegimon squeezed Joe in its vines, drawing cries of pain from the blue-haired DigiDestined. The situation leading up to their current predicament briefly flashed through his mind.

After getting lost, he and Kamemon had discovered Joe trying to work off a debt he owed at a restaurant. DemiDevimon had tried to convince them that the accidents that kept happening were caused by Joe on purpose, but Gary knew better. Then Taichi had shown up with Takeru, and all hell broke loose. Digitamamon attacked while Vegimon captured Takeru. Before anyone could react, Joe had stepped in and freed the young Anchor (who had been a bit bored with the whole ordeal, to be honest).

Which brought him back to their current situation.

Gary's thoughts raced. He didn't know what to do. Gwappamon was trying to fend off the rotten egg and was unable to come to Joe's rescue. He was vaguely aware that Takeru and Patamon were watching him intently. What were they waiting for?

He couldn't let that over-grown weed hurt Joe. Sure he and the others weren't awake and wouldn't remember this ever happened when the loop ended, but...

It doesn't matter if they won't remember me! I want to think of them as friends. I want to ***be*** *their friend, d*** it! Taichi was right! Screw the past! I'm going to be the best dang friend to anyone who deserves it from now on! And that's starting right now!*

Immediately after he thought this, his crest began to glow along with his Digivice. Takeru and Patamon silently cheered, giving each other a high five even as Gwappamon began to glow as well.

While to everyone else, it just seemed like the standard digivolution of glowing white and changing shape, Gary saw something different in his mind's eye. It showed Gwappamon standing on a stone in the center of a still pond. Water rushed up and enveloped the Champion, and when it receded, a kappa-like warrior wearing feudal Japanese armor and wielding a staff with crescent blade on one end and what appeared to be a sawed-off gun barrel on the other. The Ultimate made a pose on the stone as water splashed up behind him and leaves mixed with blossoms fell all around.

"Gwappamon digivolve to...Shawjamon!"

" *Kouyoujou: Kamon no Jin* !" Shawjamon spun his Kouyoujou staff, causing a waterspout to appear under Digitamamon, launching the egg into the air. The kappa man leapt up after him. " *Getsugazan* !" He slashed out with the crescent blade on his staff three times before stabbing it deep into the opening in the shell. Digitamamon screamed in agony for a moment before dissolving into data.

Gary's mouth hung open as Shawjamon landed gracefully. He had seen some pretty hardcore things, like Ash's Charizard achieving a miniature version of nuclear fusion and practically nuking his clone created by Mewtwo, but that was just awesome!

The Ultimate turned to the now shaking Vegimon. "Boo." With a scream, the talking vegetable dropped Joe and hopped away as fast as it could.

"Joe! Are you alright?" Gary quickly ran over to the downed DigiDestined and helped him up.

"Y-Yeah. I think so." Joe straightened up and adjusted his glasses. "Thanks for saving me, Shigeru."

"Eh, it was nothing." Gary shrugged before smirking. "I couldn't let one of my friends get hurt, now could I?"

That comment led Takeru and Patamon into a second round of silent celebration. Watching a visiting Looper unlock the power of their crest *and* learning something from the experience was always very satisfying.

Before anything more could be said, all of their Digivices began to beep, indicating some of the others were nearby.

"Come on, let's get out of here." Gary said as he picked up Chapmon (who had de-digivolved after Vegimon fled) and headed away from the restaurant, the others quickly following.

Getting shot by an arrow, even if was a holy one made completely of light, wasn't high on Gary's list of priorities. But if they wanted to defeat VenomVamdemon, he had no other choice. Adding yet another thing to complain about to Takeru for not warning him before hand, Gary swallowed his fear, clasped Taichi's hand and closed his eyes as he waited for the deed to be done.

He was surprised that it didn't hurt in the slightest. Instead, he was filled with the most pleasant feeling of hope and light. Nearby, Kamemon and Agumon began to glow along with their human partners. Gary didn't notice this, as when Gwappamon digivolved into Shawjamon, a scene played through his mind.

It showed in quick succession Kamemon turning towards Gwappamon, and then Gwappamon turning towards Shawjamon. It then changed into what appeared to be some sort of shipyard or factory that floated on the ocean. Out of one of the staging areas, rose a great mecha-turtle while huge cannons formed on it's snout, arms, and tail. Its eyes flickered open as it activated and roared, blasting water from all of it's cannons before striking a pose with the waves crashing around it.

"Kamemon warp digivolve to...JumboGamemon!"

Gary gaped up at the giant cyborg Digimon who was half the height of VenomVamdemon. He was *definitely* going to try and make that possible outside this loop, if only to keep Blastoise from pestering him about it.

" *Megaton Hydro Laser!* "

" *Great Tornado!* "

The two Megas attacked the evil vampire, causing it roar in pain with each hit. But despite their assault, VenomVamdemon would simply recover and retaliate.

"So what do we do now?" Gary asked Takeru as VenomVamdemon recovered yet again.

"Well, usually our crests activate to create chains of light to hold him in place..."

"That's it! Take this!" JumboGamemon's legs retracted into his shell as twin blasts of water from his arm cannons launched him into the

air. As he flew, water blasted from all the ports on his body, giving him a counterclockwise spin. To top it off, he shot yet another blast of water from the cannon on his nose, which, combined with the spin, covered the rest of his body and formed an enormous drill of highly pressurized water. " ***JUMBO DRILL JET BREAKER!*** " The turtle mecha impacted into VenomVamdemon at breakneck speed, destroying the evil entity (and half of the remaining buildings) once and for all.

"...or we could just do that." Takeru finished lamely. "I take it he's looped into Gurren Lagann?"

"Nope. This is actually our first fused loop outside of the Pokémon loops. He's just a huge fan of the show." Gary replied nonchalantly as he watched the pretty sparkles that was VenomVamdemon's data mixed with water droplets rain down on them.

"But... But... *How?!* " Takeru sputtered.

"It's Gurren Lagann. Need I say more?"

"...Oh. Right."

8.3 (Jcogginsa)

Mewtwo gracefully dodged a clumsy slash from BlackWarGreymon's claws. He and this loop's anchor were the only ones awake, and after hearing about BlackWarGreymon, he requested to battle him alone. They'd gone on for an hour. He could have easily beaten him with his loop abilities, but he preferred to stick to baseline unless he was fighting another looper. Though he did sometimes cheat a little and use the powers of the other Mewtwos he'd looped in as. Like now.

He had to admit, BlackWarGreymon was strong, incredibly so. He realized early on that their struggle would be a battle of attrition. That

was a battle he knew he'd win, as his own attacks required far less physical strain than BlackWarGreymon's.

Finally, BlackWarGreymon fell to his knees, his armor, his very body cracked. He stared Mewtwo in the eye and said "Go on. You've won. Finish Me."

"I've no intention of doing that," Mewtwo replied. *"I never did."*

"Then...why? Why did you battle me if not to kill me?"

"To stop you from hurting the innocent."

"That explains nothing! End me now, and I can never harm another person! So why not do it?!"

"Because if I do, you'll never find out who you are."

"W-What?"

"BlackWarGreymon, I know what you're going through. You were created, by evil forces that only seek to use you as a weapon. But in your heart you know you are more, even if you do not know what that is. I have been there, I have felt that. And it is not a feeling I would wish on anyone. So that is why I will not kill you. It is so that I can help you find out who you are," Mewtwo said, before holding out a hand to the injured Digimon. BlackWarGreymon looked at him for a moment...then reached out for his hand.

Then something Mewtwo didn't expect happened. A glowing light materialized above them, and something fell from it into Mewtwo's hand. A Digivice.

"Huh...I guess this means we're partners" BlackWarGreymon mused.

"Mewtwo. There's something I need to ask you" BlackWarGreymon said sometime later. They were alone, living in the digital world.

"What is it?" Mewtwo said, surprised by the sudden question.

"I've been wondering since we became partners. You're not a Digimon. But you're not a human. You're unique. I know you were created like me...but what created you?"

Mewtwo sighed. *"It is a long story. But it is one I must tell you."*

Then Mewtwo drew them both into his Pocket.

"Where are we?" said his partner, amazed.

"This is called a Subspace Pocket. It is a place where I, and others like me, store objects which interest us."

"Others like you?"

"Yes. You see, the universe is broken. How and why, I don't know. In order to fix it, beings on a higher level than you and I, or even Azulongmon, have made time itself repeat, letting some people, known as Loopers, keep their memories during the process. I am one of those Loopers."

"I...I see." BlackWarGreymon said, oddly calm but still shaken.

"Only one person per universe remembers every loop. Other only do so occasionally."

"Am I a looper?"

"Not unless T.K. has lied to me. He is the anchor for this universe."

"And you are just a regular Looper?"

"Yes and no. I am a normal looper, but not one of this universe"

"What do you mean?"

"Occasionally, two universes will intersect, mixing for a loop. That is called a fused loop. My home is another universe. There are no Digimon there. Instead there are beings like me, Pokémon, and humans. In that universe, I am a genetic experiment, an improved copy of a Pokémon called Mew. I was created by an organization called Team Rocket, to be the World's Strongest Pokémon."

"Were you?"

Mewtwo chuckled. *"No, not even before the loops began. Though I thought I was. I was tricked into serving Team Rocket, doing horrible things. But I soon broke away from them, and became an even greater monster all on my own. I was saved from that fate by a boy named Ash Ketchum. Helped me realize destruction was not then answer. After that, I left to find my purpose. I became a protector. But when I began looping, things changed. My rage came back. I came close to being a monster once more. Again, they helped me see the light. As time has gone on, I like to think I've become wiser. I've become something of a scholar, I collect stories of loops past. Learn what I can about their very nature. Here in my Pocket, a keep a pensieve, a device to store memories. Someday, when the loops end, I will use it to write their history. It's a pet project."*

"This is a lot to take in..." BlackWarGreymon said.

Mewtwo used his telekinesis to call over a strange, metal orb with an M emblazoned on it. *"This is a gift for you. It's called a Master Ball. In my home universe, I use to capture myself, so that no one else may capture me. In my home universe, Pokémon and their trainers have a bond closer than any other. I've never had that kind of bond with any trainer. I have many friends, but none of them have ever been that close. Until you. I want to take this Master ball, and be my Trainer, same as my digivice makes me your Tamer."*

Moved, BlackWarGreymon accepted the offered Master ball.

The final battle was nigh. MaloMyotismon had revealed himself, and they had entered the dream world. Mewtwo lunged towards him with BlackWarGreymon.

Then, suddenly, he found himself back in his tank at the laboratory on New Island.

' *What? How did I...The loop...it must have crashed, or something. Ended early.* ' Unbeknownst to the excited humans around him, and even to Mewtwo himself, he shed a tear which became part of the liquid he floated in.

Mewtwo teleported out of the tube, as the scientists paused in place. A useful trick learned from Charles Xavier. He appeared next a computer console. Luckily, his awakening place meant he always had a convenient place to find out what ways the loops had changed. He rarely had in-loop memories, and he rarely checked them when he first Awoke. All too often, they only brought Ambertwo back to his mind.

So far, everything seemed baseline, in terms of events outside the project. But then he dipped into the lab's records, and discovered a new project. An attempt to create a pokemon like Porygon, only on a legendary scale. From deep within him, an illogical, insane hope surged. He opened the files. And was greeted with the voice of his partner, BlackWarGreymon. But Mewtwo knew this was not the Mon he knew, Not his-

"It's good to see you again, my partner."

Mewtwo's eyes widened. A feeling of sheer joy unlike any he'd ever felt welled up in him. *'He's looping. Thank Arceus, Thank Inaba, Thank whatever deity or tree is responsible for this, but he's looping. This is a dream come true. This is...'* The joy was gone, replaced with a slowly creeping despair as the realization struck him *'...my greatest dream. My greatest hope. The one thing I want more than any other.'*

He shed a tear, then another, then another. Tear after tear. *'I thought nothing could hurt me like this ever again. My friends, they could die but they'd never be gone forever. But now I realize. My closest friend, my Partner. Once this loop ends, I'll never see him again. Even if he started looping, he wouldn't be the mon I knew. This is...this is...'*

All at once, the sorrow in his heart was gone, replaced by a rage like none he'd ever felt before. The dream around him shattered, and he looked up at MaloMyotismon, and finished his thought aloud.

"THIS IS UNFORGIVABLE!" his mind roared as he fired a wave of pure explosive energy, then blasted MaloMyotismon through the dimensional walls and into the digital world. He survived, barely, but could only stare, terrified as Mewtwo pursued him like a relentless raging beast. He shouted, *"I'M GOING TO RIP YOU APART! BYTE BY BYTE! PIXEL BY PIXEL! AND YOU ARE GOING TO SUFFER EVERY! SINGLE!* ***MOMENT!*** *"*

And he did.

Mewtwo took deep breaths, calming himself down as best as he could. BlackWarGreymon approached him, and said, "That was...unreal. What did you see, what made you so enraged?"

Mewtwo turned to him, and said, *"I saw...I saw..."*

Then he teleported away, unable to say anything more.

T.K. approached the reeling BlackWarGreymon. "BlackWarGreymon...I think I know what happened to him."

BlackWarGreymon whipped around and looked at him. "What?!"

"I've been through that dream world before, back when no one but me was awake. When I went through that, I saw my friends, I saw them all looping. I think that's what he saw. He saw you looping, and

he can't handle it that you aren't. He can't face you, knowing that when this loop ends...you'll be gone."

BlackWarGreymon was silent for a moment, then spoke. "T.K., between my wings and my back is a gift from Mewtwo, called a Master Ball. I want you to teach how to make a Pocket, so that it will be safe when the loop ends. Because I swear, I will meet Mewtwo again."

The next Loop, T.K., along with Matt, Tai, and Tentomon, watched as Arukenimon created BlackWarGreymon. They watched as BlackWarGreymon flew into the sky, then landed next to them. He held out his hand, and summoned a Master Ball.

"I swore I'd meet him again. And one day, I will."

8.4 (crossoverpairinglover)

"You're new to this loop, aren't you?"

"Oh shut it, do you think I find what you people get up to in this world of fire breathing badgers funny?! You're just lucky that I need to beat up that Tobias guy, and he's the guy after you, so too bad"

Ash found himself opposite a short, irritable little blond fellow in a red jacket with some severe issues in a loop during the Lily of the Valley Conference, with the trainer having his own walking partner in the form of a Golett.

He was obviously a looper, but not one Ash had seen before, though he seemed to have a basic idea of what was going on, so he wasn't a newbie like that Lucy person Pikachu had met a while ago.

"The battle between Ash Ketchum of Pallet Town and Edward Elric of Resembool is about to begin! Each side will use three Pokemon, and

the battle will be over when one side's pokemon are all unable to battle. Trainers, begin!"

"Let's end this Al!" Ed pointed as his Golett ran out onto the field. "Hate to do this to you, but we need to beat up Tobias and this is the only way to get to him!"

'Al...so that looper is probably not a Pokemon normally. Must be a non human looper, which means I have to expect anything,' Ash thought to himself as he drew one particular Pokeball "Charizard, I choose you!"

The little ground-ghost type audibly gulped as the fierce dragon looper roared over him.

"Begin!"

The Golett pressed its hands together and slammed them into the ground as stone fists rose up and impacted into Charizard, sending him flying.

"And Golett opens up...with an attack I have no idea the name of?!"

Charizard stabilized himself mid flight, and grinned.

"I don't like the look in that overgrown lizard's eyes," Al muttered as Ash called for, and got, a massive Flamethrower attack.

"Alchemetic Stone Edge, Al!" Ed called as Al put his hands together and manifested a stone edge attack, but looking more powerful, and sent it flying at the flamethrower.

"Why were you guys trying to get Tobias anyway?" Ash, now in a loop at Eden Hall, aka the bar of the looper multiverse, with the two, with the Golett now an armored suited figure who seemed to have an understanding with Charizard.

"He was a Homunculus that loop bent on releasing a zombie army and draining the souls of everyone from Hoenn to Sinnoh to create a Philosopher's stone for Ghetsis." Ed took a long gulp of alcoholic liquid as he finished. "I needed the thing to un-Golett my brother and sort of stumbled upon that N guy being melted down...hey, now that I think about it, is there going to be any sort of lasting consequence for Al for being a Pokemon for a loop?"

"Oh yes, there will be. He'll retain his powers from that form." Pikachu demonstrated this as he breathed fire to roast his s'more "Though he won't spontaneously evolve into Allurk."

"That's interesting..." Ed looked mischievous.

"Brother, why do you have that smirk?!"

"You really think you can beat me kid?" the tall and uniformed colonel of the Amestrian Military Roy Mustang just stared at Alphonse Elric, who had, out of the blue, challenged him to a duel "I'm a state alchemist who specializes in fire, and you're a walking tin foil potato."

"Rain Dance!"

Al shot a burst of steam into the air from his mouth, as the battle field began to rain; and thus pretty much making mustang powerless to use his flame alchemy.

Al just smirked as the colonel looked terrified while Edward laughed his butt off on the sidelines.

8.5 (Zerodius)

Mewtwo Awoke in a laying position, on his back. Immediate physical feelings told him that he was likely laying on a bed and that something soft and smooth was on top of him though the feeling was

not right for a bed cover; it didn't cover enough and the weight was all wrong. In fact, it felt more like a body.

It also came to his attention that he was currently blinded by what was probably morning sunlight and that he was hearing what appeared to be a feline purring in Mew's voice. In fact, as his eyes focused, he'd notice that Mew was indeed laying on top of him, smirking widely, her blue eyes staring straight into his. Given her smaller size relative to him, it seemed that this was a loop taking place in his home universe.

However, he did not really get to pay attention to the fact that the bedroom he currently was was pretty close in general architecture and esthetics to the rooms of his old castle that he used to build at the start of his baseline, after his rather ill fated meeting with Giovanni.

The reason he did not do so was because he noticed that Mew's eyes had the characteristic glow signaling the use of psychic powers and his own brain was currently communicating to him the violated feeling that came from having one's memories be read. It also occurred to him that she had just read his memories the moment he had just Awakened, judging from the glow vanishing.

The smaller pink Pokémon did nothing else but lay down on top of him, smirk, stare at him, and purr.

Mewtwo glared at the cat, and forced it off with his own psychic abilities

"You know, Reading one's private thoughts is rude," he said, somewhat angrily.

The feline reacted by bursting into a fit of giggling and then putting her paws on his chest, pushing herself closer. "You are such a silly kitty. Not unlike him."

She did not say anything else, wondering how he'd react...

Mewtwo held back an immediate response. Instead, he put up some mental shields and examined his loop memories. He needed to know what exactly his in-loop self had gotten up to.

His loop memories were akin to the baseline but with some rather notable differences. In terms of time, this was a few years after his initial plan with the clones. Most of the events leading to that particular incident had happened as in baseline but the actual events...

Instead of arguing about how originals and clones were equal, Mew had mocked him and told him he was full of himself. During the entire battle, it had seemed she had taken it easy on him. But where things had really changed was afterward.

He had apparently spent time after this observing humanity and Pokémon and changing his clone plan... instead now they were Shadow Pokémon. Based off his own power. In this timeline, Legendary Pokémon were unique, immortal creatures that could not be cloned and whose breeding brought forth 'demi-Legendaries' who although similar in appearance, lacked their power. By a twist of fate due to his unique creation, it turned out that he was not merely a clone but the Legendary Pokémon of Darkness and the starting point of an entire new Type and concept for the Pokémon World.

After discovering this, he had apparently created his own organization, Cipher, to act as a cover for his experiments and attempt at terraforming the world in order to remove the flawed nature of humans and Pokémon. The plan had gone well for a few months, with many of the humans he had manipulated using his technology and newfound powers to defeat the chosen of the Legendaries and even Suicune, Entei, and Raikou when they had shown up to stop them. Eventually however, Celebi and Ho-oh had shown up personally and smashed his plans down.

Due to keeping his identity unknown, he had broken ties with Cipher and disavowed his own agents, preventing the Legendaries from pinning the blame down on him. Besides, as he had gained

knowledge of his true power, the Shadow Type, as well as a solid theory on how to create a proper Shadow Pokémon that would have free will, his human-based organization had outlived its usefulness.

...Unfortunately, he had underestimated Mew. She had figured him out and told him that unless he'd agree to a few conditions, she'd expose him to the other Legendaries. He had known very well what that would mean: to be sealed for all eternity. So he had reluctantly agreed while planning to double-cross her.

And of course, she had taken to annoy him constantly. His loop memories of the feline were... confused. On one hand, she was his enemy. Her Chosen Ones foiled his plans and she had personally battled him many times, beyond their original meeting. However... while he had felt most Pokémon too simple-minded and humans too self-centered, he had a fondness for her. A fondness which she had apparently been using to develop his feeling and to...

Judging by her grin, she had noticed the physical cue that indicated he had just remembered that they are mates and that the reason he had Awakened with her on top of him was directly related to that.

"So... what do you think of the big cat's achievements?"

"Honestly, I pity him. I'd say he was misguided, but in this variant, that's not exactly true," he thought to Mew, before adding, *"And needless to say, don't expect your relationship with him to continue."*

"He was simply doing what he thought best. He just needed a little push." Her tail rose as she then run a finger up his chest and to his chin, climbing a bit further upward though not exactly pushing herself into his face... yet. "As for my relationship with him... that will be for when you leave. As of now, I'm more wondering about ours..."

She licked her lips. "Have you ever experimented with your instincts? I know it may seem silly coming from Light and Love herself but... well, gotta keep myself some surprises."

' *That and I did have only a few seconds before you put up your mind shields. I'm good but I gotta give you some credit. Especially given this is probably not the first time a me does that. Or did I?'* she added, through telepathy.

"Despite my masculine voice, my species is normally genderless. I don't have those sorts of instincts," he said. Of course, the body he was currently in did, which was becoming an issue.

"Seriously, the humans eliminated your gender back in your own home timeline?" she rolled her eyes and let out a clearly exaggerated sigh. "They sure tried in this one but even a trace of masculine DNA is enough on the long-term for a Legendary to regenerate. Besides, humans have a tendency to slap a genderless label on any Pokémon who doesn't breed when put into a fence with a Ditto for two minutes. I swear! That one time I throw that silly human a ball and allowed him to boss me around, he declared me genderless because I wouldn't touch his Ditto. I do have standards, you know!"

She rolled on her back, amazingly still keeping her gaze straight on his face as she spread her legs, getting a bit more comfortable. "But enough about me. You know... I was really looking forward to this. I and Celebi made bets about it. I wonder if bits of your biology carry over or if it's only your memories..."

"I never had one in the first place. I've checked their records, I developed without one naturally," Mewtwo answered. He was deliberately ignoring the question about his biology carrying over.

Her smile widened significantly as he replied. It was definitely obvious that this was not one of Mew's most innocent timelines. In fact, his loop memories indicated that this version of Mew was the Legendary Pokémon of Light... and Love. And that by 'love', it indicated not only emotional love but also physical love. The list of her lovers, according to his in-loop memories, was far, far too long to list. According to his in-loop memories, he had sworn to himself not

to be distracted by her... but she had found a way to chink through his armor anyway.

"Oh... and... would you like to experiment? Find out about that facet of existence?" Though her position did not change overtly, it was obvious that there had been a subtle change in how she was laying on top of him, one that she was definitely aware he'd be feeling considering her smirk.

His in-loop memories told him it was a trick question. Regardless of his answer, it was likely to go her way unless he came up with something truly creative and outside of her expectations. She was sneaky like that. His in-loop self had gained great respect toward her for that ability, though a background of frustration was definitely there.

"No," he told her flatly. "And if I ever did have that desire, I would not do so with someone I've just met"

"And what is your definition of 'just met' big cat? I have seen generations come and go. By my standards, even though your other you has known me his entire life, I have just met him. And your lifetime is longer than the maximum lifetime of many of the lovers I had. So how exactly do you define it?"

The pink feline flew off him, finally ceasing to touch him and floating above him. Despite his refusal, she had lost none of her smile. In fact, she looked amused by the situation. "And that is given you're not older than me. If the external time loops work even remotely like how Celebi does it, you could be several times my age... by which point, even if you were to live millions of years here, we'd have technically just met."

She tilted her head, starting to sway her body as she joined her front paws behind her back, standing on thin air as if there was a floor underneath her. "Personally, I just think you're afraid. You woke up with a weird, cute kitty on top of you and you're afraid. After all, many mice Pokémon would be scared of a kitty Pokémon! Predator and all

that, you know. But then, you're not a mouse, isn't it? You're even much bigger than me!"

She giggled and then pointed at him, winking. "But enough about that. Your body is one that spent all of its energy, and kittens, last night. You know, late night doing weird experiments and then me preventing you from getting much needed sleep. So how about we get into your kitchen and get some breakfast? We have so much to do and I don't want you to faint on me!"

The Mew turned her back to him and aligned her long tail, slowly trailing the oval tip sideway across his muzzle while glancing back at him, clearly taunting him. "Dibs on your milk!"

Then she became a pink blur as she flew out of the room too fast for the naked eye to perceive. It was only his Legendary Pokémon-level senses that allowed him to see her as more than a brief pink beam of light as she left the room without somehow triggering a sonic boom despite breaking the sound barrier by a significantly large margin.

Mewtwo chose not to follow Mew. Instead, he teleported away. He knew it was rude to leave without saying anything, but he needed to spend some time alone, and get a hold of his thoughts, which he couldn't do if Mew was going to be a tease.

8.6 (Lord Circe)

Pikachu opened one eye and flicked his tail. He was taking the place of a large cat this Loop, and there were three flies buzzing around his head. He could almost hear them giggling as they buzzed in circles. With a snort, he flicked his tail once more and closed his eyes again. His fur ruffled briefly and...

BIZZAK! tip tip tip

Three fried flies landed on the counter top around him. Static was a wonderful Ability.

8.7 (Inkweaver22)

"So you're a Pikachow this loop?"

"Yup. Apparently Food types are a thing."

8.8 (Lord Circe)

Pikachu yawned as he was released from his Pokeball.

"Kaythanksforthepokemonbyeprofessor!"

Pikachu let out a yelp as Ash scooped him up and ran out of the Lab, scooting down a side corridor towards a back door.

"Oi, Ash, what's the big rush?"

"It's, well," Ash let out a huff, "Giovanni is my dad again this Loop."

Pikachu blinked. "Ok, and? What, is he trying to get you join Team Rocket?"

"No, he..."

"There's my boy!"

Ash and Pikachu had just slipped out of the side door, when Giovanni swooped down on them. He was dressed in a t-shirt and khaki shorts, with a bright pink apron tied around his waist. In his hands was a plate full of cookies.

"I just knew you would slip away. Taking after your old man already, eh? Well, you almost forgot the cookies I baked you, and your mother wanted me to remind you to wear fresh underwear. Hah, she

doesn't know us trainers. Why, I once had to go a whole week without changing underwear once."

"Haha, that's funnyokbye!" Ash dashed past, grabbing the plate of cookies and taking off at high speed down the road, adding a bit of Agility to his step. Blackmail pictures of Giovanni in a pink apron might be nice, but it wasn't worth having Giovanni talking to him about his underwear.

8.9

"Hey, Mom?" Ash asked. It was after the Silver Conference this Loop and Ash had some downtime before heading to Hoenn.

"What is it, sweetie?" the Awake Delia Ketchum answered.

"Do you know where Dad is? Because some Loops I go looking for him, but I've never run into him," the Looping Trainer replied.

"Your father?" Delia asked in surprise. "He's on his own journey right now."

Ash grew impatient. "I know, but WHERE is he?" he asked.

"Well, last time he called he said he was in-" Delia abruptly stopped.

"He was in..." Ash prompted.

"...I don't remember," Delia said in a puzzled tone. "I know he told me where he was, but for the life of me I can't remember what he said." She grew even more concerned and shakely sat down.

"Mom?!" Ash asked, taken aback by this.

Delia looked at him in shock. "Ash, I know he vid-phoned me...but I can't remember his voice. I can't even remember what he looked like!" she said in shock.

"WHAT?!"

8.1 - Pokaiju: Part 3. Each Ending is technically a different Loop. Also, Red is not aware that Godzilla is Looping.

8.2 - Gary and Blastoise's First Loop: Part 3. Yeah, it's pretty much a Shout Out to Ashes of the Past, but it's too funny to let go.

8.3 - If this doesn't get a Crowning Moment of Heartwarming entry in the Trope Page, I am going to be very disappointed.

8.4 - Ouch. Poor N. Good thing he wasn't Awake for that...

8.5 - Zerodius has a pretty interesting take on the Pokemon World. I'd be interested in seeing a full story version of this, if he ever wants to write it. Anyway, this is only Part 1.

8.6 - We've all been annoyed by flies at one point or another.

8.7 - ...Yeah, I've got nothing.

8.8 - The only thing more embarrassing would be if it was Professor Oak...somehow...even though he's from the generation before Delia...yeah.

8.9 - And this is what happened to Ash's *actual* Dad. The Crash knocked loose Vee's Gender, and the Mystery Dungeon Loops, but what did it do to the Anime? This. It destroyed the image of Ash's Dad. He still definitely exists, but no Looper can remember anything specific about him. This is because we don't actually know how he is.

Basically, it's a set up for a CMoH when they actually *do* reveal who it is.

Chapter 9

9.1 (Crisis)

"We put the trouble in, and then double it out. Denounce the evils of truth, to the stars we shout. We'll steal your hokepokemon and turn our luck around, and that's what Team Rocket's about!"

Everyone present sweatdropped at the looping Team Rocket's latest variation on their introduction.

"I told youse two that one was a bad idea," Meowth facepawed.

9.2 (Zerodius) (continuation of 8.5)

As Mewtwo teleported, he found himself deep within another installation, one that his in-loop self was sure Mew did not know of. For a moment, he was in total darkness... but then, there were great flashes of light as lamps on the floor lit up, forming a path ahead. A great console, composed of dozens of screens came online and a gargantuan keyboard, far too large for a human to possibly use, had its keys light up. The technology was incredible, decades ahead of anything humanity could hope to create; it was his own.

Then, behind the console, behind a great wall made of a transparent aluminium alloy, the millions of stasis capsules became illuminated. Millions upon millions, all forming gigantic towers that went kilometers through the earth. Though all of the immediately visible capsules were occupied, his memories told him that the vast majority were empty. The Pokémon inside were all bio-engineered ones. Not merely clones but created from scratch using Mewtwo's own knowledge of DNA data and what he had learnt from studying himself as well as countless Pokémon including many of the other Legendaries through Cipher's brief attempts at domination.

Within was a new generation of Pokémon. In this version of the Pokémon World, it was determined by him that every Pokémon was based upon Mew's light in one form or another. Through the control of the power that now existed thanks to his birth, he had used Cipher to experiment and corrupt Pokémon, witnessing how their nature was decayed and corrupted by the energy. His in-loop self had figured that although he could have made a virulent form of the Shadow Pokémon process and destroyed humanity under endless tides of zombie-like Pokémon, this was not what he had wanted. He wished to create a better world, one with beings capable of living in happiness, in dignity. Those next-generation Shadow Pokémon, which he had codenamed 'Primals', were not corrupted normal Pokémon. They were pure-bred, with their lives completely born from his power with none of Mew's light being involved. They were his children and effectively, his dreams of a better world.

The plan was not completed and part of his memories indicated it was due to personal qualms. For him to terraform the world into one of darkness for his children, he would need to create a virulent form of the Shadow Energy that form his power, one that could spread through the air and turn all sapients into Shadow Pokémon. However, his in-loop self had refused to make that step... but was at an impasse. So instead, he was spending months studying his own creations, injecting dreams through the machines into their minds, testing and re-testing their ability to think and to feel. He wanted to be sure that they'd be more than mere Pokémon, that they'd be the perfect blend of human-level awareness with Pokémon-level durability and powers all with enhanced lifespans. A new people for a new world.

As he approached the console, a thin blue beam came from the screens and swiped across him. Once the beams swept harmlessly off him a few times, the previously empty screens filled with text and a single logo appeared in the front of the central screen: Cipher's.

Though Cipher was largely gone, all of the relevant research and data was on this computer. All that his in-loop self had been doing

was recorded here...

"I need to figure out how to deal with this," Mewtwo said to himself. Then, he remembered that he hadn't used the ping yet, and sent it out.

After a short while, Mewtwo received three pings. Seems that he is indeed not alone this loop.

Mewtwo expanded his senses, in the direction of the first reply ping he'd received, to determine who it was

As he did, Mewtwo would find that his senses were a lot sharper and diverse in this loop. As in, almost incomprehensibly bigger. Most notably, he was able to feel the emotions of all beings around him. Every single Pokémon currently asleep in the stasis capsules, he was able to feel their fear, their uncertainty, their hunger. As his senses expanded, he'd quickly feel a flood. It was all so vague but it felt like... anger, sorrow, pain, suffering, regrets. It felt that he could stretch his senses with casual effort but strangely enough, he could only sense the negative feelings and emotions of souls, not the positive ones.

Likewise, his psychic senses were improved by those new senses. It was like using a single eye to see your entire life and then, suddenly, being gifted with a second one. The sheer increase in perception and precision was staggering; if he wished, he'd be able to pinpoint any soul with ease.

However, his in-loop memories offered a warning; apparently, he suspected that Mew could so easily sense his presence and bother him because she benefitted from a similar ability though she had never allowed him to properly stuff her into a stasis capsule so he could study her... not that he had blamed her.

Focusing on the first ping was thus easy. It was the Anchor, Ash's Pikachu.

Mewtwo teleported to a remote area and then, as subtly as he could, tried to take stock of Pikachu's surroundings

As he appeared, he'd find himself on what appeared to be Sinnoh. Dawn and Brock were with him. Pikachu was on Ash's shoulder, outwardly smiling. But it seemed he was bothered.

Mewtwo's enhanced senses would feel something... namely, both Ash and Pikachu felt... somehow different. A feeling, reminiscent of that of Mew but subdued, a lot more subdued, so much that he would feel it only now that he was nearby. Even as he hid, he'd find that the shadows all around him had somehow warped, covering his shape. Even if any of them somehow looked in his direction, all they'd see is a vague figure.

Then, he saw Pikachu shivers. This was peculiar as the weather was not particularly cold right now. His enhanced senses indicated that someone had felt a sense of dread nearby.

"Is something wrong, Pikachu?" Ash had noticed his friend's reaction but the Pokémon simply smiled, said that nothing was wrong (which came out to the human as "Pika pi!"), and then went back to smiling. The group quickly went back to their journey, none of them even shooting a glance in Mewtwo's direction.

Mewtwo was immediately concerned. As much power as he had in this loop, he knew Pikachu would be even stronger.

Eventually, he found himself alone once more. As he stood there, he felt his senses telling him that pain, suffering, and fear were felt nearby. The feelings were intense but... somehow primal, very short in duration. Like that of instinct-driven Pokémon, which they probably were.

In fact, as he stood there, he'd start to feel the negative emotions of all nearby Pokémon flow to him. He was not drawing them in ; they seemed to naturally be flowing toward him and he'd feel something, a tiny trickle of power. Back at the castle he had Awakened in and

that underground complex, the feelings had been more subdued and thus, the trickle had been a distant feeling in the back of his mind... but now, he'd be able to more distinctly feel it. A small trickle of power, slowly replenishing his reserves, very slowly but still noticeably.

He took a deep breath, and teleported back to where he was previously, with the pokemon clones

And as he did so, he found himself back in the underground base once more... but before anything else could register in his field of vision, Mew, wearing a party hat, blew a streamer straight in his face, floating almost close enough that she was touching him and said streamer definitely touching his muzzle.

She then flew back a few feet, throwing her hat away and giving him a wink. "THANK YOU, cutie! I was wondering if the big cat had any others of those hidden around the world! Thanks for your reckless teleporting! I wouldn't have found it without your help!"

She then flew up to the chair and begun to make it spin. "Wheeeeee!" she went. Then as she stopped for a moment, she gave him a smile. "So... any particular reasons you ditched me, earlier?"

"I have matters to take care of."

"Oh and what might they be?" she said, laying down on the chair. Given it was designed for him rather than her, it was easy for her to do so. "I'm a very good listener, you know. I don't act like it but I am!"

"The other loopers here, something is wrong with them. They've been brainwashed."

The feline sprung back so she was sitting and then brought a finger to her chin. She seemed to be in deep thought for a moment and then, as suddenly as she had looked serious, she was back to being

silly. "Oh! And how might that be? Brainwashed-brainwashed? Or destiny-led-brainwashed?"

Then she tilted her head for a moment, smiling widely. "Is destiny a thing in the other timelines? Jirachi very much exists in this one!" She again looked serious, a paw on her chin. "I don't think Jirachi quite got over me breaking up with him or telling him that we had changed our minds regarding the apocalypse..." She then went back to non-serious. "But well, could be anything! So... what is it? Any ideas?"

"I'm not sure. He simply walked by me as if I weren't there. And at the same time, I began getting feelings of negative emotions, as if something were drawing them into me."

She blinked a few times and then, burst into a fit of giggling. She stopped for a moment, took another look at him, then giggled again. After a good solid minute, she finally managed to get herself to stop laughing long enough to speak.

"What? Seriously?" Then she blinked a few times and her smile faded a bit, though not completely. "Wait... you're serious. You mean you're... not the Legendary Pokémon of Darkness, in your own timeline?"

She rolled her eyes. "You are the Darkness given flesh, Mewtwo. You're literally the sins of humanity, Pokémon, and all others given a voice. Every single time someone feels suffering in the world, it flows into you and give you power since, well, technically, you are their negative feelings. But that's a big complicated explanation and frankly, that's your thing usually. So! Let's do things simple."

She lept off the chair and floated in front of him closer. "Remember how Team Rocket wanted to create destruction given flesh by taking the DNA of the strongest Pokémon of the time? Well, they succeeded. You're, literally, destruction given flesh. So simply put, every time something bad happen in the world, it adds to your power.

Your psychic powers? Absolutely nothing compared to your real power. As for myself..."

She smirked at him, getting that glint in her eyes again. "I'm Love. Whenever someone feels happy in the world, I get a small power boost."

She put her paws behind her back and then nodded to herself. "So, see? Simple. Bad things happen, they flow into you and you get stronger. Good things happen, they flow into me and I get stronger." Then, for a moment, she became dead serious. Not the mock-serious of before but actual, really serious. Her gaze... was piercing, intense, almost cold, like an eerie reflection of his. "Don't cause suffering to make yourself stronger on purpose, big cat." Her tone was equally sharp, a feminine, higher-pitched mirror to his own. And as suddenly as she had been serious, she was back to being goofy. "Now, as for why they didn't notice you... many things, really! Maybe they were distracted? Or maybe you used your powers to hide yourself? I love that 'cloak yourself in shadows' trick of yours! Pretty nifty!"

"I teleported right in front of them," he deadpanned. Then he continued. *"As for your earlier question, no I'm not. In my home loop, Legendary Pokemon are not inherently gods. Some, such as Dialga or Palkia, have command over basic elements of the universe, and Arceus is worshipped as a god. All of them are of course immensely powerful, but not nearly as much so as the ones here seem to be. As for myself, I was not destruction made flesh."*

He used his mental powers to replay the scene of his birth and the destruction of the lab. Ending on the doctor saying "We dreamed of creating the world's strongest pokemon. And we succeeded."

She listened and though she faked being goofy, she was genuinely listening and was actually intrigued. It made her wonder... but considered his deadpan reply, she decided to focus on that. It was a bit strange... unless... hmmm, that was an interesting theory. However, the moment he mentioned Arceus being worshipped as a

god, Mew's smile instantly vanished. It wasn't mock-seriousness or anything. She genuinely seemed upset by that statement. However, as he carried on, she shrugged it off and recovered her smile, in particular having it widen back to full size as he shown her the memory of his birth.

Namely, it did not surprise her. "So, in short, you were born the exact same way as in this timeline." she said. "I guess the reason you did not get the same powers is probably because I was probably not a full embodiment-level Legendary in your world too. That and I guess your world probably didn't have as many mistakes, most probably."

She paused, simply floating in front of him to hide her hesitation and then, she went on. "Mewtwo... is my bro-... is Arceus sane, in other timelines? Does he actually tolerate that people might not want to worship him? Or that there might be things in the universe beyond his control, such as free will?"

"I'm not too sure of the specifics. I don't think he even knows he's worshipped. What I know of him is that he slept for several centuries after humans he had helped reneged on a deal and tried to kill him. He was rather angry about that, but some friends of mine managed to solve it via time travel."

She seemed... noticeably less goofy. She was a lot more still, almost contemplative. She stared into empty space... and then, shrugged, smiled again, and stared at Mewtwo. "Well, funny coincidence! I was going to theorize that if one of those Loopers of yours is Ash's Pikachu, then he was probably distracted from trying to look at shifting shadows by a memory of what he will have to do when that particular incident happens. Indeed! I know perfectly what he'll do in the past, oh yes I do! I know what he must do, what he has done, and what he'll realize he will have to do, and probably have done."

Then her eyes crossed out. "Whoaaaa! How does Celebi keep track of all those time loops and paradox shenanigans? Anyway! Is Ash's Pikachu one of those Loopers?"

"The Anchor, actually. That means he's always looping, unless another Anchor is present. If you need help conceptualizing that, it means he could defeat us both at once with little difficulty"

"Oooooh!" she went, visibly impressed. "Does that means he can vaporize an entire planet with just one Thunderbolt like I can?" she said, apparently distracted from what she was going to say by his claim regarding Pikachu's power.

"Most likely. He's never really needed to do so."

"Whoa!" went Mew, suddenly staring into space. "Notchyx is gonna be REALLY crazy strong in this iteration of the timeline!" She then turned to him, smiling quite a bit. "That's my daughter by the way, at least past me's daughter! Pikachu will father her with past me when he go back in time to deal with Arceus! Of course, I think he was probably distracted because he probably got a little memory mental nudge that he needs to do it because, well, Notchyx also happen to be his bloodline's starting point."

She smiled widely. "Yep! Pikachu's his own ancestor in this timeline! Isn't that neat?" Then she put a paw on her chin and tapped thin air with one foot as if there was a floor under her. "Must be what's on his mind. He might not want to do it but if he doesn't, he might end up causing a paradox. Stable time loop and all that stuff."

"Well that's just great. If we don't deal with this it could cause a crash, and I do not want to go to Eiken."

"I have no idea what Eiken is but what I know is that Celebi tend to scream at me and use a lot of words unsuited for ladies and more suited to sailors when I try to mess up the flow of time, something about her having to clean up behind everyone's mess." she shrugged. "So yeah, guess we have to make sure the stable time loop isn't broken. Since, well, you know... if Notchyx isn't born, then she won't end up saving the world from Arceus and won't end up being the mother of the bloodline which I used to solve about seventy percents of all the problems I didn't solve myself."

Then, she had a wide smirk. "Hmmm... so now that I have irrefutable proof that you're not merely trolling me, can I ask you a little something, mister other Mewtwo?"

"What is it?"

"What are Loopers? And what happened to the universe? Celebi has been... feeling strange, lately. Something about strange fragments, visions, glimpses. Something big, something that made her feel small. Made the real her feel small." She put emphasis on 'real'. But then, she sighed. "...It's probably beyond us, right? If a simple Pikachu can be as strong as even me thanks to that Looper thing... how strong does it mean someone like you, with much more potential, could become? And... what does it mean about us, about our world?"

She suddenly lost her smile. But after a moment, she shook her head. "No. You don't need to answer. I don't know why you're here... but until you leave, nothing will go wrong."

She approached him and grabbed his hands in her own. "May I know what is your purpose, why you are here? Until you leave... I wish to help you."

"Well that's good, because you should know that Loopers aren't capable of having children. And that includes Pikachu."

And at that moment, she cringed, her eyes widening to a very, very large size. She also paled visibly, her body tensing and her tail taking the approximate shape of a thunderbolt.

"...Oh." she said, very quietly. "Oh dear..."

"There are certain exceptions, but none that would work here."

The pink feline stared at the male for a moment, her expression blank... and then, she regained her smile. "For our world's history to remain stable, Pikachu must still go back in time and father his own

bloodline. That a Looper soul has taken his place doesn't matter. But if the old-fashioned way doesn't work..."

She smiled at him, her gaze definitely fixated upon him. "Even if you're not the big cat I know, I know genetics is your thing. So Pikachu can't have children. Well, so be it. As long as his DNA is used to kickstart his own bloodline, history is preserved. So... have you kept yourself in shape, bioengineering gimmick-a-ling thingy stuff-wise? Or are you rusty?"

"My abilities at biological engineering are up to date. But I am still uncertain if it will work. "

"Well, it better work because I have no idea how it will affect my world if Pikachu's bloodline is never created. If it create a variant timeline, it may end up not causing anything... worst case scenario..."

She giggled for a moment, though it was a nervous one. "Well... hmmm... would it be bad if a Looper was retconned out of existence, as in having been never born?"

"Well, it would end the universe and kill us all, but that wouldn't be a major issue. In any case, I should stress that the total destruction of the universe is not our worst case scenario."

She gave him a rather weird look... but then, instead of being freaked out, she smiled rather widely. "I like you! I have the feeling that if we don't all die horribly and get written out of reality, we'll enjoy our time together!"

Then, after thinking a while, she nodded to herself. "Naaah! I'm going to enjoy my time with you even if we do die horribly! But well, one more day in the Pokémon World, right?" She flew up to him and grabbed one of his paws. "Come on big cat! Let's go somewhere!"

"Where?" Mewtwo asked.

"Who cares? Somewhere fun! Acting all dreary in a dark basement, even if it's the coolest basement in the world, is not exactly conducive to creative solutions."

Then she tilted her head. "How about I teleport us on a floating island in the middle of the sea and make balloons rain all around us? I loooove balloons! Or would you rather sightsee our fine world? Or how about teleporting off the planet and riding the solar winds around the moon? That's quite fun!"

"If you're going to be frivolous, then leave. There are important issues that need dealing with."

At that moment, the feline grabbed into his shoulder and gave him a wide smirk. "You know, my usual reaction would be to dismiss you as thick and abandon while I go off to fix the issue... but due to that whole Looper thing and the fact that I decided not to decide you had a temporary mental breakdown, especially since mental breakdowns don't spawn whole sets of new memories, I'm going to forgive that one."

She then ran her other finger down his chest. "Look, big kitty. You need a plan. Do you think you can fix this issue by teleporting to it, screaming like a Mankey, and then pumping power into it? Won't work. Nope. Not at all. Not even as a Legendary, not even as a Looper. You need a plan. And well, a panicky mind doesn't come up with neat plans."

She lowered both paws, grabbing on his paws. "The truth is, tell me, do you know what this world's intended timeline is and how it works as well as how to fix it? The big cat didn't know that and given I don't think you spent the last fifteen minutes studying the space-time continuum of my world, I'll laugh at you if you answer with a positive. So how about you listen and play along for a bit?"

"No, I do not know. If I did, I'd have already begun fixing the problem."

Then let's go somewhere less dreary and let's think the situation over." With that said, without his permission, she teleported... though, through physical contact with him, she dragged him with her.

One second they were inside a large, advanced technologically installation, the next they were under the bluest of skies, the sun shining brightly overhead... which was peculiar as back at 'his' home and where his installation was, it was early in the morning. In fact, if he looked around, he'd notice that there was nothing but water for miles in all directions. Turn out that they're on some island in the middle of the sea...

...and after a moment, the swaying shown that this was, more exactly, a floating island.

"This is Final Island. I created this place to relax and to think over complex problems. You're quite lucky. You're the first soul outside of Celebi ever to be invited here." Though her tone was casual, she was watching his reaction very carefully; to bring him here was a mark of incredible trust. Indeed, this was, in a way, a test. Yet, the feline also wanted to see his reaction in itself. A whole new big cat, one from another world, one with a different origin, mindset, and coming from a place with weaker Legendaries. How would he react? What would he think of such a place?

...Did other worlds hold places such as this one? In this world, it was unique... but now that she thought about it, if one like her could create it in one world, why not others in other worlds?

9.3 (AbZHz101)

Torchic Awoke mid-evolution. Deciding to be a bit of a snot, the new Combusken pulled a high-pressure water hose out of his Subspace Pocket and unleashed an improvised Hydro Pump onto the collection of Breloom. He stopped the stream of water and smirked as the now dripping Breloom got up, glaring at him. The lead Breloom charged and Combusken let the Grass Type get within a

foot of using the Mach Punch before launching the wild Pokémon away with a stream of water. As the gang of Breloom began to spread out, Combusken's eyes twinkled. Two Breloom launched themselves at Combusken, one coming from each side, and a third followed, leaping in from the front.

Combusken threw the hose at one of the first Breloom, lassoing the foot. Then the Looper swung the improvised flail around smashing the second Breloom away. Combusken cracked the hose at the third Breloom, flinging its now former captive. Then Combusken noticed a fourth Breloom coming in under the third. Combusken yanked back on the hose, catching the release just before the fourth Breloom could it and again unleashed high-pressure water at the opposite Pokémon.

As the second round of attacks died down somewhat, and the Breloom repositioned themselves, Combusken looked over the opponents more warily this time. Soon he might have to start using actual moves to keep Max and Corphish safe. Then the lead Breloom basically said that he was tired of this, and told his group that they were leaving. There was some dissent, but for the whole the Breloom and Shroomish agreed that this was quickly becoming more trouble than it was worth.

9.4 (crossoverpairinglover)

"Boss! Boss! It's terrible! We can't find the Pikachu we want to give..."

The looping trio of 'terror', Jessie, James and Meowth, stopped in their tracks as they barged into the office of their boss, to find a lack of a suited man this time around.

No, instead they found Pikachu wearing a fedora.

"...I'm just as confused as you," Pikachu admitted "Who makes a mouse the head of an evil empire?"

"Disney?" Meowth asked and, remembering the reverse alignment Kingdom Hearts Loop, shivered. Evil Mickey was something he was going to have nightmares of.

"...Hey, watch it, I happen to like Mickey. He and Minnie are like family to me, and I was Sora's godfather at one point. That is an important title among my people, so watch it." Pikachu suddenly slipped into an Italian accent as the entire group froze in horror.

"...Pikachu, you're not going to leave a severed Ponyta head in our beds, are you?" James gulped as Pikachu frowned.

"Depends, if that Ponyta is Dio Brando and you three don't do as I say, I just might."

"What is your bidding, boss?" Jessie was going to regret asking that.

"Hold it right there! The Master Ball production plans do not belong to you!" The trio, who were currently on foot, were somehow keeping ahead of an Officer Jenny on a motorcycle.

"Think the 'boss' is still annoyed at us for all the times we've tried to capture him?" James asked out loud in a terrified scream.

"Probably!" Meowth snapped back as he tripped and fell to the ground. "Go on without me, I'm a goner!"

"Okay."

"I WAS BEING DRAMATIC, JESSIE!"

9.5 (AbZHz101)

Team GoGetter's happily walked towards Pokémon Square, preparing for another day of Rescue work. While they never got a day off, every day was an adventure so really it all evened out. It had

almost been a week since their encounter with the strange Charizard, and for the most part they had pushed the encounter to the back of their minds. As they came to the square proper, they noticed quite a crowd near the Kecleon Brothers' Booth. By the looks of it, one of the brothers was trying to manage both halves of the shop as the other discussed something with a specific client. It showed just how much the Kecleon wanted the deal to go through that even though he was quickly becoming swamped the brother still manning the stall did not look at his sibling for fear of chasing their "new" client off.

As they passed the crowd, a strong breeze kicked up in their direction, a single piece of paper happening to fly from inside the crowd and slapping onto Chikorita's chest lightly. Charmander plucked I off and maintained a tight grip as the wind began to die down. Curiously, the three Basic Pokémon examined the page to see if there was a name to return it to. Squirtle's face automatically fell into boredom at the contents while Charmander's and Chikorita's faces were frozen in disbelief, *'It's just scribbles,'* the Fire and Grass type thought in unison.

"What's with you guys?" Squirtle asked, looking at his teammates strange faces. "It's just a shopping list."

"You can read this?" Chikorita asked incredulously.

"Yeah," Squirtle replied. "It's easy. All it says is, "We things from store get should: fruit, 200 kilograms; meat, 400 kilograms; spices assorted, 1 kilogram." It's a lot of food but other than that, not really interesting."

The other two looked at him like he had grown a second head. Charmander said only one thing, "-How...?"

"Start on the top right corner character, read down the column, go to the character at the top of the column on the left and continue in that method across the page. It's not that hard."

The two continued to give a look that stated their pure disbelief, when another voice rang in, "One point you forgot, kid," team GoGetters heads snapped up to find that a Blastoise had walked up to them during their conversation. "They're probably stuck on the word order, after all, right now we're using Subject-Verb-Object while that was written in Subject-Object-Verb form." The larger Water type cracked a grin and continued, "So the way you should have said it was,"We should get **these** things from the store." Still it's been a while since I've met someone who can read that style." The grin got wider, "Can I have my "Shopping List" back now?"

Flush with embarrassment, Charmander handed the paper back to the large Water type. Then something in the back of his mind clicked. "You're friends with that Charizard we met last week!" he exclaimed, not totally aware of what he was saying. "That seems like a lot of food for three Pokémon."

Blastoise hummed as he walked back to the side of Kecleon's stall, beckoning them to come with him to continue the conversation. "Well, it's not just for us. As it happens the area where we are currently got hit hard by a disaster recently, so we're hosting quite a few Pokémon in the area."

"Oh my gosh," Chikorita gasped. "We had *no idea* ."

"Don't worry about it," Blastoise replied. "Very few Pokémon have the money to make it economically viable." Then a shadow seemed to pass over the Blastoise's face. "Still if more effort were made in those areas Rescue Teams would have to deal with less feral Pokémon attacking them during rescue efforts. But most teams don't realize this, and of the ones that do, every few have the money to spend or know where to put it, thus making it a nice idea to muse about, but not something that is exactly easy to implement." Suddenly, the shadow vanished. "That's enough talk about depressing things, I think," Blastoise said nodding to himself. "So what did Charizard say about me?"

Charmander looked off to the side as he replied, "That no one could ever read anything you wrote."

Blastoise's face contorted into a fair Wobbuffet impression, as his friend's words rained on his mental parade. Then he sighed, "I suppose I walked into that one." He retrieved his order from the Kecleon Brothers, the material containing the 601 kilograms straining from the necessity of the awkward support from Blastoise's arms.

"Are you going to be alright carrying all that food back home?" Squirtle asked. "What if you were to get attacked?"

"Eh?" Blastoise asked, not appearing to notice the weight in the slightest. "I only need to take it to the storage, then Meganium will be able to take care of things from there."

Squirtle felt as though he was missing something, because that didn't seem to make sense. "But then wouldn't she have to walk all the way down here, pick it all up and then walk back on her own? What's the difference between you doing it and her doing it?"

Blastoise kitted his eyes together as he tried to place himself into his Baseline self's shell. Then his eyes had a flash of recognition. "Oh, right! Well, Kangaskhan doesn't exactly advertise that she does this, but most every Rescue Team that has a long mission out in the field finds out eventually. We sort of heard it from a Rescue Team that decided to carve the instructions on how next to the statue... Anyway, Kangaskhan links her stall here in the Square to statues out in different locations in the continent. They are generally considered safe zones because no one wants to be responsible for breaking one of them. Anyway, they have a connection to her warehouse that lets you take out or store them from the statues, though the ones that are now in Mystery Dungeons for some odd reason don't fulfill that function anymore." Blastoise shrugged and continued walking.

As the four Pokémon walked past the center of the Square, they noticed a Jumpluff entreating Shiftry and his Rescue Team to help

save it's friend. "Well," Blastoise muttered. "Looks like things are about to get a lot more interesting around here."

9.6 (crossoverpairinglover)

"Well, Oshawott...this is a fine mess you've gotten us into."

"Bahhh."

"Hey, for once this isn't my fault!"

Pikachu and Oshawott were having one of 'those' loops that just made you want to shout at the sky to have your local admin drug tested.

The three of them (Pikachu, Oshawott and the mysterious Anchor Goat who had earlier taken a Hyper Beam without any damage) found themselves surrounded by a dozen Mass Produced Evangelions, giant robots of a white color with osmond family mouths and wings. All of the Evangelions were, for some reason, wielding maracas and menacingly approaching them while playing said maracas. They were also playing the Michael Jackson Song 'Thriller' on those same maracas.

"So, what's the story behind these things?" Oshawott asked the veteran Pokemon looper, who frowned.

"Apparently they ripped Asuka, the Evangelion Pilot, limb from limb shortly before their reality really got weird." Oshawott and the Goat both looked at Pikachu like he had just said that a Nurse Joy was Ash's father, and the Goat had no idea what any of this was beyond 'unnerving'. "Yeah, I am not kidding. You don't want to have to deal with an Instrumentality loop. These things are tough, have limitless power from S2 engines, and do not need a pilot due to the Dummy Plug system. The best thing we can do is..."

"Use the Immortal Goat Razor Shell Attack!"

"...What?!" Pikachu demanded as Oshawott somehow lifted the goat over his head by its tail like a sword, and surrounded it with the blue energy generally saved for his shell.

"These things in the Hub are called Gainax Worlds, right? Well, the only way to stop them is to out-Gainax Gainax! We need to go beyond the impossible and kick reason to the curb! That's the only way we can win today, RAZOR GOAT!"

"BAHH!"

As Oshawott charged at the Mass Produced Maraca Evangelions, Pikachu just shook his head.

'Why does that have to somehow make sense in a nonsensical way? Very well...' as a Maraca Evangelion came up behind Pikachu, Pikachu rapidly turned as long yellow nose hairs flew from Pikachu's nose and bound the thing's arms.

After all, if you had to fight crazy with crazy, Bobobo was a decent place to start.

Pikachu used his nose hair bind to launch himself at the Evangelion with a glowing silver tail.

"Fist of the Nose Hair Iron Tail Catapult!"

9.7 (Inkweaver22)

Gary sighed in annoyance. He was *never* going to insist about being ignorant of a baseline *ever* again.

After he and the other DigiDestined returned the Digital World, they had pretty much curb-stomped the Dark Masters thanks to JumboGamemon and his Jumbo Drill Jet Breaker. Well, Takeru and HolyAngemon took out Piemon, but Gary had been a keychain at the

time. Otherwise, the Demon Man Digimon would have met the same aqua-drill-based death.

He had thought that had been it, but then Apocalymon appeared to screw everything up. Which brought him to their current situation. The giant misshapen Rubik's Cube of doom had destroyed their crests and deleted them all. They were now trapped in some sort of digital limbo. Frankly, that pissed him off.

"Ok, I'm done with this. Takeru, do whatever it takes to get us out of here so we can take this b****** down." Gary whispered.

"I was wondering when you would crack," The small Anchor said with a grin. "Just focus on your Crest's attribute while I give the others a motivation speech."

Before long, they all reappeared into the empty space that they had been fighting Apocalymon in with their digimon at their highest levels.

"What?! Impossible!" The evil mass of dark data exclaimed. "How did you escape?!"

"Does it matter? You're going down!" JumboGamemon shouted. "Alright everyone! ***FULL POWER!*** " The giant mech began the first stages of his Jumbo Breaker as the other digimon aimed their attacks at him.

" *Gaia Force!* "

" *Soul Banish!* "

" *Shadow Wing!* "

" *Horn Buster!* "

" *Holy Arrow!* "

" *Hammer Spark!* "

" *Flower Cannon!* "

The seven attacks merged with the water that swirled around JumboGamemon, causing it to glow the eight colors of their Crests.

" *Take this!* ***ULTIMATE DIGITAL DRILL BREAKER!*** "

"NOOOOOOOOOOO! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGHHH!" Apocalymon screamed as the giant turtle mech blasted into him, dissolving the human-shaped protrusion at it's top.

"We did it!" Taichi and the others cheered.

"I'm not finished yet!" Apocalymon's voice rang out. "You may have destroyed an important part of my body, but I can still end this. If I'm going to be defeated, I might as well take everything with me! *Gran Death Big Bang!* " The base of Apocalymon's body began to glow and shrink in preparation for the apocalyptic explosion.

Before the DigiDestined and Gary could react, their Digivices began to make a screeching noise and light blasted from each of them. They created a cube of pure energy and contained the explosion, preventing the destruction of both worlds.

They had won.

"You only have two hours left. Spend them wisely." Gennai then turned to leave the DigiDestined to say their goodbyes to their Digimon. At least, that's what Gary assumed...

"And cut! Great job, everybody!" Takeru called out. They others all relaxed, dropping their depressed facades as Gennai quickly rejoined them with Wizardmon in tow.

"Oh man, was that tough!" Taichi said while popping his back. "I haven't had to act like my baseline self in a while!"

"...What?" Gary and Kamemon said simultaneously.

"Was I convincing enough, Koushiro-san?" Tentomon asked.

"You were great, Tentomon. Just like your old self. But you don't have to keep up the act now."

"...What?!"

"You and Blastoise were great back there, Gary!" Joe complimented. "Oh, and here. We switched out your Crest with one of our extras before Apocalymon destroyed them."

"But... but... but..." Gary stared down at his Tag and Crest in confusion. Blastoise simply stared at them all in surprise.

"Oh dear, I think we broke them," Mimi said as she, Palmon, Sora, and Piyomon all giggled at the visiting loopers' expressions.

Gary whirled towards Takeru with fire in his eyes. "But you said we were the only ones awake!" he shouted.

"We were," Patamon explained. "At least, we were until everyone Woke up on the first night in the Digital World. We told them you wanted to go baseline and so they decided to act like their baseline selves to give you the full experience."

Blastoise seemed to still be in shock as all he could do was open and close his mouth like a gaping fish.

Gary just sighed in defeat and sank to the ground despondently. "So you all were just acting? Nothing you said or did was real?"

"That's not true!" Hikari countered. "When you've been looping as long as we have, you learn how your baseline self would react to different situations."

"So everything you did...?"

"Was how we would have normally reacted if we had been Unawake," Agumon confirmed.

"And before you ask, yes, we do still consider you a friend," Taichi said with a grin. Gary smiled back, relieved that everything he did and what he learned hadn't been fake.

"So now what?" Blastoise said at last. "Does the loop end now?"

"Nope. We have about two years of down time before our second adventure starts and the other DigiDestined Wake up," Takeru explained.

"That'll give you plenty of time to figure out what you're going to say to Ash next time you see him," Taichi added pointedly.

"How did you...?"

"We've seen the anime," Tailmon said.

"Those two years will also give us plenty of time to plan some pranks for Daisuke and the others!" Gomamon rubbed his front flippers together and chuckled evilly.

"But how are we going to coordinate our schemes?" Blastoise asked, finally perking up. "The gate closes in two hours."

"Just because the gate will be closed doesn't mean you can't open some windows." Gennai explained. "Oh, and I have something for the two of you." The old man pulled out two discs. "These are recordings of your time here in this Loop. I hope you enjoy."

Gary and Blastoise pocketed their discs as the others all began to make plans. They looked at each other before smirking and moving to join their new friends.

9.8 (crossoverpairinglover)

It was one of those odd loops.

Ash, aged to 30 years, was standing over a crying Morrison, who had just lost to Harrison in the Hoenn Top 8.

"I can't...I can't believe it. All that training, all that spirit...and we lost. I can't ever win, and it's my fault. Not yours, Sensei, and definitely not my Pokemon's. It's all my fault"

As Morrison continued to cry, Ash was reminded of his many...incidents in the Pokemon League Championships.

Due to the fact that Ash believed it unfair to use looping Pokemon in the league (Somehow a Pikachu capable of using Spiral Thunderbolt seemed worse than using a Darkrai to Ash), Ash had in fact lost several times.

Let alone his baseline, where he had gotten three top eights, a top sixteen and a top four.

However, in this variant, he was a former champion from years past who had taken Morrison under his wing as his apprentice...and now it was time to be a teacher.

"You know, when I was first starting out, I only got to the top sixteen," Ash began as the teary eyed Morrison lifted his head up.

"No one starts off as a perfect trainer. We all make mistakes, and even when we don't, we sometimes just end up going against someone that much better than ourselves. However, if you let a single loss get you down, you're letting everyone down. A wise man once said, fall down seven times, get up eight. Take what you have learned from this loss, and channel it. Improve yourself, and show them all that you're going to become a Pokemon Master. The mark of a good trainer isn't that he never loses, the mark of a good trainer is someone who learns from his losses and improves by them"

Morrison wiped the tears from his eyes and, uneasily, got back on his feet.

"You're right, Sensei! I have to stop beating myself around the bush. I mean, I got to the top 8. Who'd have ever thought I could get that far on my first try? And just you wait, next time I'll win this!"

Ash smiled. Perhaps this odd loop wasn't as bad as he had initially thought it would be.

9.9 (zeusdemigod131)

The CEO of Jubilife TV looked over the documents on his desk and sighed. "It's a good idea," he admitted. "But..."

"But what?" Max asked.

"But... I can't just let two kids run around and do these things, it's too dangerous."

Max straightened his glasses and smiled, he had prepared for this. "Well, sir, while it is true that my associate," he gestured to Tracey who was standing behind him, trying to look professional. "...and I are young, I'd ask you not to see that as an negative, but rather a positive."

"How so?"

"More years ahead of us, equals more episodes, equals more high ratings," Tracey answered.

"Hmm..." He was seriously considering it; they had all the right credentials, but still...

"Did I mention I'm a Pokemon Trainer?" Tracey asked, holding up his Scyther's Pokeball.

The CEO smiled. "No, you didn't."

A few weeks later...

"I'm Max."

"And I'm Tracey Sketchit."

"And this," they said together. "Is PokeMyth Busters."

Leading their camera crew along, the two Loopers made their way through Eterna Forest. "The first myth we're going to test out originated in my home region of Hoenn," Max said.

"The myth is that if you look into the crack on a Shedinja's back, your soul will be sucked out," Tracey added, electing horrified looks from the camera crew.

They led the camera crew into a small clearing where, sure enough, a Shedinja was floating. "My Venonat tracked this little guy down earlier today," Tracey explained. "Now we just need to test the myth."

Before the camera crew could react or even yell stop, Tracey was at the Shedinja's side. "Ready, Tracey?" Max asked.

"As ready as I'll ever be." The sketch artist took a deep breath and turned the Bug-type's back towards him. He peered into the pitch black abyss and waited... and waited...

"Well, I think that disproves this one," Max said, he pulled a list from his pocket and crossed an item off of it. "Next up, we're going to see if an abandoned doll really does turn into a Banette."

The camera crew collectively gulped. They didn't like where this was going...

9.10 (crossoverpairinglover)

Team Plasma, one of the strongest of the evil teams in the known loops, found their forces nervously stepping away from the Castelia port.

The crippled man at the front, the green haired and quite despicable Ghetsis, just glared at the oddly dressed man before him.

"I don't know why you oppose Pokemon Liberation, but you will not get away with your wanton cruelty! How dare you imprison such a majestic creature!"

Of course, in his mind the question was simply 'why can't I make that thing do as I want and instead have to use that freak of a child I found to do it instead', not that anyone knew what he was thinking.

Well, except the man who was glaring him down.

He was a tall fellow, dressed in golden orange armor with green armored pants. His blond hair was wet from his recent trip to the sea, to pick up a friend of his.

A friend that was currently glaring down Team Plasma alongside him.

This friend being the very creator of the seas themselves, Kyogre.

Ghetsis fingered the hidden Pokeballs on him. Legendary Pokemon or not, that thing the freak in orange had summoned was still a Pokemon. It could be captured if it was weakened, and his Hydreigon was just the thing to take it down.

However, he instead found the armored man in his face.

"You will pay for your cruelty with your..."

BAM!

The man punched Ghetsis in the face with enough force to send him flying into a old warehouse, which promptly collapsed on top of the fiendish human.

As the Plasma Grunts stared at the man in horror, he grinned.

"Well, I had heard about him. And it really did feel good to punch him." Aquaman smirked at the cowering grunts before him "Now then, Kyogre, would you be so kind as to Surf this trash away?"

It was Super Effective!

9.1 - Team Rocket really needs to find something better to do with their time.

9.2 - Part 2 of the Variant Loop with Mewtwo. Still really interested in this thing. I wouldn't mind seeing this version of Mew Loop, honestly.

9.3 - I guess that makes him a fire fighter, huh?

9.4 - Don Pikachu. He's da' boss.

9.5 - Rescue Team's First Mini-Me Loop: Part 2. Seems like things are picking up

9.6 - The goal was to out-Gainax Gainax. I think they succeeded.

9.7 - The final part of Gary and Blastoise's First Fused Loop. I kind of feel sorry for the two; no matter how good the Digidestined are at acting baseline, little things are bound to trip them up.

9.8 - Written as a birthday present for me. This better get a Heartwarming entry too.

9.9 - This is basically Max and Tracey's usual job in the Loops.

9.10 - This looks like a job for Aquaman!

Chapter 10

"I'm Max."

"And I'm Tracey Sketchit."

"And this, is PokeMyth Busters," the two finished together. They were standing with their camera crew in front of one of the entrances to Stark Mountain.

"Today's Myth is honestly rather silly. I'm not sure where it came from," Tracey admitted.

"According to my sister's Pokedex," Max started, before bringing said Pokedex out, "Magcargo's body temperature is 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit," he said.

"Now, obviously, this is untrue, as that's hotter than the surface of the Sun. So what's really Magcargo's body temperature?" Tracey asked.

"Well, with the help of some equipment sent to us from Tracey's boss, Professor Oak from the Kanto region, we're going to find out!" Max declared. The camera crew was a bit uneasy of this, despite Tracey having his Marill lead the way. As they went onwards, they came across a sleeping Magcargo.

"Good, it's asleep. Tracey, ready the prongs," Max whispered. Tracey took out a couple of temperature sensor prongs attached to a device that would tell just what temperature Magcargo was. He carefully crept up and stuck the prongs into the part of Magcargo that was made of lava. The camera crew held their breath, but while Magcargo grunted a little in its sleep, it didn't wake up. After a few minutes, the reading was taken.

"Okay. According to this, Magcargo's body temperature is in actuality somewhere around 1800 degrees Fahrenheit. Now that makes more

sense," Max noted.

"Guess whoever was typing the information into the Pokedex must have made a typo and it stuck. Still, that's pretty high. I don't think even the mantle is that hot," Tracey mused. Now, as they were standing near a Magcargo, it was really hot. As such, one of the lighting people let one hand go of the light he was holding in order to fan his face. Unfortunately, with only one hand on the light, it slipped, shining the light on Magcargo's face.

Magcargo woke up! Magcargo was enraged! Magcargo used Flamethrower!

"AAAHHHHH!" Everybody panicked at this. Luckily, Tracey still had some presence of mind. "Marill, use Hydro Pump!" he frantically ordered.

"{Eat this, Flame Brain! Hydro Pump!}" Marill declared, shooting the high pressure water at Magcargo. Unfortunately, this also awoke all the Zubat and Golbat in the mountain, who proceeded to fly every which way, swooping at the group.

As everybody panicked, Max made his way to the camera. "Well, that's-it-for-this-episode, tune-in-next-time-for-the-next-Myth! Tracey, do something!" he frantically said.

"I am! Marill, use Aqua Tail!"

10.2 (cont. from 8.9)

Ash sighed, looking out at the setting Sun over the waves. He was sitting on Pallet Town's beach that led into the water of Route 21. He wasn't doing much else; just looking out there.

"Ash?" a voice cut in from behind him. Turning around, he noticed that the person who had asked was Pikachu, who was standing there with a concerned look on his face. "Your mom told me what

happened. You alright?" Pikachu asked, walking up and sitting right next to him.

Ash sighed again. "No, not really," he said.

"You want to talk about it?"

Ash was silent for a bit, before he decided to say something. "It's just...I'd heard about all the weird things the Crash had done to other Loops. I guess I just never thought..." he trailed off.

Pikachu knew what he meant though. "You just never really thought it would happen to us, right?"

"Yeah. I haven't seen Dad in so long. Sure, in some variants some analogue of him was around, but it was never quite the same. I wanted to really know what Dad, my real Dad, was doing this entire time. And now...I'll never even know if I meet him because of this. It's just...I miss him," Ash admitted.

Pikachu was silent for a bit, before saying his own two cents. "You know, I don't remember who my parents are." Ash turned to look at Pikachu in shock. He'd never really asked Pikachu anything about his own family. Come to think of it, he hadn't asked much of anything. Had he really never asked his best friend and Anchor anything about himself despite how long they had known each other and been able to communicate?

"My history before we meet each other widely changes, even in baseline Loops. I asked Yuetu about it once on one of the rare occasions he came down here. He said that that was part of the information lost in the Event that caused the Loops, and that lots of Loopers have the same issue. The circumstances can range to my being an orphan, having an abusive family, having perfectly loving parents, something to do with Raichu trauma, etc. etc. But I don't know which of those is my real baseline," Pikachu continued. He didn't really seem all that perturbed.

"But Pikachu, something like that; from what I've heard, you should have gone crazy by now!" Ash pointed out.

"But I didn't. You want to know why, aside from the fact that I usually Wake up after that?" Pikachu said rhetorically. "Because of you. Our time together is something I always cherish. Even when you're not Awake, I always look forward to our journey together. You're what kept me sane, Ash, and I'll never be able to repay you for that."

"Pikachu..." Ash whispered. What else could he say?

"So cheer up! You've still got your mom, your friends, your Pokemon, and especially me! What else do you really need?" Pikachu asked.

Ash was silent, before a smile grew on his face. "You're right! I've never needed to know who and where Dad was before, so why should I let it bother me now? Sure, I still miss him, but all I can do is continue to make him proud wherever he is. ...If he is..." he trailed off, his face dropping.

Pikachu interjected before Ash started wallowing in sorrow again. "I'm sure he is. Family is family after all, no matter what." Left unsaid was that what Pikachu considered family was not whatever biological family the Loops threw him into.

Ash perked up again. "Yeah! And they're going to fix everything eventually! I *will* see Dad again one of these days! Until then, I'll just keep going on like normal, and become a true Pokemon Master!"

"You're still on that?" Pikachu asked in amusement.

Ash grinned. "Just because we've seen most of Kanto, Johto, Hoenn, Sinnoh, Unova, and Kalos doesn't mean that there's not more to see out there! Who knows what else is in store for us every Loop? I'm going to see everything!" he reaffirmed.

"Yeah yeah. Of course, I'll be there too. Somebody's gotta stop you from rushing in bull-headed," Pikachu loftily said.

"Says the guy who'll do anything for ketchup!" Ash mockingly growled, fighting to keep his laughter down. The two traded mock insults back and forth before going silent, staring out at the setting Sun.

"Pikachu?"

"Yeah, Ash?"

"...Thanks, buddy."

"Any time, Ash. Any time."

10.3 (Zerodius)

"A floating island. A place where you can go to be alone, yet never the same place. Always moving. Somehow, I feel that it's very much like you."

This made her smile. But compared to her cheery, goofy smiles, this one was a serious one. It seemed she was satisfied with his reaction...

"A Pikachu who obtained a power that rival that of a deity... I do not need to know how he gained this power to know that there are things greater than me. But I feel this is... liberating, in a way. A divine nature is... overrated." She looked over to the ocean in the distance. "But eternity is a gift I wouldn't give away for anything else."

She remained there, simply staring into the distance. She was uncharacteristically quiet and still, a sign that she was genuinely thinking rather than merely faking it out. And then, she spun to face him, smiling widely. "You know... why not procrastinate?"

"What do you mean procrastinate?" he said, somewhat angrily.

Noticing his anger, the Mew's smile turned into a naughty grin. "Well, Pikachu got to go into the past to father his own bloodline... but well, why rush it? I mean... the fact that you called yourself a Looper means it's some kind of time loop, right? And well, it got a beginning and end, right? As long as Pikachu's loop ends before he has to go to the past, we can then just take the original, once the Looper version has left, and sent it back as usual. All we got is procrastinate regarding the whole Arceus thing. I mean, we know the end point of the time jump... but there's no restrictions on the start point, technically, now that I think about it. Pikachu can make that journey at any point in time."

"The issue is I don't know when this loop ends. This isn't the normal iteration of reality, so I can't make any guesses as to what time it ends. And there is still the issue of Pikachu being controlled. That would be beyond the power anything native to this reality has access to."

Mew made a dismissive gesture. "Not a problem. Pikachu follows Ash, who is himself the result of centuries of bioengineering on my end to create a suitable sock puppet for my plans to solve the human-Pokémon tensions as well as put the Fallen Legendaries back in their cans. All I have to do is alter Ash's destiny to suit our new schedule. And if they're genuinely mind-controlled, then we'll just boot into the sun whoever is mind-controlling him. Or at least, punish him by having no desserts for the next ten years. Should go pretty smoothly."

Then she realized what she had just said, freezing for a moment. "...I jinxed it, didn't I? Oh well! Now... shall we get going? We have to pay Jirachi a visit."

"Very well," Mewtwo said, deciding to just go with the flow whilst thinking on the issue in the privacy of his mind

As she grabbed into his paw again and prepared to teleport, the feline looked at him for a good moment. Once more, she seemed like she was giving him one of those looks. It was still strange to see

Mew alternating between being characteristically goofy and suddenly having that sharp stare. But interestingly enough, neither was an obvious facade despite his experiences with Loops, which should have increased his mastery of psychic powers enough to start recognizing more easily when a non-Looper was trying to put one in front of him.

This was definitely building up to be a strange variant ; so many elements seemed to be close to baseline and yet, others were extremely different and had incredible consequences. As she made himself and her appear by what seemed to be a cliff by a sea at sunset, he would find himself guessing that he'd see one such element.

"You know..." she said, stopping by the edge of the cliff. "Jirachi was kind of a mistake. We were young and we didn't know what to make of that whole 'existence' thing yet. So to make things neat and ordered as well as give us an escape route if things went awry, we made the concept of destiny. Jirachi has been... useful true but we've eventually realized that we never really needed him and that many of the plans we made no longer mattered. But then, we still make use of his services because in a way, maybe we're still scared. It's hard to tell sometimes what is influenced by him and what isn't. Though... mortals sure found an amusing way to mess with him."

She gave him a glance, smiling yet again. "They use him as a wish granting machine. Do you realize that? The embodiment of fate... and they tell him wishes and because he's so bored, Jirachi sometimes grant them. I wonder... is Jirachi fate in most worlds or only this one? And if he isn't in most of the others... do he retain his ability to grant wishes?"

Before he'd answer, she'd cut him off. "Naaaah. Doesn't matter. Now time to yank him out of... wherever he usually is!" With a snap of her fingers, the wish-granting Pokémon appeared near her. The gesture had been mostly for effect ; both his psychic powers and the new power he wielded during this variant allowed him to feel the currents of power as she had tapped into space nearby, twisting and warping

it in a way that was vaguely reminiscent of someone turning a key into a lock. But what would suddenly become apparent was Jirachi himself.

The sheer wave of negative emotion struck him like a wall. Though Jirachi's curse tended to make him depressed and even resentful in a large number of variants, he was obviously incredibly so in this one. Even though he was asleep, his anger and frustration washed over his body, making it almost seem like he had been splashed with a gigantic bucket filled with icy water. Though it also gave him a noticeable surge of power, whatever exhaustion he had been vaguely feeling him earlier completely removed as the anger was processed into energy for him to use, the contact with the Legendary's resentment was icy and disturbing enough that he wouldn't feel any pleasure or satisfaction from it. Mewtwo guessed accurately that despite this variant's version of him's mistakes, he would have felt the same when exposed to him. What could have possibly led the wish-granting Pokémon to be so angered in this variant?

"Wakey wakey!" said the feline, conjuring a stick out of nowhere and poking him with it. In an instant, Jirachi's eyes flashed open as he then proceeded to grab the stick, stopping the feline from pestering him. "Aaaaaw, still grumpy."

"What do you want?"

"Not even a hello? Why are you so upset? Is it because of that whole break-up thing?"

The wish-granting Pokémon ignored Mew and glared at Mewtwo. At this moment, anger and resentment turned to pure hatred. The way Jirachi glared, Mewtwo knew that he would have instantly known that he intensely despised him even without this variant's gift of the ability to feel negative emotions. However, while he wondered for a moment if there was bad history between his pre-Awakening self and this variant's Jirachi, a quick check of his in-loop memories shown that he had never met Jirachi at all and in fact, had dismissed him as

unimportant, none of his agents or creations ever interacting with him. So... why did Jirachi despise him so openly?

"You don't belong here. Leave our universe."

Mew blinked a few times. Seeing neither feline gracing him with an answer, Jirachi added: "Your presence was not meant to be. Leave or I'll make you leave."

The pink feline gave Jirachi a flat look. Mewtwo guessed, again accurately, that if Jirachi had to be fate, he would probably feel his lack of control over himself and other Loopers. Was this lack of control the source of his anger? Was this variant of him intolerant of what he could not control?

"I cannot do so under my own power. In due time, I shall be taken from here. Presuming a time paradox does not crack this universe open like an egg."

"I don't care about that," was his reply.

"Of course you don't," said the Mew, showing a sigh of exasperation that she tried to pass off as being amused by him. She would have probably been able to hide this from him in normal circumstances but funnily enough, it was his in-loop enhanced nature that allowed him to pinpoint the flaw in her act rather than his own experience. "Now, if you don't mind, we need you to change the schedule regarding a certain event."

"You always want to change things," he snapped, refocusing his anger on the smaller cat Pokémon. "You wanted to change history, to change the future, and even to stop the end of the world. You can't stick to the plan, ever."

"Jirachi, you're being silly," was what she said physically. Mewtwo did not need to use his in-loop abilities or psychic powers to know that what she wanted to say was more in the line of 'Jirachi, we're not having this discussion.' "Anyway, I just need you to move a bit

further back a certain event. You'll even like it since it's an event you dislike to start with."

"The time paradoxes you and your green b-" whatever swear Jirachi was going to say never left his mouth as Mew interrupted him.

"Tsk tsk, you're being silly again. Anyway, are you gonna do it?"

The white Pokémon gave the feline an evil glare but then shrunk away. "...Fine. I will move your stupid time jump event. Again. Now can you leave me alone?"

"Sure, go back to pinning over your big rock. Ta-ta!" And without even letting him reply, Mew used her powers to teleport the wish-granting Pokémon away. She looked around a bit, floating to the right and then to the left, placing herself on a position emulating being on all four as she seemed to be looking for something and then, smiled to herself before mewing contently. She spun around and faced the larger feline, smiling quite a bit.

"Well, that was rather painless. I reckon your Pikachu friend should be back to not being in conflict with our world now." The pink feline clasped her paws together. "So... I take it that whatever my big cat was planning, you're not going to do so, isn't it? Likewise, you said you would be taken from here... am I to assume that whatever that Looper status is related to, it's related to something above this world's cosmology?"

Her cheerfulness faded into the form of actual, genuine, calmer curiosity. "We've known about alternate timelines for quite a while but to be fair... I'd love to know more about the greater universe. After all, since you're only here for a while, it might be best to make the most of our time, isn't it?"

"Truth be told, I'm not sure what happens when a loop ends. Perhaps the universe ends, perhaps it continues. It's beyond my capacity to know, I suspect. As for the issue of Alternate universes, that topic is more complex. In the terms of the loops, imagine a tree,

one with infinite branches. And each of those branches is not just a universe in and of itself, but an entire Multiverse."

The feline thought about it... and then, nodded to herself. "Seems logical. This seems to imply the existence of a prime reality. Or maybe it's a simplified metaphor. Due to the physics of free will and the splitting of timelines due to consequences of both conscious action and temporal distortion, it is likely that a multiverse would grow into a more organic shape, like a spreading explosion made of nerves. This is given reality is based on a single point of origin."

Mew, unaware of how incredibly out of character this kind of talk was for the average Mew, put a paw to her chin and kept going. "My own theory was more based on the fact that if a single theoretical being can bring itself into existence through the paradox of subjective reality, thus bringing forth objective reality, it would only be logical, given infinite possibilities, for infinite theoretical beings to rise, thus bringing forth multiple start points to the multiverse. Effectively, reality would thus logically be an infinite amount of multiverses with specific origins and variant timelines. All of this is reliant upon the assumption that reality can indeed by created through the subjective reality paradox and was not brought into being by a single origin..."

Then she stared at the taller feline, both to see his reaction to seeing her actually bring out some of the theory she mulled over in her mind but never revealed as well as to see if he had any inkling of what she was talking about. The beginnings of her world was something she was intimately familiar with ; after Ho-oh and Lugia had created each others, they had then created her, and she had helped them bring forth the Pokémon World as she knows. But fact is... were Ho-oh and Lugia the products of the subjective reality paradox, as she had always assumed, or was their timeline a product of a greater theoretical realm?

Mewtwo stared at her for a moment, trying to think of a reply that would mask the fact that he had absolutely no idea what she'd just said.

At this moment, the pink feline tilted her head, noticing the look of sheer confusion on his face. "...What confused you more? What I said or me saying it?"

"What you said. I've already learned better than to expect you to act like the Mew I know."

The feline smiled quite a bit. "Basically... I am suspecting that the Mew you know is probably like you, right? Mortal and thus, probably young by her species's standarts... with her being a member of a species to begin with."

Mew looked to the sunset in the distance. "Do you know what I am? What I really am?"

Had he figured it out? Had he thought about it? The big cat didn't have the correct information and though he had hints, he had not fully grasped them yet. This new Mewtwo... had his time as a 'Looper', probably a term for a multiversal traveler, allowed him the necessary insight to figure it out? At this moment, she couldn't help but appreciate how tiny details could make a world change so much. A world where Legendaries were themselves mortals... the Mew of his world must have been very different and probably a species, too. But then, what does it mean about him?

At this moment, she glanced back to him. Mewtwo was the result of brutal years of humans trying to brute force a bio-engineering experiment despite being unable to produce even stable clones at the time. Even to this day, she do not know if he ended up viable only because of his Legendary essence sustaining him. In fact, maybe it was why Mewtwo spoke of not having a gender ; the big cat's DNA was the best humans could do... but it was still produced from a long decayed previous life of hers mixed with a several limited library of present day Pokémon DNA alongside with frankenstein-style hackneyed edits to try and boost combat abilities. Even though he was meant to have been born an adult, it took years for his body to heal from his initial DNA damage and for his Legendary nature to stabilize him.

In a way... it made her think. How long is Mewtwo's lifespan, if he does not benefit from the immortality that come from being a Legendary? It's likely that the damaged and half-erased DNA markers denoting his male gender never stabilized and recovered and that his hormonal output never returned to something resembling a living thing. How long does he have to live in his own world? Unless he is lucky, not long, she guesses. Most Pokémon live a paltry amount of time compared to humans and though she knew that her own body type was longer lived than your average mortal, she also know that a theoretical mundane Mew would have, at most, fifty years to live... and given Mewtwo's nature...

Does it mean that he has only twenty, at best thirty years of life in his own world to look forward to? She wondered...

"I have suspicions," Mewtwo said *"I suspect that you are one of a kind, here. That your life span is naturally unending."*

And at this moment, Mew nodded slowly. "Though it's more than that. Every Legendary eventually became a species through breeding with mortals. Though divine essence is unique and cannot be transmitted, blood can, bringing forth mortal versions of each Legendary. All... but one. Me. As the basic canvas from which all life is based upon, I have an unique... trait. Whenever a male breeds with me, my kittens will invariably be of the father's species, not mine. The only way for me to ever bring forth kittens of my own species... is for me to breed with a male Mew."

She smiled faintly. "Of course, this also means that it is impossible for me to give birth to a population of mortal Mews who will someday give me viable male breeding partners of my own species. At least... it was as such until a male Mew was born. You. Or rather, the big cat."

"I see. Is that why you formed a relationship with him? Hoping to have a family? If so, i'm afraid you're out of luck with me. The same restriction that Pikachu has, I have as well. "

"Mewtwo..." she said, her smile widening significantly. "You are being silly again. If I wanted to have kittens, I can have kittens with anyone I wish. I have more than I can count, almost literally. They may not be of my own species but they're all my kittens all the same. Besides... with the advent of technology, if I was really that desperate, I'd just get you to whip me up a male Mew. Or maybe I'd do it myself, if I'm bored enough. No no no no... the real reason I pursued a relationship with the big cat is much, much deeper than this."

She slowly brought herself forward, leaning forward until she was almost on all four even though she was standing on thin air, floating in front of him. He would see her get closer until her muzzle touched his own and then, she whispered to him: "Because why not?"

"There are many reasons. Among them is the fact that you, frankly, come on too strong."

At this moment, the female paused before sending herself floating backward a bit. "Oh really? And what would have been better in your opinion?"

She had that particular smile. Of course, he had no way of knowing that this particular kind of smile meant that she had an idea in mind and that the seemingly silly question was a lead-in to something more.

"I don't know. Relationships aren't a logical enterprise. They're emotional, and I'm not very good at predicting emotion."

"And how will you ever be able to understand, and thus predict, emotional responses if you never have any emotional data to work with?" she asked, without missing a beat.

"Mew, do you realize how boring life would be if I could predict everything?"

Her smile became wider and she floated back a bit so their muzzles wouldn't touch anymore. Unfortunately for Mewtwo, it seemed obvious that she had done so more so he could see her wide smile and not out of respect for his personal space. "Then why appeal to an argument you know is a lie?"

"I was trying to be kind, but I'll just come out and say it: You're not my type."

"Oh and how would you know if I'm your type or not if your experience with such matters account to a big fat zero by your own admittance?" she tilted her head, giving him another look. The Mew waited, waiting for the taller Pokémon to either elaborate or deny her claim. Mewtwo was starting to recognize the pattern by now ; she adept at taking control of conversations so that regardless of the answer, she'd have something to throw back at him.

"You have a habit of being annoying. Anyway, it doesn't matter. We have more important things to do right now than talk about relationships. I need to figure out what to do with the other Mewtwo's army," Mewtwo said, trying to change the subject. He knew eventually it would come up again, and he hoped it would happen later rather than sooner.

"You're being silly." She then put her paws on her hips, staring at him with a wide smile. "They're in stasis, they're not going anywhere. Unless you set the self-destruct system while I wasn't looking? Maybe you think this subject matter concern you alone?"

"I can't just leave them in stasis, they have a right to live a full life," Mewtwo fired back.

"And how do you know if they're ready to live? Or if the world is ready for them?" she asked, tilting her head. "Last I knew, your last few Shadow Pokémon were... well, not exactly a failure but things didn't go great. And then... there was... Shadow Lugia."

She found herself sighing, losing her smile for a moment. "...How do you think humanity, and all Pokémon for the matter, will react to the uncontrolled release of a bunch of sapient-by-birth Pokémon whose nature contradict theirs? I'd love to say it's gonna be love at first sight... but then, I'm being told that lying makes me naughty. In the bad way."

She shrugged. "But well, if you think that's the right thing to do..."

"That is the crux of the conflict. These Pok é mon deserve life, yet I do not think that would be able to peacefully live on this world...hmm...I think I have a solution. But first, I need to know about your world's version of a few Pok é mon."

The feline flew up to him, spun around him once, and stopped midway, a bit to his side, glancing at him. "And how do you intend to learn?" It seemed from her tone that she expected, or hoped maybe, that he would mean that he meant to ask for her help.

"I'm going to ask you, obviously," he said, trying to seem nonchalant

Seeing him finally showing her an emotion other than annoyance or an attempt at staying neutral, the feline gave him a smirk that shown she had clearly understood. "Now we're talking." she said, satisfied with how it was going. "Show me the way, big kitty."

Last time, she had teleported him and though he knew that she knew of the installation's location, it seemed obvious she wanted him to take the lead this time.

Mewtwo teleported them to the clone bay, and then said *"I have the beginnings of a plan, but first I need to know about your world's versions of Groudon, Kyogre, Shaymin, and Suicune."*

Hearing about him talking, this confirmed to her that he was what he claimed. The smaller feline already knew it but hearing him drop names that had been hidden from him...

"Groudon and Kyogre are earth-moving tools, their sapience buried under an excessive desire to fulfill their mission. After the prime planet was assembled, they were put into stasis. But you probably want to know what they can do, right? Weeell... Groudon shift the primal elements and with them, make and re-arrange solid matter. Kyogre is more specialized in lighter elements, making liquid compounds. Basically, Groudon make up land, Kyogre make up seas. They never really developed a mind for themselves, unlike Rayquaza, so we left them sealed up."

She then smiled nervously. "As for Shaymin... it varies on if you're talking about her mortal offsprings or the original. She is... my brother's right hand. She was behind the unleashing of Dialga and Palkia and attempted to unmake our universe out of the belief that if my brother is denied the right to make into slaves every single soul in existence and rule it as its lone omnipotent god, then reality is worth nothing and should be destroyed. After her plan went belly up, she found a convenient time rift left by Dialga's rampage and escaped through time before we could catch her. Her powers over nature are extremely powerful, potentially useful. If she wasn't fanatical, sociopathic, and completely insane, she could have been such a fine addition to the universe..."

She shrugged off and decided to carry on. "As for the mortal versions, they tend to have similar powers but are physically frail and unable to access the original's Sky form but otherwise, they're fairly close to the original except much nicer. Extremely nice, even. I visit a few of their villages, sometime. Suicune is a Servant Legendary created by Articuno to act in her name in matters which she cannot involve herself in directly. Much less powerful than the real thing but much less busy and his powers are also reduced enough that he doesn't have to spend half of her concentration not freezing everything around him, leaving more of his focus available to actually using his powers. Suicune is especially adept at purifying bodies of water, an ability that come in handy for a lot of reasons as you can probably guess."

She then stared at him, tilted her head, and smiled. "In short... Groudon and Kyogre are living shovels, Shaymin is nuts, Suicune make the best tea in the world. Their skill sets is what you're looking for?"

"I think I can work with that," Mewtwo said. Then he turned to Mew and said *"I'm going to Terraform the moon."*

At that moment, she blinked a few times as the realization hit her like a ton of bricks. "Of course! If the big cat wants to have his own world then let him have it!" she thrown herself at the taller Pokémon and gave him a tight hug, said hug showing a surprisingly crushing grip for what was a small-ish Pokémon. "I can't believe the other big cat didn't have the idea! Or that I didn't think of suggesting it to him either!"

She then let go of him and smiled quite a bit. "Though... I suggest you terraform the fourth planet. On the long-term, it will be less crowded and many of the off-prime world civilizations use the moon to land. Deoxys will probably throw a fit if you remove her people's primary platform for immigration and travel to the prime planet."

"Very well then, Mars it is. It's called Mars in this world, right?"

"The name changes varying on the era. I once proposed a bunch of names but no one ever liked them. So yeah, Mars will do."

She smiled quite a bit as she remained close to him, looking up at his face. "You do realize that to get access to Kyogre and Groudon, as well as get Articuno to lend you Suicune, you'll have to reveal yourself to the Legendary Council as a whole? I don't know about you... but while I got over it, I don't think Suicune enjoyed your human pets turning him into a meat puppet during your little Shadow Pokémon experiment. I think the others will likely be upset about how you caused the total collapse of human society and the partial destruction of the biosphere in the Orre continent, making your homegrown Cipher syndicate even more feared than Team Rocket,

Team Galactic, Team Aqua, and Team Magma all together and at the height of their respective power"

"Yes. I'll need to do something to gain goodwill before I enact this plan."

And at this moment, the smaller pink feline took on an extremely playful expression that though perfectly fitting on her face, was one the larger feline had probably never seen on a Mew's face. Namely, she took on the characteristic cat-like smirk, that naughty somewhat W-shaped one that some felines took when they had an especially interesting, or bad, idea.

"Well, then I guess it's a nice coincidence that I happen to have already taken to liking you, isn't it?"

She was withholding information from him. She was teasing him about something... or maybe was she waiting for him to come to a conclusion? It was hard to tell.

"What do you mean?" he asked cautiously

"Weeeell... you see, though the fire turkey is the official chairman, chairbird, or chairwhatever of the council, the real weight of a council member is judged through their power both physical and conceptual. In short, how much impact do one have over the world determine their importance and well... let's just say that there is a kitty who put her paws on everything her eyes could see."

The pink feline moved to the empty chair near the set of computers and sat into it, grinning at Mewtwo. "Well, let's just say that the reason I'm not the chairkitty is that I dislike paperwork and politics. I always prefered a paws-on approach. Besides, that position belonged to Ho-oh first and she seems happy to have it. Not like I really need or want the title. To the mortals who know us, I'm just one more goddess. To those who don't, I'm just another Pokémon. I'm fine with that."

"A Pokémon of simple desires. I can respect that."

"Well, that's always nice!" she said. Then were was a long pause during which the pink female Legendary said nothing and then, noticing the taller Pokémon's momentary silence, it became obvious to Mewtwo that something was intriguing her.

"So... Loopers, huh? Multiverse, hmmm? Are you... you know..." she tilted her head. "... currently immortal? Or is that something you always have? I don't mean eternal, of course... but not aging, don't die unless you catch a bad case of Hyper Beam to the face or choke on a pretzel?"

"Loopers can die, but due to our nature, the death doesn't stick. We'll be back the next loop we Awake in," he said, putting emphasis on the word Awake out of habit

The feline smiled quite a bit. "So you're like us, eternal but not invulnerable. You can die, you just don't stay as such."

She crossed her arms behind her head, leaning into the chair a bit more. "So... how about you, really? I mean... back in your own world? You said you were not darkness... is your DNA sequence stable, in your own world? Or does it fall apart on its own?"

"I was less stable in my younger days, but I wasn't technically complete then. By the time I released myself from captivity, I was stable. At the very least, I hadn't encountered any stability issues."

"Ha! So you stopped aging!" she thus said. Though she was saying this as if it was the obvious conclusion, internally, she knew it wasn't the one most mortals would come to. She was once again poking him for his reaction... though he probably would not be able to guess it.

"Visibly at least. Internally, I don't know."

The feline removed her arms from behind her, one paw going to one leg while the other grabbed her chin as she made an obviously faked deep thought face. The sight of a pink feline with an entirely too long tail sitting on a chair at least twice her size while trying to look serious was the kind of sight that tended to be absurd to all but the most jaded minds. This Mew was very, very much aware of this fact. And abusing it.

"Hmmm... that is neat!" she broke out of her mock serious expression, bouncing on the chair. "For a moment, I was worried that the humans' rather admirable but still hackneyed job had produced an unstable DNA sequence. If the cellular flaw present in almost all mortal species is included in a Mew, namely me or you, in theory we'd have something like fifty years of life. Given you were probably based off an almost entirely fossilized corpse of a previous life of me, or at least a dead Mew, your DNA was probably an impressive mess made up of incomplete data half-completed with a lacking library from present species with a bunch of brute force gene mods. Which would give you a maximum lifespan of..."

Mock serious expression again. "Hmmm... thirty years? Twenty? Twenty's the average for a mortal Pokémon but unless your DNA is that damaged, it wouldn't dip that low. Besides, damage extensive enough to dip to twenty years would make you inherently unstable and compromise your combat abilities or at least, make your body burn itself out after only a few years of hard combat stress. So..."

And back again to being goofy. "Yep! Sensical indeed! Though I wonder if Giovanni, if he commissioned the experiment in your world too, deliberately wanted you to be immortal so he'd be able to use you for his entire lifetime or if that was simply a feature of the Mew DNA base. But then, this is all boring."

She lept off the chair. "So! Your gender! Did the humans actually managed to remove all the markers in your own world or was the DNA data too corrupt, leading to your hormones jamming up?"

"Their only source of genetic material was a strand of hair. That likely had something to do with it."

"So... excessive damage and probably no desire to actually put in the markers..."

There was a pause. The feline pushed herself to the edge of her seat and for a moment, Mewtwo would notice that Mew truly was thinking. She was just staring up, not seeming to be in obvious thought. No signs of straining... but Mewtwo was starting to line the patterns together. A hint as to why his in-loop self had actually accepted her flirting and went with it appeared obvious to him: her trolling was not the act of an airheaded being. This version of Mew was obviously extremely intelligent and insightful. Her apparent childishness, otherwise characteristic of Mew, was a deliberate choice in this variant. For all of her being annoying, she was someone he could have an actual conversation with; her vacant trolling wasn't as inane as it seemed.

"What drives you? I just wonder... were you always a Looper or did something happen that triggered this status? First time we have those after all."

"In these loops, there is an Anchor, one who will always loop unless an Anchor from a separate loop is present. From what I understand, a person becomes a looper by having an emotional connection to other loopers, especially anchors. I began to loop because of my emotional connection to Pikachu."

"Hmmm... I wonder if it was respect or hatred." She paused, again thinking in a genuine manner. Although the pause was only for a second, thoughts stormed through her mind at an incredible pace.

If this Mewtwo had been anything like her big cat, then maybe was it hatred? Pikachu was destined to fight him; being the current Pikachu of Mew's champion Chosen One bloodline, it was the fate of Pikachu to face Mewtwo, Mew's destined opposite and enemy. But then, it could be respect, as the big cat always respected strong, determined

opponents. But then, on the other hand, Pikachu was a faded echo from Notchyx, a far cry of the heroine she had been. Though he had great friendship to Ash Ketchum, his relationship was tainted by dependency, lack of drive, lack of self-respect and most of the other flaws that caused Mewtwo to despise Trained Pokémon. On another hand, she knew that the big cat would never truly hate the mortals of this world for merely wishing to defend themselves and their loved ones. For all of the big cat's grandstanding, he ultimately loved this world more than anything else.

Needless to say, if they were anything remotely similar, it could go either way. But then, Mewtwo had shown what appeared to be total submission and fear before Pikachu earlier. His boast of Pikachu's greater power was... unbelievable. In fact, it could not be. Unless Loopers carried part of their nature alongside with their memories, Pikachu, no matter the skills he picked up in other worlds, would just plain never have the sufficient raw power to overcome the big cat should he decide to go all-out. In fact, if Pikachu had the power to crack this planet with one attack, the sheer act of trying to channel this much power through his mortal body would destroy him instantly.

That was assuming this version of Mewtwo was anything like she knew. She was running off an awful lot of assumptions as it stand. But still... well, why not? She's having fun.

"Now that we procrastinated a bit... shall we go back to the truly interesting subject?"

"It was friendship. Pikachu, and his friend Ash Ketchum saved me from myself. And I agree, we need to return to the topic at hand."

That... comment made her wonder. That show of submission earlier... she admit she didn't like it that much. If only because she was starting to grasp what the big cat could be capable of doing if he was more willing to forgive and to be gentler in his methods but also because she knew that Pikachu was... well, a far cry of his ancestor. Notchyx had travelled alone, mastered combat styles by the greatest human and Pokémon masters, and invented Moves that were still

the best of their kind to this day. In particular was her legendary Volteccer, which Pikachu could barely mimic in the form of the far weaker, far more crude Volt Tackle.

But then... save for himself... it could also mean preventing him from doing something terrible, something that couldn't be undone.

She'd probably poke for that later. Besides, the time for this kind of thought was over. As he spoke of returning to the topic at hand, she became a pink blur for a moment as one second she was on the chair, the next she was right up in his face, her paws on his chest, smiling as she looked up at him.

"Good! So... how does it feel, being a male?"

"Odd, Hormonal, and more than a little stressful."

The feline stared at him. "The oddness is normal. You've said that you've been genderless most of the time so basically, it's like having been blind all your life and suddenly getting eyes one day." She paused but before Mewtwo would say something, she carried on. "That may be a silly question... but you did have 'normal' feelings otherwise? I mean... beyond the male-thing, you did have emotions or at least, understood intellectually what they were?"

"I have always had emotions. Just not romantic feelings."

"Ha! So my comparison was a dumb one. It was more like someone with one eye gaining a second one! Or five new ones!" she went, leaping off her chair and floating in front of him. "Alrighty, so you need to consult with the Legendary Council and you need my support to... well... make everyone get over that whole 'caused as much damage as a Fallen Legendary' tiny itsy bitsy thing because of the big cat's goofs. And well, on my side, I really, really wanna show you what you've been missing. Maybe give you a taste of what you've missed and a new perspective. So... win-win!"

"What do you mean?" Mewtwo said. He had an idea, and he honestly wouldn't put it past this version of Mew.

"It's pretty simple." She said, once again bringing herself close enough to touch him. In fact, she did actually touch him, running a finger down his chest. "But... it would probably affect your judgement if I spoiled the surprise more than I already did. So instead... I'm going to show you things. Make you feel things. Maybe you'll choose to feel them too. Who knows? Well, beside you?"

"In other words, you're going to extort me for carnal favors," Mewtwo said. He was deeply unamused.

This clearly didn't amuse her either. However, Mewtwo would notice that she gave him a look that spoke more of flat annoyance than actually being upset.

"Cool! You're cynical like the big cat! I enjoy a good challenge!" And as suddenly as the flat look appeared, it was gone. If she seemed to share one trait with the variants of Mew he was used to, it was her apparent inability to get angry for any meaningful amount of time.

"Can we please move on to more important matters?"

As Mewtwo said those words, he'd notice a glint in the Mew's eyes, as if he had said something that she had been waiting for. Her playful smile became a meaningful smirk as her gaze focused into his eyes. "And how do you define 'important matters'?" she asked.

"Saving lives, averting disasters, activities of that nature."

"Oh and does that mean you can be everywhere at once?"

"No."

Mewtwo saw her smirk widen slightly. Given she was all the way in his face, it was hard to miss, really. She was most definitely aware of it, too. "Then can you live with the guilt?"

"There is nothing to be guilty about. No one can do everything. But the things I can do to help others, that is where guilt would come in."

The feline stared at him, tilting her head for a moment and then at that moment, she slid another finger down his chest. "So... where do your own life fit in it all? Or are your feelings an obstacle to overcome?"

"My life is that of a wanderer. I help where I can. It is what I enjoy."

And at that moment, the feline floated off of him, her smirk reaching maximum size. "If it is what you want... I can remove your thoughts, feelings, and empty your soul. You know, get rid of that little 'personality' and 'bad memories' thing that get in the way of helping others?"

Mewtwo used his power to slam her into a wall. *"I will NEVER be some mindless puppet! Never again!"* he snarled in anger

The moment she impacted into the steel wall, she made an almost cartoony Mew-shaped hole into it as she was buried into it. A second later, she emerged from the hole in the wall, obviously unarmed.

"I'll overlook your little tantrum for now." she said. "You know... I expected more of you. The big cat wouldn't have lashed out in anger like this and he certainly wouldn't have completely misunderstood me at every turn. For one who claim to be just as good as the big cat brain-wise, you seem to have a problem with subtlety."

"I'm sorry. I have a bit of a sore spot with the idea of being a puppet. "

"Understandable, since your own story is similar to the big cat." She then looked behind her and took a time to judge how deeply she had been embedded into the wall. She tilted her head and then shrugged before turning back to Mewtwo. "Still, to unleash your anger with so little control... you do realize that if you had struck anyone else than me, you would have killed that soul instantly?"

"Yes, I do. However, I knew that for you, it would deal no serious or even annoying damage."

The female gave him a flat look for a moment and then rolled her eyes. "Nevermind... my point was... you have a life outside of saving others. And obviously, it seems you care about that, since you don't want to just be made into an avatar of justice. So... why do you keep insulting me and driving me off?"

She put her paws on her hips, giving him a mock serious look... though it was not entirely faked. "I feel like every time I try to play nice, you just reject me without even trying. Almost makes me think that you're afraid of actually living proper..."

Mewtwo sighed. *"I have...trust issues. Suffice to say it took me a while before I could even trust my fellow loopers. When I'm around you, it feels like you're trying to rush it, in a way."*

The smaller feline smiled gently. "I'm trying to force you out of your comfort zone, to make you consider what you've never considered before. Besides... what are you waiting for, more exactly? What do you feel require time?"

"I'm...not sure. It's a gut feeling," he said. He was trying to open up, if only a little bit

"So... instinct. What do your mind, logic, and knowledge of the situation says?" she asked.

"That I need you as a source of information, that you have a good heart, and that you seem to want to help me."

"Then... why not listen to me and play along?"

"Play along with what?"

The female slowly floated past him. Her tail trailed behind her as she did and the oval tip at the end slid across his muzzle as she did so.

Then, she stopped and glanced back at him, smiling...

"You told me you seldom experienced having a gender and never actually experience an entire facet of life. I will combine fun with the useful. Namely, as I teach you about such things, I will also help you with that little... purpose thing of yours. If you want, that is..."

"Very well, I will 'play along' as you say. But there is something I require first."

She spun around, fully facing him and smiling widely. She was obviously very happy that he was finally giving her something to work with...

"I wish to at least set things in motion in regards to the clone situation. I would feel...more comfortable, knowing that there was progress."

At that moment, she flew up in front of him and placed one of her paws in one of his. He felt her tiny fingers grasp his hand as she looked up at him with a gentle smile. "Trust me," she said, rather quietly.

He also heard an extra line through telepathy: *'I hope you know how to survive in perfect vacuum?'*

"I can," he confirmed.

"Then tell me when ready and I'll show you something." she said.

A moment later, he said *"Ready."*

There was a bright light and in an instant, the two Pokémon thinned into the form of beams of light. Time stood still as the two travelled at the speed of light. Teleportation was based on a similar process but mortals could only do it imperfectly; due to the rigors of breaking the 'barrier of light' and the effects it had on matter, only Mew could travel at the true speed of light. Or Mewtwo in theory.

Before, from a mere jump to another location on the main planet, he was not given the opportunity to truly appreciate how Mew could bend the laws of physics in such a way, sending them through space at an absolutely incredible speed.

When the light faded, Mewtwo registered a few things.

One was the lack of pressure which threatened to make him explode should he not find a way to get rid of this. The second was the total lack of air. Good thing Mew had warned him about this. Speaking of her, she was now glowing in a white light that indicated that she was using her powers as a life-support measure.

...Mostly because they were now on Mars's surface, the Pokémon World only a tiny dot in the distance.

'Have you ever unleashed your full power?' asked Mew through telepathy due to the atmosphere being too thin to carry sound. *'On the main planet, if I unleash my full power it may harm mortals... but here, I can use all of it. And well... though humans always think of destructive power when they think of Legendaries... we both know what our powers are REALLY for.'*

Mew floated up and brought both of her paws forward, wanting him to grab them. *'Shall you join me in a dance of creation? It has been billions of years since I used my power as it is meant to be used... Have you ever created a planet, Mewtwo?'*

10.4 (Conceptualist and Archeo Lumiere)

(Conceptualist)

Pikachu led the group towards the next Route on their journey, a satisfied grin settling on to his face.

"That was pretty fun!" Said the smug fire type mouse Pokémon. "That's one gym down and 7 more to go."

Oshawott frowned. "I get that no one was really hurt, but don't you think that Lightning Snap attack of yours was too much?"

"Yeah, it seemed too powerful for a standard Pokémon battle," Chimchar added. "I understand using raw power like that against Legendary Pokémon, but in the first gym of a region? That was overkill," continued Totodile. "I … not again!" complained the currently water type Pokémon.

"Neither of you loop into flat game variants that often, do you?" asked Red.

"I am pretty sure I haven't either," mused Squirtle. "Unless loops where everyone said nothing but their dialogue from the game counts. That happened a few times. " Then Squirtle grinned and gave himself a silent fist pump, as he had just noticed he was no longer a Cubone.

Red shook his head. "It's close, but not quite what I mean. You are able to do pretty much all your normal stuff, and on top of that whatever you learned from previous loops still worked. Am I right?"

The turtle nodded.

"In a - I guess you could call it a dialogue loop, as it's not like we actually need a term for it," explained Red. "In a dialogue loop, anyone who isn't awake will say or do exactly what they say or do in the games. However, everything else is basically normal. No laws of physics are unreasonably changed, the potential to derail the loop's plot is still there, and if you shake things up enough the non-loopers will notice and start saying or doing different things. It'll still seem like game dialogue and whatnot, but it will be different game dialogue. It would take something pretty big to do that, however it's still possible. In a flat game variant like this, some things are pretty much laws of physics. All the stuff that would railroad the player into following the game's script is still there. Like construction workers. Unless you finish the correct sequence of events to get them to stop blocking your path, you'll never be able to get past them."

"Or small trees!" contributed Poli. "Those things are invincible, unmovable objects that can only be chopped down with the cut move. And then there is evolution. Most pokemon can get some leeway in how they evolve if they're desperate enough for a power boost. Yellow's team can evolve at will. But that won't work here. No Pokémon can evolve without 'gaining experience points' and 'leveling up' through battles. Or piles of rare candies. Or a evolution stone from a game loop. Or ... well, it varies depending on the evolutionary line."

Squirtle thought for a minute before replying. "I guess that makes sense. If the universe is trying its hardest to mimic a video game, there's bound to be things like that happening. Hey Pikachu, have you ... Where did everyone else go?"

"Oh, they ran off ahead when Red and I were explaining flat game variants to you." Poli answered.

"You go catch up. I want to stock up on some supplies while we are in town, so Poli and I will be a minute," explained Red.

"Okay!" said Squirtle, before running off to catch up to the rest of the team. Squirtle exited the town and soon encountered Pikachu sitting a few steps away from some rustling tall grass.

With a shrug, Squirtle plopped down right next to Pikachu. Leaning back on his shell, Squirtle began to cloud watch. Unfortunately, despite the occasional shadow passing over the route, there was not a cloud in the sky. "Right…" sighed Squirtle. "Hey you, Pikachu! What you doin'?"

Pikachu let a couple dozen volts flow through his paw and proceeded to pinch Squirtle's shoulder.

"OW!"

Pikachu turned his head and gave Squirtle a glare rivaling the meanest of Mean Looks. "First off, you deserved that for bringing

that up. Secondly, I am waiting for the all clear from Oshawott and Totodile."

Squirtle, while rubbing his shoulder to get rid of the localized Paralysis, asked "What all clear?"

Before Pikachu could answer, Oshawott emerged from the tall grass. "I'm telling you Pikachu, there's nothing in there. No Pokémon, no items, no Pokéballs, nothing but grass and more grass."

Pikachu started to grin. "And now I'm just waiting for Totodile."

"Actually, I'm back to being a Chimchar again. And my side is clear of anything but grass as well," the once again Chimchar declared.

"Perfect!" Pikachu beamed.

"Why is it perfect?" Squirtle asked.

"It's simple, *Terrence* ."

"Don't call me that!"

"You see," Pikachu continued, completely ignoring Squirtle's interruption. "This is a simple test to see if I'm going to be able to do something. Some game loops interact differently with the Poképhysics of the Pokéverse. I'm checking to see which ones apply. If I'm right, this is just going to be awesome."

"What's going to be awesome?" Poli asked from his perch on Red's head. Red quickly put down his arm load of goodies and joined his team.

"You'll see. Red! Quickly! Step in the grass!" exclaimed Pikachu.

A quirked eyebrow and nonverbal "...?" was Red's reply.

"Don't give me the silent treatment." warned Pikachu. "I know Silent Protagonist as a fourth language. It's not going to work on me."

"Poke-speak is obviously your first language, and human-speak would be your second. What's your third?" asked Poli.

"Actually, human is my third. Voltanguage, the art of communication through bolts of lightning, was my second," Pikachu pontificated.

"You just made that up, didn't you," accused Squirtle.

"No, it's actually baseline for me. Most Pichu learn it early on and - quit stalling for Red. Red, get in the grass already!" exclaimed the yellow fire type mouse.

"OK! Arceus above, are you this pushy with Ash?" complained Red as he took Poli off of his head.

A glare was leveled at Red. "I'm not zapping your face. Be happy about it. GRASS! NOW!" roared the tiny mouse Pokémon.

Oshawott crossed his arms and frowned. "I still don't see how this is going to work."

Red set down Poli and took a single step into the tall grass.

\|\ *Wild LILLIPUP Has Appeared. Go, PIKACHU!* \|\

A thunderbolt of enormous proportions lanced out and struck the poor wild puppy Pokémon, blasting it off into the sky like a certain well-known trio.

"But, but, there was nothing in there!"

\|\ *OSHAWOTT wants to learn FRUSTRATION. But he already knows four moves. Delete a move to make room?* \|\

\|\ *YES/NO* \|\

"And I know you and Chimchar did a good job checking. There wasn't anything in the grass until Red stepped into it. Which means that no matter what we do to the grass, there is no wild Pokémon in

it yet," Pikachu declared. "Red, would you mind putting your Pokédex on mute? That's going to get annoying real fast."

Red took his 'dex out and had a look at it's settings. "I did. I think it keeps unmuting itself." He then proceeded to start thumbing through the menus.

\|\ *NO* \|\

\|\ *Stop trying to learn FRUSTRATION?* \|\

\|\ *YES/NO* \|\

\|\ *YES* \|\

\|\ *OSHAWOTT did not learn FRUSTRATION.* \|\

\|\ *MUTE* \|\

Pikachu proceeded to rummage in his subspace pocket "Anyways, when the mix between Video Game logic and normal Poképhysics is just right, we can do things like this without worrying about racking up a body count."

From Pikachu's subspace pocket tumbled out a giant sized riding lawnmower. It had flames painted on the edges. Exhaust pipes stretched up into the sky. The wheels looked like they would be more at home on a tractor that had been built by monster truck manufacturers. On both sides, in bright gold was painted a silhouette of Pikachu upper cutting a planet. A license plate reading "PIKACHU" adorned the back.

Almost as an afterthought, a little red wagon sized to seat several full-grown men was hitched to the lawnmower's tail hitch.

With a wicked grin, Pikachu jumped up behind the steering wheel and revved the engine. "Hop in! Mowing down the tall grass means we won't have to worry about wild Pokemon encounters."

(Archeo Lumiere)

Pikachu parked the mower just on the outskirts of Nacrene City and ushered everyone off.

"Man that was a good ride." said Munchlax, before pausing, and promptly sweatdropping.

"Great. This is going to bite." he said, holding his stomach.

Red sweatdropped at this as well. "Anyway, we have to get into the city, I actually want to see N again, try to get him further off script." he said, with eagerness creeping into his voice.

Upon entering the city, a strange noise sounded off, and Cheren approached Red.

"Come with me." he said.

"Joy, more railroading," said Oshawott. "Heh, railroads, because we're walking on train tracks."

Shortly after, maybe a minute, Cheren stopped nearby the Pokémon center.

He turned around and said, "If you go straight from here, there's a Pokemon Center. And...use these if you want."

[Red obtained Chesto Berries!]

"Is he flirting with you?" Asked Chimchar.

"It wouldn't surprise me." replied Red

"Give your Pokemon a Chesto Berry to hold. Then, if it ever falls asleep, it will wake up immediately. Oh, and another piece of advice- Nacrene City's Gym Leader uses Normal types. If you have a Fighting-type Pokemon, it might give you a big advantage."

"Thanks, I'll keep that in mind." replied Red, as Cheren walked away.

"Now to go see what N is up to." exclaimed Pikachu.

The Museum/Gym was not particularly far away, so getting there wasn't an issue, when N walked out, however, things got interesting.

"I... want to see the things no one else can see. The truths of pokémon inside pokéballs... but, your Pokémon aren't inside their Pokéballs, why is that?"

With shock in his voice, Pikachu exclaimed "Wow! We didn't even have to say anything to get him to derail this time! That's a good sign!"

This drew N's attention once more. "What does your Pikachu mean by derail?" he asked, drawing a thoughtful look from Red.

"Follow me." he finally said, prompting N to move away from his scripted spot in front of the Museum. "I hope this works."

Red began to walk towards the café, but paused when he heard N's cry of distress.

"Wha- Why can't I move?!" he shouted.

Red rushed back to N, frustration (no not that one) coursing through his veins. "Shit, the script is holding you in place until the points are met. You need to leave on your own terms, not to be following me."

N was still worried, and confused at the same time, "Script, what do you mean?" he asked.

Red sighed realizing that he had to explain the loops to someone who was unawake, as well as this variant.

"Okay, take a seat, this may take a while, you can sit where you are, crossed legs, seiza, doesn't matter." Red said, preparing for the Talk.

"You may want to take notes, so here's a pencil and a notepad, keep them, until I tell you that you'll need to give them back." Red said, as he pulled a spiral notebook and a pencil from his Pocket, conveniently located in his backpack.

[Red handed over the Journal/N received the Journal]

"What was that?" asked N.

"I'll get to that in a minute. First, we'll draw a diagram." Red said, getting out a whiteboard and markers. He took said whiteboard and drew a tree on it, with two empty boxes of to the side. "This is a crude representation of Yggdrasil, the world tree, metaphor for the supercomputer that runs the Multiverse. Are you getting this so far?" At N's nod,he continued. Next he drew a bucket of water hanging from a branch in one of the boxes, with the branch dipping into the bucket. "This is a representation of a universe. There are many different versions of the universe is question in the metaphorical bucket, but they are all the same universe. Any questions?" Red asked, and N raised his hand to ask.

"You're the only student here, N, if you have a question at any point, feel free to ask." said Red.

"Why is the branch dipping into the bucket?" N asked.

"A good question, one which I will get to a bit later," he responded, continuing his lesson. In the next box, he drew another branch, but with three buckets hanging from it, the largest being yellow, the middle sized one being red, and the smallest one being blue, all connected with straws, and the branch dipping into all of them. "Here, have a pack of colored pencils for this diagram." said Red, as he gave N the colored pencils in question.

[Red handed over the Colored Pencils/N received the Colored Pencils]

"There it is again!" N exclaimed.

"All in due time. Now, this picture represents our universe in question, or universes,to be precise. There is my universe, the special universe, is in red," Red said, letting Pikachu continue the sentence.

"My universe, the anime one, is in yellow," Pikachu said, letting the water type starters finish off.

"And our universe, the mystery dungeon universe, which is blue." said Squirtle, Oshawott, and Munchlax.

Continuing on, Red said, "Collectively, these universes are known as the Pokémon universe. One last question before we move into the meat and potatoes."

N obliged, "Why did you guys label your universes like that, and what do you mean by meat and potatoes?"

Red gave a chuckle. "What comes next, if course, for it will answer all of your questions. Now, we are all here, in the same place for one reason," said Red, as he flipped over the white board, which, at second glance, seemed much too big to fit inside of his pack to N, to reveal words that reinforced his next sentence, "The Multiverse is broken. To avoid imminent de-existence of everything there ever was, the people up top put all of the universes into a safe mode, the Loops."

This shocked N, seeing as he was not a looper. However, he snapped out of it to ask his next question,

"That still doesn't explain the dipping branches." he said.

Red proceeded with the micro-lecture in stride, "All in due time, to understand that, you need to better understand the loops."

Pikachu took over for this part, "Each universe, henceforth referred to as a branch, has one person that is aware that time it's resetting each time, known as the anchor, and others who are only aware

sometimes. Our branch has a few anchors, due to the different sub-loops within, There's Red, from the special loop, me, for the Loop that is usually represented as an anime, and Squirtle, Munchlax-" "Actually, I'm a Chimchar again." "Sorry, Chimchar, and Oshawott act as the anchors for the Mystery Dungeon loops at various points in time during the loop. Poli is just a normal looper for Special. Now on to the buckets, straws, and dipping branches. Every once and a while, a loop is different from normal, not by any looper interference, but because of the loop itself, this is known as a variant." Pikachu finished off, letting Red continue.

"This branch in particular has a common variant, known as a game loop, and a less common sub-variant, known as a flat game loop. This is where you come in. The loop we are in right now is a flat game loop, notable for all of the NPCs sticking to a script, no matter how hard you try and get them to say something different, and certain features that force you to stick to the major events, such as small trees being immovable objects, and the same goes for construction workers in your way. This loop in particular, however, you seem to be exempted from the speaking script, and possibly the battle script, but unfortunately not the movement script, which restricts you to a certain path." Red said, letting Pikachu finish off.

"The tubes and dipping branches are for when a loop happens with loopers from multiple branches. Now, any last questions?"

"Why is everyone calling you a girl, Red?" N asked, prompting most of the Pokémon to snicker.

Red sighed. "It's because, unfortunately, when I tried using sarcasm on the 'starting screen,' it took it the wrong way, and scripted lines referencing to me as female."

All N had to say to that was oh.

"Now, your homework," Red continued, "is to record any actions you take in that notebook when not around me, and to try as hard as you can to veer off of your scripts around me.

I'll grade the notebook when I tell you I need it back, near the end of this loop."

N nodded, said a quick thank you, and went to leave, but Red realized one more thing, "Oh, and N, don't trust anything that Ghetsis tells you." he said.

"I won't," was the response, as he left, going towards Pinwheel Forest.

"I wonder why though..." N muttered, before he passed out of Red's line of sight.

10.5 (zeusdemigod131)

Pikachu Awoke in a flash of light as he was released from his Pokéball. "So, this is a Pikachu huh?"

Something... wasn't normal. Pikachu rubbed his eyes and looked up at the boy who would be his trainer for the Loop. He looked about Ash's age and wore a white and black shirt and green cargo pants.

"That's right Ben," Professor Oak said. "He's an Electric-type Pokémon and-"

Ben looked at Pikachu. "And I can't go out and catch my own starter?" he asked.

' *This kid is either from another Loop, or an annoying variant* ,' Pikachu decided.

Professor Oak laughed. "Of course not Ben, it's far too dangerous for a boy your age to go into the wild unprotected."

Ben looked like he was going to say something, but just sighed as if he heard that all too often.

The Pokémon Professor shook his head. "If you don't want him, then you can wait until the next Charmander, Squirtle, or Bulbasaur arrives."

Pikachu cringed at that thought. Visiting Loopers would do that from time to time, then sneak off that night. And while Pikachu could easily break out of his Pokéball, he had trouble getting out of the little retractable holder the Professor stored it in, unless he fried the labs circuity, but that usually upset the old man.

Ben shook his head and grabbed Pikachu's Pokéball. "Nah, I'll take him." He looked back at the Electric Mouse. "Come on."

' *Probably a visiting Looper,'* Pikachu decided.

Following the young boy, Pikachu had to wait until they got out of Pallet Town before he revealed himself to Ben. "Hold up," Ben suddenly said. He looked around, as if to make sure no one was watching, then reached into his pocket and pulled out... a watch. A weird looking highly advanced watch.

Ben snapped the watch onto his wrist and fiddled with the dial for a few seconds.

"Unregistered alien DNA detected," the device suddenly said. A green map was broadcast into the air above the watch, showing no less than a dozen different targets in the surrounding area, and even more farther away.

Ben whistled. "Haven't seen this many in one place since I Looped into Coruscant."

He was a Looper! Pikachu was about to speak up when Ben turned around and pointed the watch at him. The device emitted a yellow light which scanned Pikachu. "Scan complete... Please input Species name."

"Pikachu!" Pikachu said indignantly.

"...Registration completed, Species; Pikachu stored on playlist 'new' add title?"

"You should call it Pokémon," Pikachu said.

"Thanks," Ben turned to the Omnitrix, then stopped. "Did you just talk?"

"Yeah," Pikachu said.

"You a Looper?" Ben asked.

"Anchor actually," Pikachu answered. "Now, you mind telling me what's up with the watch?"

Ben smiled and held out his wrist. "It's called the Omnitrix, it allows me to... actually," Ben said with a smile. "Let me show you."

The boy fiddled with the dial a little more, labeled his new playlist after Pikachu's suggestion, then smiled as a hologram of a Pikachu appeared over the watch.

"Ready?" Ben asked.

"Sure," Pikachu answered, not sure what to expect.

Ben slammed his hand onto the watch and was enveloped in a flash of green light. When the light faded and Pikachu was able to look back. He was greeted with the sight of another Pikachu grinning at him. It looked a lot like him, except the hair was different, like whenever Ash messed with Lily's transformation spell... oh.

"Pretty cool huh?" Ben asked.

Pikachu shrugged. "There's a Pokémon here that can do that, it's called Ditto."

Ben frowned and slapped the Omnitrix, now on his chest, turning himself back into a human. "Whatever," He looked around. "So...

how many types of Pokémon are there anyway?"

Pikachu shrugged. "More than seven hundred."

Ben nodded, the number was high, but Star War had more. "And how many different types do you usually encounter Baseline?"

Pikachu had to think on that for a moment. "Most of them, including almost all the Legendary Pokémon."

Ben nodded again. "You have any plans this Loop?"

Pikachu smirked. "I see where you're going with this, and I'm onboard." Ben smiled. "But..."

"What?" Ben asked.

"How about a little challenge?"

Ben leaned in closer. "I'm listening."

Brock, Leader of the Pewter City Gym, watched as the young boy stepped onto the battle platform across from him.

Brock smirked. "I hope that Pikachu isn't your only Pokémon."

Ben smiled. "He is, but he won't be battling this time."

Brock looked at the kid as if he'd gone mad. "Do you know how a Gym battle works kid?"

Ben nodded. "I'm allowed to use up to six different Pokémon to beat you, and I'm the only one who can make substitutions."

"...You need to use a Pokémon." Brock said flatly.

Ben nodded and held up his watch, an image of what looked like a Gyarados appearing above it. "And I will."

"And... the winner is Ben Tennyson? From Pallet Town..."

The referee looked at the waterlogged form of Brock's Onix. And the Gyarados that had swept through Brock's Rock-types, that had also just turned back into a ten year old boy.

"Unregistered alien DNA detected." The Omnitrix scanned the unconscious Rock Snake.

Noticing the look Brock was giving him, Ben explained. "It uh, it does that whenever I meet a new Pokémon."

"So... that watch let you turn into a Gyarados?" Brock asked, still in shock.

"Yep, and now it'll let me turn into an Onix."

Brock looked Ben straight in the eyes. "Show me."

" *I am the ultimate Pokémon!"* Mewtwo cried, throwing off his cloak and revealing his true form.

"Ben?" Pikachu asked with a smirk. "Do you think the Omnitrix can-"

"Only one way to find out," Pikachu had warned him about this part of the Loop. Ben just hope his plan worked.

"A Pokémon is still a Pokémon," Ben said, stepping forward, fiddling with the Omnitrix and reactivating the scanner.

"Unregistered alien DNA detected." As had become normal this Loop, the yellow light scanned the Genetic Pokémon. "Scan complete."

" *What is the meaning of this?!"* Mewtwo shouted. " *What has you're infernal device done to me?!"*

"To you? Nothing," Ben answered. "To me, on the other hand." In a flash of green, ben was replaced with a near identical copy of Mewtwo. " *I think that's pretty clear."*

Mewtwo looked upon the former human in shock. " *Impossible..."*

" *Nope,"* Ben said. " *And you wanna see a real ultimate Pokémon?"* Ben slammed the Omnitrix again, this time, a green wave traveled across his body. Turning him into a more muscular, stronger looking Pokémon.

Mewtwo looked at Ben in surprise, then frowned. " *If it's a battle you want,"* He stood up. " *Then it's a battle you'll get!"*

Mew giggled as she fled the island with Mewtwo. " *Be quiet."*

" *Oh come on,"* Mew defened. " *He let you leave in peace... rather than pieces."*

" *I don't understand why you let him... scan you,"* Mewtwo said, trying to change the subject.

Mew shrugged. " *He asked nicely."*

Ben, Pikachu, Latias, Latios, and Bianca watched as the tidal wave made its way towards Altomare.

When Latios flew off, Ben asked where he was going. "I think," Bianca said through tears. "He's going to become the new Soul Dew, to save Altomare."

Ben blinked once, then said. "Yeah, that's not happening." Then ran forward and threw himself off the roof of the museum.

"Ben!" Latias and Bianca screamed.

A sudden flash of green lite up the area, and when it dissipated, an enormous winged form rose above the buildings. "Ben's a... LUGIA!?" Bianca screeched.

Pikachu shrugged. "Sometimes," Bianca didn't notice that the Pokémon next to her had just talked. Neither did Latias, she was too busy staring after the Lord of the sea... Pikachu swore he saw tiny hearts in her eyes.

A few miles out at sea, Ben hit the wall of water, using Lugia's ability to manipulate currents, he blasted it apart in a matter of seconds.

Back in the city, Pikachu made another mental checkmark. *That's Altomare taken care of, and he scanned Latios and Latias... wonder what happens if he turns into her. I don't think they have a male form.*

"Shut up Pikachu," Ben grimaced as she floated through the air on wings made of moonlight.

The Pokémon Anchor snickered. "Hey, you accepted the challenge, and you decided to use Cresselia for this." Ben and Pikachu were in the Sinnoh Region, near the town where the wild Darkrai usually showed up and caused nightmares.

When Pikachu told him how Cresselia naturally counteracted Darkrai's abilities, Ben had scanned the first Lunar Wing they found. Pikachu had just forgotten to mention that all Cresselia were female.

Ben gritted her teeth. "I hate it when this happens, I always feel really weird afterwards."

"Please, from what you've told me your organs rearrange half the time you transform... heck, I don't even think Gengar *has* organs, but you didn't complain after being one of them."

Ben continued to pout. "Are we done here? I've been flying around for almost three hours."

"Oh, you could've stopped after one, I just thought it was funny- Wahh!" Pikachu was unceremoniously dumped from Ben's back, landing in the ocean below.

"Oh very funny," Pikachu said, pulling himself onto dry land. "Just for that, I'm not telling you what the next big problem we usually face is."

Ben smirked. "I think I can handle whatever Pokémon it is, I have more than half of them now."

Pikachu smiled.

Ben stared at the being that had just arrived through the portal. "That's... a god," ben deadpanned.

Pikachu shrugged. "Sometimes he actually did make our universe, sometimes he's just credited with it, it changes from Loop to Loop."

Ben gulped. Scanning beings like Arceus had caused problems before. But he had scanned Dialga, Palkia, and Giratina without much of a problem. "Well... a Pokémon's a Pokémon."

Pikachu and Ben lied on the grass next to a river, they didn't care where they were. "That... that sucked."

"Especially the black hole," Pikachu agreed.

"I guess since Arceus is... Arceus, the universe can't handle more than one of him,"

"Now I'm glad you didn't try out the Creation Trio while they were still on Earth," Pikachu added.

"I did warn you, didn't I?" Ben asked.

"Yeah... I just didn't think that reality would start to fold in on itself like that," Pikachu admitted. "It's a miracle Arceus left before the Loop crashed."

"You said he's Loop Aware, that might have something to do with it," Ben suggested.

Pikachu didn't answer.

"So, where to next?" Ben asked.

Pikachu pulled a camera out of his Pocket and snapped pictures of Ben's new form. "Are you done yet?"

"Hold on, it's not every Loop a new Vivillion pattern emerges." Ben's newest alien from, Pokemon number 666, Vivillion, was scanned from a Meadow Pattern Vivillion. But for some reason, Ben's wings resembled the Omnitrix insignia, though the device was set on his chest.

"The other's will get a kick out of this."

A few years later, Pikachu and Ben sat in Professor Oak's lab. It was close to the Loop's ending point, and they had a challenge to complete. "...Noibat, Noivern, Xerneas, Yveltal, Zygarde, Diancie, Hoopa, and Volcanion." Ben finished. "Is that it?"

Pikachu looked at the Pokédex. "Looks like it." Except for a few Pokémon that didn't *have* DNA, Ben seemed to have scanned everyone known Pokémon. "I'm surprised you managed to find the last two, we hardly ever can."

Ben smiled and held up the Omnitrix. "Azmuth's upgraded this thing so that it can sense a strand of new DNA a planet away."

Pikachu smiled. "Next time we Loop together, we should test how your actual aliens hold up against Pokémon."

Ben smirked. "Is that a challenge?"

10.6 (Saphroneth)

"Okay, guys," Hiccup began. "I know this is going to be kind of stressful, for most of you."

You're telling us, Barf muttered. Belch nodded agreement.

"How are you guys handling the Dark type, by the way?" Hiccup added. "It does have some neat side effects."

Like? Belch invited.

"You find it easier to beat up Ghosts. And yes, that *is* a concern around here."

The dragon master of the Elite Four shrugged. "So your job in my team is probably going to be just beating up ghosts, it's easier than having someone else do it."

I can get behind that.

"Right, that's Barf and Belch. Stormfly?"

What on earth am I? Stormfly asked plaintively.

"Druddigon." Hiccup waited for her to pull a face. "Yes, I know you knew that. Just... stay warm, okay? Ask for help if you cool off, because according to this encyclopedia that *may* result in your freezing solid."

Ouch. Stormfly shivered.

Is it my go yet? A shiny Charizard asked.

"Nope." Hiccup waved a hand. "Next... what about you, Hookfang?"

I am covered in spikes and appear to be some kind of flying land dragon shark. Hookfang shrugged, his wicked wing-claws flexing. *I feel fine.*

"Good to know you've adapted... just watch out for ice. Actually, that goes for most of you. Other dragons, ice, and fairies." Hiccup counted off the dragons he'd done so far. "Thornado?"

I am the night.

No you're not, Blitsif muttered. *You're just a bat with a subwoofer for a head. Incidentally, how the heck am I a dragon? I'm a sheep.*

Hiccup rummaged in his pack. "I seem to remember there was... something... aha!"

He threw a grey-red-yellow sphere at Blitsif, who caught it in one hoof with a puzzled frown.

Then she flashed a brilliant yellow colour.

"Ta-da," Hiccup said gravely.

Not really much change, Blitsif said, looking herself over again.

"I assure you, you are technically a dragon now." Hiccup shrugged. "Now, the only question is whether Lazy-"

Shorty, Toothless corrected.

"Wow, another name change?" Hiccup shook his head. "Okay, whether *Shorty* and Meatlug are around. I expect at least one of them to be a Salamence."

And the other? Stormfly asked, miffed.

"Dragonite, probably. Though I'm still hoping for one of them to be a Dragalge, because otherwise the whole team could be beaten up by fairies..."

Toothless landed in front of him. *What about me?*

"Okay, yes, fine." Hiccup scratched him. "You're a huge black Pokémon of doom that spits blue fire from the sides of his mouth when you're holding a marble. Truly you are the rock on which my team is founded."

So long as you accept that.

"Glad we could get that sorted out. You and Blitz can fight over who gets to use a marble." Hiccup stood, and stretched. "Okay, as I understand it our job is basically to make damn sure no-one gets past this stage of the Pokémon league."

Should be easy, Thornado said, to general agreement.

(Me)

Later…

"You've *got* to be kidding me," Red deadpanned as he walked into the chamber.

Hiccup grinned. "'Fraid not," he said.

"Of all possible people, it *had* to be you, didn't it?" Red said in exasperation.

Hiccup frowned. "Is there something you don't particularly like about me?" he asked.

"It's just...considering how you were like the *first* time you Looped into our Loop," Red started.

"That was my first time here! I didn't know anything about how it all worked!"

"You *helped Team Plasma* ! Yeah, luckily you helped N, not Ghetsis, but still!"

Can we move on already? Toothless asked in a bored tone.

Hiccup shook his head. "Alright, who's up first?" he asked. Thornado moved silently into position.

Red frowned. "Noivern, eh? Let's go, Poli!"

10.7 (crossoverpairinglover)

"Mesa am Pokemon champion Jar Jar! Do yousa challenge me!?"

Ash just stared at the humanoid, frog-like creature that was the replacement for Drake, the Orange League champion.

Was the lack of dignity of response worth the battle, or not?

"YOUSA SHALL BATTLE ME, OR I SHALL DEVOUR YOUR SOUL!"

Jar Jar's voice suddenly changed to become dark and demonic sounding, and bits of fire flew out of his beak.

Oh...it was fire breathing Sith Jar Jar.

Totally different debate than regular Jar Jar.

The battle was on, for the fate of the world.

10.1 - More PokeMyth Busters! Seriously though, Maccargo's supposed body temperature was always kind of ridiculous.

10.2 - I spy a Heartwarming Moment. Seriously, somebody update the Trope Page.

10.3 - The 3rd part of the Loop with Mew and Mewtwo. This really needs a more proper name.

10.4 - And the 3rd part of the Quest to get N Looping! Uh oh, looks like N isn't taking Red seriously. Understandable, considering this is only the second time they've met, but still...

10.5 - " *...he's got superpowers, he's no ordinary kid! He's Ben 10!"* I love that show, and I liked Alien Force and Ultimate Alien as well. Omniverse is kind of...yeah. I liked Store 23, but that was it.

10.6 - How to Train Your Dragon-types. And Hiccup *really* made a bad impression on the Pokeverse Loopers. Well, Red at any rate. The others are more ambivalent.

10.7 - Sith Jar Jar. Yeah, he's a thing.

Chapter 11

Ash Woke Up just as he was about to go into Professor Oak's lab to pick up his first Pokemon. Sending out a ping, he immediately got two back from inside the Lab, as well as one from the general direction of the Orange Islands. As the one from the Islands was no doubt Tracey, he decided to focus on the ones from the Lab. One obviously had to be Pikachu, but that there was another was only moderately surprising. ' *I guess that means Professor Oak is Awake,'* he thought to himself, walking in.

As he did so, he couldn't help but notice a few strange changes. For one thing, it was a bit more ornate than he remembered it being. For sure, Professor Oak was the world's leading Pokemon expert, but that didn't really translate into money. Besides which, the Professor liked living humbly, and spent most of his money on the Ranch to expand the habitats for the Pokemon who lived there, as well as the lab equipment.

There were also an almost disturbing number of clocks all over the place. Either the Professor was doing something time-related (Had he Awoken in the past during the thing with Celebi?) or somebody had replaced him. Truthfully, Ash was betting on the latter. ' *Probably Doc Brown again, what with all the clocks,'* he thought as he walked in.

The person he saw was decidedly *not* Emmet Brown though. No, he was a fair bit shorter than him. He was wearing plaid pants, a white jacket and hat, and a sweater with an almost absurd amount of question marks on it.

"Well, you're definitely not Professor Oak," Ash commented as the other noted his appearance.

"No, I'm not. This is an interesting Loop though. And my Loop memories have revealed something interesting. This is the Pokemon Loop, isn't it? Are you the Anchor?" he asked in an accent Ash recognized as Hub-standard Scottish.

"Well, it's one of them. And no, I'm not the Anchor. He's in there," Ash said, motioning to the machine that kept the Pokeballs for the Starter Pokemon.

"Ah, the fourth Pokemon I had ready. Very well then," the other said, going to open it. As he tried to remember how to do so, Ash decided to say something.

"So who are you anyway? I've never seen you around," he noted in curiosity.

"Oh, I'm a fairly new Looper. My Loop just activated, with me as its Anchor," the other said.

Ash grinned. "Always nice to meet someone new. I'm Ash Ketchum," he introduced.

"Well met, Ash. As for myself, my name is a bit of a secret. I'd give you my usual alias, but I've actually been called Professor before, so you can just keep referring to me as that," the Professor offered.

"Alright. So, Professor, what's your Loop like?" Ash asked.

"Oh, pretty standard compared to most Loops. I go about righting wrongs, and traveling around. I've been called a bit of a chessmaster in the past, and quite frankly, I understand why. I have a bit of a knack for manipulating people," the Professor said, opening the center that contained Pikachu's (hated) Pokeball.

Ash raised a brow. "Isn't it a bad idea to tell me that then?" he wondered.

"On the contrary, the best manipulators can be known as such and still get people to do what they want. It's best you watch out for those types, Ash," the Professor advised, handing over Pikachu's Pokeball.

Ash immediately opened it...and got shocked as Pikachu came out. As he fell to the floor, he couldn't help but ask, "Why do you keep doing that, Pikachu?"

"Tradition," Pikachu replied. "I got the Ping, is the Professor Awake?" he wondered, turning around to find the other Looper in the room. Upon noticing him, he immediately went deadpan. "Ash, why is the Doctor standing right there where I got the other Ping?" he questioned.

"Because he's the visiting Looper?" Ash said rhetorically, getting off the floor and putting his hat back on. "I guess that's your normal alias then?" he asked.

"Yes. I understand you've met me before, Pikachu?" the Doctor asked in clarification.

"Yeah, it was a while ago, and the Daleks were trying to use some Tentacruel to...Hey! Don't change the subject! How can you be Looping?! You've got more time travel trouble in your Loop than 500 Dialgas!" Pikachu exclaimed.

"Well, obviously, it was patched. Zurvan, my Admin, received some rather generous help from Jormungandr and managed to get my Loop off Read-Only," the Doctor said.

"I don't believe this. Twilight said that you were Looping last time she was here, but I thought she was just trying to prank me," Pikachu muttered.

"It was a shock to me as well when I found out about the Loops. Even more so when I started. Still, I think it's been a pretty interesting experience. It's refreshing, being the inexperienced one. Makes me almost feel young again," the Doctor reminisced.

"Anyway, what are you going to do this Loop, Doctor?" Ash asked.

"Well, I consider myself a bit of a polyglot-" he started, before Ash interrupted.

"A what?" he asked in confusion.

"Someone who can speak a lot of languages. *We're* polyglots, Ash," Pikachu pointed out.

"Oh."

"Anyway, as I was saying, I was hoping to take this Loop to, while I'm not doing my in-Loop job, learn the Pokemon language," the Doctor summarized.

"Don't look at us, we're not sticking around for long," Pikachu stated.

Ash had a better idea though. "I got a ping from the Orange Islands that was probably Tracey. He's Professor Oak's lab assistant. I can ask him to come over here," he offered.

"Stupid Pokeball…" Pikachu grumbled. Pokeballs in some variants tended to muffle far-off Pings, and it looked like this was one of them.

"I would be very appreciative if you would," the Doctor graciously said.

Ash grinned. "Don't mention it."

11.2 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

"What were you thinking?" asked Pikachu as he stood side by side by Professor Haruno.

The two stood in the entrance way to Sakura Labs as Ash continued pushing up against the wall, trying his hardest to shove the wall out

of his way. They could hear the steady rhythmic murmurings as he put his back into his attempt. "Karp, Karp, Karp, Magikarp."

Sakura gave a smug grin. "Well, he asked me if I've ever turned humans into Pokemon."

Shouting echoed from the lab behind her. "I don't remember saying I wanted to be shown the results of your experiment, nor did I want to experience it firsthand. And finally, I know I didn't want have my brain swapped with a Magikarp!"

Pikachu returned to his trainer's water tank and patted the Magikarp wearing Ash's hat. "Don't worry, Ash."

He turned to Sakura and glared. "You *can* fix this, after all."

Sakura shrugged. "No can do. The machine I used needs a year to recharge since I haven't modified the power source in about...ten million loops."

Pikachu gave her an incredulous look. "You can't just change the power source right now?"

"Sure, if you're not worried about the device exploding by accident and Ash being a Magikarp for the whole loop. It was, admittedly, a temperamental experiment."

Ash slapped his face with his fins. "Great, I'm stuck as a Magikarp for a year."

Pikachu glared at Ash, "At least you don't have to take care of your human body. Guess who that is going to fall to?"

And thus, the Pallet vacation loop from hell began.

11.3 (Inkweaver22)

Ghetsis stood resolutely in his office, listening to the sounds of his screaming minions and explosions as someone stormed Team Plasma's supposedly secret base. He refused to be intimidated by the sounds of mayhem and carnage. The only reason he had released his Hydreigon was to get the first strike in, really!

He could hear a single set of footsteps approaching from down the corridor, and then silence as they stopped in front of his door. Ghetsis tensed as he prepared for a battle. Without warning, his door, and most the wall surrounding it, exploded inward.

As the smoke settled, a figure could be made out. An order to attack was on the tip of his tongue before it died at the sheer absurdity that stood before him.

A smaller than average Ursaring wearing yellow shorts and a blue backpack was standing there holding an equally downsized Moltres shotgun style.

The first thought that ran through his head was to question why these Pokemon were so far away from their own regions.

The second was a question to his sanity if wondering about their region displacement was his first thought when it should be the furthest thing from his mind.

The third was surprise at how the small Moltres seemed to fire a flaming egg from it's beak, which then proceeded to shatter over him and catch his thick robes on fire.

Ghetsis' Hydreigon looked on in confusion as it's master rolled around on the ground like a flailing Magikarp. It turned and snarled at the two strange Pokemon who had done this, preparing to fire off a Dragon Pulse. The Moltres, however, had already fired another egg. This time it was light blue and prismatic. Needless to say, the Ice Egg was Super Effective.

Ghetsis, having put out the flames, stood with a frustrated growl before receiving the same treatment as his now frozen dragon.

The Ursaring-Moltres duo simply made sure he would stay frozen for several hours before leaving as police sirens blared in the distance.

N tried his hardest not to laugh at the recording Banjo and Kazooie were showing him. He failed spectacularly however when he saw the look on Ghetsis' face when the bear and bird were unveiled. This was definitely one of his favorite ways a visiting looper had taken down his father so far.

"So what next?" Kazooie asked once he had calmed down.

"Well, we could always take on the Gym challenge and collect all the badges."

"Wait, there's collectibles here?" Banjo asked with a gleam in his eye.

"Yes. As this is a game loop, there's only eight badges for every region. This isn't a static loop so we should be able to visit all six of the ones these kinds of Loops have."

"Well what are we waiting for?" the Ursaring said as the Moltres in his backpack rolled its eyes. "Let's get to collecting!"

11.4 (AbZHz101)

As Ash and Pikachu watched the sleeping Legendary fitfully doze, their rage boiled over and became deadly calm. Neither Looper held any love for Cipher, but the stunt they had pulled this Loop actually managed to kick Ghetsis off the second position on their collective "Shit List." Cipher was truly an organization to be reviled, though the fact that it did not often appear made the Loops they had with it all the worse.

"Ash?" Pikachu asked, voice completely neutral. "You still have those maps of all of Cipher's facilities right?"

"Yeah, though I can't think of something worse than usual for those psychopaths," he replied, pulling out the maps that they had created and laminated for whenever they needed to deal with Cipher and Team Snagem and handing it to Pikachu. "What really bites me is that, this time... It came out of the friggin' blue! Usually if we have to deal with Cipher we hear about them in Johto at latest! This time, if it weren't for Silver... we might never have found out."

Pikachu grunted in agreement. They had reasoned long ago that death was too good for anyone who knowingly aided Cipher. Their usual solution was to tear down each facility one-by-one, tie up all the employees, break all the Pokeballs, summon Celebi and let the abused Pokémon determine their own justice. Surprisingly for all their anger, never once had the Pokémon killed even one of their oppressors. And after the Pokémon were done and wandered off to live their lives, the police moved in. Now though, they had to think of something worse.

After a moment, Pikachu clicked his tongue in disgust. "Well, I can't come up with anything off the top of my head, and I definitely don't want to leave this open-ended," he muttered.

"So you'll be back in... two hours?" Ash tried to calculate.

"There abouts," Pikachu agreed. *'Get ready, scum,'* the Anchor mentally snarled. ' *For I AM CUTE.* FURRY. ELECTRIC. **VENGENCE *!*** *'*

Out in Prof. Oak's "backyard" Ash pulled a Time Flute from out of his pocket. Silver watched in silent awe as Ash put the ancient relic to his lips and called upon Celebi's aid. It was the first time that he had ever been in contact with another "Legendary" other than Mother. He watched as the Sprite playfully soared around both him and Ash, giving both a surreptitious wink as she did so. Suddenly, the

surroundings were covered in a pulsing green light. It felt like... Forest, Life, Freedom... It was simply put, amazing! Then it trailed off almost playfully, enticing in its own way.

'Yeah, I'm going out on a limb here and saying that that* didn't *work,' Silver heard his "other personality" deadpan. Hesitantly, though already sure of the answer, Sliver opened his eyes and gazed at his still black feathers. It made him feel ashamed at the looks of shock from Celebi, Ash, and Pikachu. Even out of that place, he was still useless, helpless, *defective* XD002.

"{I don't understand,}" Celebi muttered to herself. "{His aura didn't even ripple! Usually, I can feel resistance when somemon doesn't want to open their heart again, but he didn't. It actually felt as though his heart was already open...}"

"{So is there anything you can do?}" Pikachu asked.

"{Not without seeing him before he became like this, and I doubt his mother would take it well if I even insinuated that something like this could happen to him,}" Celebi sighed. "{The most I can do right now is send word to the others and see if they either know of a way to fix it or can figure one out. The only other known method of treating Shadow Pokémon is for them to bond with a trainer, but given the results just now, even that is up in the air.}"

As Pikachu and Celebi were speaking, Ash noticed tears starting to form in Silver's eyes. Ash knelt down and pulled the Pokémon close. "Hey, don't worry, Silver," Ash said even as the tiny Lugia's tears again began to wet his jacket. "We'll figure this out, all right. You know, I'm sure your mother's on her way right now." At that Silver began to cry harder, he hadn't even considered having to face his mother like this! Even though she had been through the same process, Celebi could return *her* to normal, not like him! "We're not letting you go through this alone," Ash continued softly, considering taking a detour to Orre and ringing a couple of necks before deciding against it. It wouldn't be good if Silver got the mistaken impression

that Ash wanted to hurt him. Ash's gut churned at Silver even considering the idea.

11.5 (ZephyrValgale)

The first thing Pikachu noticed when he Woke Up was that he was bipedal. The second? He was female - or, at least, he appeared to be.

Neither was a particularly rare occurrence, but he - she - wasn't usually wearing a black dress or a like colored witch's hat. Nor did she usually have an octagonal box that simply exuded power. Looking around, she noted that she was in Prof. Oak's lab, and saw Gary nearby - informing her that this was, at the very least, a game loop. Ash was also present, and a quick ping showed that he was, as usual, awake.

" *Well, at this point we just need to battle Gary and find a place to talk.* " the rodent-cum-witch thought to herself, as she prepared to fight.

The battle was completely one-sided. Let's skip ahead a bit.

"Ash?"

"Yeah?"

"Who in their right mind would even *think* of a time stopping maid?"

"Are you still sore over losing?"

"Yes, I am, ze."

Pikachu sighed, and facepalmed.

"And I hope that tic doesn't stick, ze."

The journey so far had been relatively quick - with the numerous loops the duo underwent, they had been through Kanto-centric game variants before. After capturing a puppet - the name for the Pokemon replacements - that appeared to be a green-haired shrine maiden in blue-and-white garb on Route 22, Brock was no trouble whatsoever. Misty was even less of a threat - his 'Dex said the puppet, a Chibi Sanae, was Water/Grass, and that Pikachu was still Electric type. Even Gary wasn't that difficult, as Pikachu wasn't one to be beaten by the same trick twice.

However, neither trainer nor mouse-cum-witch was expecting the scene that greeted them at Bill's cottage.

For one, the sign outside said that it belonged to one ZUN, but the duo chalked it up to general loop wackiness.

As such, they did not expect what was inside. As they stepped in the door, the duo noticed three things.

The first was that the building reeked of alcohol.

The second was the numerous bottles of assorted alcoholic beverages.

The third was the presence of a green-capped man, passed out on the floor and clearly drunk.

"Pikachu, you want to just find some other way onto the S.S. Anne?"

"Sounds like a better idea than getting a ticket from *this* drunk, ze. I've seen Snorlaxes that are more responsive that that guy."

11.6 (theburper)

Oshawott had been having a hard loop. The normal enemies in the dungeons were as strong as Munna's gang, and the hard enemies

had scaled equally. It had taken a while, but he had finally gotten to the evil mastermind.

None other than an unawake Mewtwo.

"HAHAHA! Foolish otter! You shall never defeat me, and you shall learn the true meaning of despair!"

"The...true meaning of despair? That 's utter Tauroscrap." With that, he pulled out two swords fashioned like icicles that gave off an ominous aura.

"THESE are the true meaning of despair!"

"Well, let's just see how you do against a full strength psychic attack!"

With that, the feline fired off a huge blast of physic at the otter.

Only to find out when the dust settled, Oshawott was completely unharmed.

"These swords have so much despair that they give me a dark subtype when I wield them."

"Now it's my turn." Oshawott charged at the Genetic Pokemon and attacked.

"Ice bringer!"

Oshawott was recuperating back in Paradise when Virizion approached him.

"Where did you find the Bittercold swords? We haven't seen it at all. And more importantly, why is time repeating?"

11.7 (fractalman)

Ash winced as the memories kicked in. High-school again?

Then Misty-in-name-and-looks-only grabbed his arm and said "Oh Ash, you simply must go out with me!"

Then 'May' came in to yell "Stay away, he's mine!"

'Misty' tilted her head. "I suppose we can...share"

Ash tried to slink away by using aura to make his arm slippery, only to find that his special abilities were firmly and thoroughly restricted. He groaned, resigned to the fact this would be a long, and awful, loop.

Pikachu, meanwhile, was having the time of his life, as all the girls lined up to give the strange, but definitely cute yellow mouse belly rubs.

11.8 (AbZHz101)

Chikorita was snatched from her sleep by the screaming of her two teammates, a Pikachu and their newest member a strange Totodile that Pikachu had found last week. They were running around and in general freaking out unsure of what was going on. Just another day for the all female Rescue Team.

11.9 (crossoverpairinglover)

"Skilled you are, oddly yellow mouse, but not skilled enough."

Pikachu, struggling to his feet, found himself being restrained by a powerful telekinetic attack that came from no psychic attack, his lightsaber out of his reach.

No, it came from the power of the Force itself.

And the Force in question came from the short, green alien lifeform with the glowing green blade; Jedi Grand Master Yoda.

Or in this timeline, the soon-to-be Grand Emperor Yoda of the Jedi Imperium; the Jedi Theocratic Government a looping Obi-Wan Kenobi had decided to try out as a replacement for the Republic.

...To say that had gone horribly wrong was an understatement. Anakin Skywalker was frozen in Carbonite, Obi-Wan, Ahsoka and C-3PO were dead, and the only Loopers left were Pikachu (Or Jedi Padawan Pikachu to be specific, Pikachu having been learning the use of the Force this loop) and R2-D2, who was toppled over on his side a few yards behind Pikachu.

The looping blue and white droid was beeping pitifully.

"You opposed the necessary steps that the Jedi had to take to prevent the terrible futures that former master Obi-Wan spoke of. This is the ultimate treachery," the tall and imposing MCU-Fury-look-alike Mace Windu (he even had an evil eyepatch this loop) said. "The Jedi have no room for those who disobey the council, the will of the galaxy. Now, you die." Mace Windu ignited his purple blade.

"Disobey, you say. You talk like you're my master, Windu. I may have masters, Windu, but they aren't you! Lightning Release Armor!"

Blue electricity covered Pikachu as he channeled his chakra from his former days as the Raikage, building up his power to the point the Force was shattered around him, freeing him and causing Pikachu to erupt from his bindings.

"This power, not seen before I have!" Yoda said in shock as Windu swung his blade.

"You can dissect the corpse!"

"Raikiri!"

A concentrated flicker of electricity formed on Pikachu's tail, glowing blue as Pikachu spun and met the blade head on, matching its power.

"What?!"

Behind the two's clash, the R2 unit uprighted himself and glared.

"Beep Beep!"

This translated into Thunderbolt, as R2 took advantage of that variant loop as a Pikachu to unleash a powerful electrical attack at Windu.

A electric attack that hit just as Pikachu used a substitution to replace himself with the legendary log.

Windu was quickly fried with a lethal dose of electric power.

As a sizzled Jedi fell to the ground, Yoda glared at the two electricity users.

"Die you will!" The little imp charged at the two at an inhuman speed. The droid and mouse exchanged a brief glance before the droid started glowing in the electric coating of Volt Tackle while Pikachu sped ahead.

Yoda swung his blade at the charging Pikachu, who used his long since honed spin technique (Developed for that pesky Rampardos) to get behind Yoda and charge at him from behind as R2-D2 went for the front.

"BEEP BEEP/ DOUBLE LARIAT!"

Yoda was beheaded by the powerful combination of electrokinetic force.

The Jedi's takeover soon became disorganized, allowing for the Clones to take care of the majority of the Jedi forces.

"Beep beep beep."

"Pika, Pika-Chu."

Pikachu, exhausted from his battles against at least half the skilled Jedi of the order with R2, and then the other skilled half with R2 and a just freed (and very pissed off) Anakin Skywalker, found himself dining at a famous little hole in the wall on Coruscant, Dex's Diner, with his new buddy in arms, R2-D2.

Said Dex, a four limbed, gray and pot bellied alien, was absently cleaning dishes.

"What's the deal, letting a droid eat here?!" a human diner complained of the R2 unit as the four armed alien shrugged.

"Hey, the guy helped stop the crazed Jedi who killed my pal Obi-Wan. He could be freakin' Nute Gunray having fried nerf steak with General Grievous and I'd let him have it on the house!"

11.1 - "You can always judge a man by the quality of his enemies." Yes, the Doctor is Looping. I'm actually helping out with that. Not sure if he's out of character or not though, since I've never seen any of Sylvester McCoy's serials.

11.2 - Oh, Sakura. Innortal ruined you. It's nice that you're getting better and all, but I'm sad we'll never get to use your original personality unless you're not Awake.

11.3 - Oh, hi Banjo and Kazooie. When is Microsoft ever going to let Rare put you in a good game again?

11.4 - AbZHz101 is the writer of Silver Oxide. As I like that story, I asked him to write a Loop based on it.

11.5 - Zeph is an RL friend of mine. Keeps trying to get me to play Touhou, but after all I've heard I'm kind of iffy.

11.6 - Oh, hi Virizion! I was wondering when you'd start Looping. (Except not really since I don't have Gates to Infinity...yet)

11.7 - High School AUs, the bane of every Looper who isn't already from such a setting.

11.8 - Yeah, the Mystery Dungeon Loopers' codes are really glitched up...except for Chikorita. Probably because she's from the Anime special rather than the baseline.

11.9 - May the Force be with you, Pikachu.

Chapter 12

As a head's up, the very first snippet in this chapter may or may not be completely edited, and certain parts may fall in and out of canon. It's pretty long, and I can't check every last single thing.

12.1 (Zerodius)

"No. I've terraformed a few islands though. Would I be right to presume that the principles are similar but scaled up?"

'Indeed,' said Mew through telepathy, smiling widely. *'Of course, it's far more complicated in pratice and yet not. Technically, since I am Light and you are Darkness, we could create this entire planet all by ourselves... but well, even for the big cat that would be complicated and well, you've been the Legendary of Darkness for less than a day yourself. So we'll start with something small and I'll do most of the work.'*

The female paused before continuing. *'Besides, this is why we have Groudon, Rayquaza, and Kyogre. They are, literally, living terraforming tools. We'll do a bit of stuff together now and convince the Council to lend us the Titans to complete the job. Working a bit without the Titans will give you an idea of how your power work, what you can do, and help you familiarize yourself with divine-level elemental control. That way, it will be less disorienting once you actually get to control the Titans.'*

"Very well then."

At that moment, the feline held out her paws again, obviously wishing for him to grab them. She made a gesture with her head, indicating she wanted him to grab them.

Though he could not feel positive feelings with his in-loop ability, it was pretty obvious that she was excited about this. If anything, the telepathic purring and her tail being raised straight up was kind of a dead give-away.

Mewtwo reached out, and grabbed the hands

And at this moment, he felt... strange. Like the very light that surrounded her body had grabbed his paws just as much as the flesh underneath. In fact, at this moment, he felt as if the very rays of the sun were somehow... touching him, grabbing him.

'Clear your mind. Concentrate on the tiny grain of dust near the concentration of souls...' the voice came from everywhere at once, not merely from Mew. *'Remember how you use your psychic powers to tap into the subconscious of all nearby souls? Go deeper. Clear your mind further. Allow their feelings, the space around you to become your mind. Let go of the small shell in which you are contained. But do not throw it away. It is your anchor, your soul. Connect it to the void around you.'*

And at this moment, he'd understood what she was doing. He is the Darkness, she is the Light. This was not a metaphor; the very void between the planets was just as much a part of his body than his fingers or his tails. The streams of hatred, suffering, and sorrow that inhabited every Pokémon... he could feel them because they were his feelings too.

The rays of the sun were touching his body because the sun was just as much a part of Mew's body as the pink Pokémon in front of him. A grin formed over the Mew's face. She was showing him what a true Legendary's power was and what he could do. A Mortal Pokémon used Moves to manipulate the environment. Legendaries *are* the environment.

The lesson was clear: if he expand his psychic power into the very void and will it to move as if it is his body, it will obey.

He did as she said, and felt the profound, raw void.

What came next was... hard to explain.

They were still Mewtwo and Mew, two feline-like Pokémon... but although Mewtwo was already familiar with the concept of his mind expanded past his body, being a psychic Pokémon, what came next made that seems like nothing.

His mind kept spreading. It kept spreading almost out of control. The void, the darkness, it was vast. In fact, it was more than vast. It was so much larger than the little planet he had come from, than even the largest planet, than even the star itself. He understood why Mew had said that a Legendary could crush a planet with one Move ; his true power allowed him to grip the entire void and to move it as if it was his own body.

However, he also realized something strange. The larger he was, the harder it was to see. It wasn't that his senses dulled... but rather, that they were overwhelmed. He was just so gigantic that if it wasn't from his feline flesh body being on the fourth planet, he wouldn't be able to see it ; it was a tiny grain of dust, so small as to be unnoticeable. Even the star itself, immeasurably large by mortal standards, was just so small he could barely feel it in the midst of all he could feel.

How could he terraform something so small when he felt that it was so small that if he did anything, he'd bowl it over to the other corner of the galaxy?

The light of every star converged and boxed in his mind. But it was not a malicious act.

'Focus.'

It was like telekinesis, but on a cosmic scale. If he unleashed his psychic power uncontrolled, he would not able to affect anything in a meaningful way. He needed to focus, to narrow his perspective, to concentrate, to purposefully shrink his gaze until he could see the

planet again, barring all of the distractions out. Only then, once his gaze was that of his body's again, would he find himself capable of doing what he wanted.

It also made him realize why exactly Mew had mocked him during the psychic incident.

A mortal copy of the strongest Pokémon body, no matter how powerful, could never compare to the sheer reach of a true Legendary. He had been a small fleshy feline using primitive psychic powers claiming that he was the strongest and that he would remake a planet as if that was impressive. This Mew was the light of every single star in this variant universe. The Pokémon World was a tiny grain of sand compared to what she could do. Even the mortals who saw her as a goddess in ancient times had no idea what it truly entailed.

'Do not let it overwhelm you. It's just like using your psychic powers just without limits and affecting the darkness specifically. Now... let me help you.'

The light bent, showing him the surface of the planet. *'Use the knowledge you gained in your body and use it through your Stream, that's your cosmic body by the way. You are the concept of darkness, the before and after existence. So you can create things and destroy things. I am light, what currently is. Try to create something small. You saw how easy it is to misjudge with your gaze. Remember that all of your power is channelled through your limited body and mind. You don't want to destroy your own body by mistake by channelling too much of your true self through it ; you need its psychic power to make your power real.'*

Using his mind, Mewtwo tried to create a plateau, one about five feet tall. He'd always had a peculiar fondness for this geological feature.

It was a tricky thing to judge. It was so easy to overshoot or undershoot. It was not unlike learning to use his psychic powers all over again, in a way. Mew was gentle, helping guide him. How long

did they spend terraforming the planet? He was not sure; time held little to no meaning when in such a perspective. But he knew she was happy... and he knew she could feel his own feelings.

He knew that the loop rules said that loopers could not have children. He also knew that what he was creating was technically not alive, a simple rock turned into a new planet. He also knew that there was so much more to do ; the atmosphere, the soil's minerals, the oceans, the patterns of wind movements, the magnetic fields... so much to do.

Yet... he was bringing forth a new world into the world. It was in a variant loop and it was made possible by his enhanced nature in this world for the most part but... as the light and darkness danced over the fourth planet of the solar system, they birthed a new world.

And before long, his perspective shrunk once more and as the great flows of the void slowed down to a trickle, he found himself staring at a female Mew grinning from ear to ear...

'How do you feel, Mewtwo?' she asked.

"Honestly. Scared. Very Scared"

'How so?' she asked, a bit surprised but mostly curious, floating over to him, remaining gentle.

"Do you remember the tree metaphor I told you, in regards to the multiverse?"

The feline did, nodding slowly. "Yes, I do."

"If a looper gets too much power, in the wrong way, then they run the risk of ascending. Basically, ripping their multiverse's branch out of it's roots and burning it, so that it is gone forever. Everything about their universe is forgotten, by everyone, including the beings that run the omniverse."

Mew gave him a flat look. "And... why exactly would that happen?"

"Not sure about the particulars, something to do with an increased number of dimensions. The point is, I'm worried if I use this power at too great a level, I'll ascend"

The feline stared at Mewtwo, all of her good mood suddenly gone. "Wait... are you telling me that the basis of reality, over which my own universe is built, is so utterly unstable, hackneyed, and unsafe that if an entity expand beyond the boundaries of its initial reality, the base reality will have a seizure and make that part of the multiverse explode?"

"Not naturally. I'll quote the person who told me about the situation."

He then said, in a complete impression of Ranma Saotome including Voice and Body language "The whole thing got fucked royal by some huge ass disaster so we're on repeat until they can get it fixed."

Then he said, back in his own voice and body language, *"As I understand it, once the omniverse is back running normally it won't be as big an issue."*

And at this moment, Mew's mind begun to go into overdrive...

'A single origin point, indeed...' she looked to the larger feline. *'Why not split up the timelines? Why not allow for multiple origins? Or why not create a new base reality and operate a transfer? The way it sounds... it makes it seem like the problem lies more with the base reality's inability to cope and regenerate from paradoxes than the disaster itself being major...'*

Then, she blinked a few times and burst into giggling. *'Sorry. I must sound really silly using those big words. More seriously... I think I'll ask Celebi and see if we can expand our abilities. We knew of alternate timelines but never really travelled before and likewise, we've kept time linear. But if what you're saying is true... I think it would be good if we tried to see what's going in other worlds, maybe*

see if there's anything to do with the point of origin. Or if alternate solutions can be found...'

Then she paused again and rolled her eyes. *'...and here I go, once again rambling. Sorry about that.'* She spun so that she was floating, laying on her belly on top of a non-existent ground before Mewtwo. *'I guess... I'm just overly curious about it all.'*

"It's above my head, unfortunately. This went on for billions of years before I even became aware of it."

There was a brief silence... and then, Mew smiled quite widely. "So... this is how it feels..." she seemed lost in her thoughts, dreamy-like almost...

"How what feels?"

'I was the first soul to be created in this world. I was born literally before time. As Light, I've been involved in every large-scale event possible. When I introduced mortals to my life, when I gave them destinies to accomplish, they'd feel... overwhelmed. Like they were tiny blinks in the face of an infinite universe. So tiny and yet, faced with things almost beyond their comprehension. I guess... I was wondering how to be faced with something greater than I am would feel...'

She smiled at Mewtwo. *'Even if what I hope will happen does not... I thank you for teaching me this feeling. I will treasure its memory for centuries to come, long after you have left...'*

"I see," Mewtwo said, not sure how to feel about it.

Noticing the male growing uncomfortable, Mew flew up to him, wrapping her arms around his frame as she gave him a hug. "Aaaaaw don't make a face like this! It was fun! Now... what do you say if we return to the surface of the main planet? There's so much we can do together..."

"Okay," he said, choosing to interpret that in the most innocent way he could

And in a flash, the two vanished off the face of Mars.

Surprisingly, despite proceeding to do quite a few teasing gestures and taking on a seductive tone, Mew left pretty quickly after they returned from Mars. She simply told him that they'd meet again and off she was. Things went... quietly afterward. His other self had designed his castle so that it would be easy to manage and in-loop memories helped him activate most of the automated systems that he would not be able to figure out.

Soon enough, he was at one of the consoles in the castle, flipping through channels as his computers easily tapped into the humans' communication network.

Humanity was not unlike the baseline... which meant that they were a strange, paradoxical bunch. On one hand, they could easily reach for the stars or at least, start to make the first serious steps to become such a civilization... yet, they were weighted down by a lack of interest. Their civilization was a stagnant one, dependant upon Pokémon for everything.

In a way, it was fascinating; what his other self had done to Orre was horrifying... yet, the effects on humanity had been... fascinating. Technologies that humans had thrown away long ago had resurfaced. Humans had took upon their own power to rise. When the League had failed them, humans had banded together into new cities, which then led to the formation of a new government. Machines, long abandoned for Pokémon, were reactivated and new ones, built.

The humans of Orre had been ironically far more 'alive' and true to themselves than any of the decadent societies of the Pokémon Leagues. In them, a glimpse of why Mew had believed so much in them could be seen, of how they had managed to rise to be the

dominant civilization of the world. A pride and creativity that had been long lost...

But ultimately, it was a glimpse and already, Orre was rebuilding... which also meant restoring the Pokémon League of Orre, shelving the machines again, and capturing new Pokémon to replenish the depleted population pools following the Shadow Pokémon crisis.

But as the news played... two peculiar points came to him.

N, of Team Plasma, had spoken to the officials of the Pokémon League of Unova. Considering how hostile an unawake N could be toward the Pokémon League, this was a clear sign that he was the looping N. But what confirmed it was when Team Plasma, on his behalf, officially denounced and exiled Ghetsis and his cronies, exposing them to the authorities as a sign of good faith.

N was definitely in this loop. However, he was also... quite militant. There was something he must have noticed, some situation he must be in. The feline listened for a while but eventually, grew sick of the insults of the news reporter toward N and switched to another news channel.

...And it was then that he cringed.

The scientific community was baffled by what appeared to be a deep space phenomena... that was clearly his own power in action. The humans had likewise noticed the clear changes to Mars. But on top of their actions was something else...

Sightings of Legendary Pokémon. Still dismissed as rumors but for some reason, the psychic Pokémon had the feeling that soon, he'd be contacted by the Mew's counterparts...

Mewtwo expanded his psychic senses, trying to see if any were nearby.

And at that moment, he'd feel the telepathic message.

'Mewtwo Mew Psychic, your presence is requested by the Legendary Council at the central nexus. Come in four days, 3:00 PM western Kanto time. Subjective time stamp of this message is June 16th 2038. Being late will incur penalties as per council law.'

In short, the message had been made today.

Mewtwo thought about the message for a moment, and said *"...I don't know where this central nexus is."*

And at this moment, he received a small mental nudge. And in front of him, a small holographic emitter appeared. It activated on its own, showing a hologram of the planet and then zooming in to the Kanto region. More exactly, to the west of it, on Mt. Silver. Then, it zoomed in all the way to its peak and pinpointed what appeared to be a tear in one of the walls, near the summit. For some reason, there was a difference with Mt. Silver in this variant...

The absolute peak of it, the very plateau where in game Loops Red's final battle with Jamie, Ethan, Kenta, or whatever his name was in that specific variant took place, had a set of gigantic double doors on it...

...An unimportant detail. His destination was what appeared to a blow tear in one of the walls near the summit.

"Hmm...Well, that's good to know."

Though nothing came to disturb Mewtwo in the next days before he had to leave for , he was able to guess that the world was shifting and moving. Humans were most definitely debating what had happened and he had a feeling that though most Pokémon were unaware of what had transpired, it was not the case with many of those... in the know.

It was such a strange variant, in a way. This world was a paradox, a clash. Fully free-willed Pokémon crossed paths with deities and legends were born from those events. How deep did the

Legendaries' control truly go? Did either side realized how much it influenced the other? Yes, the Legendaries were definitely divine beings in this variant... but mortals in his own baseline had never created a divine being either.

Eventually, the time for him going to the nexus, whatever it was, came. Mt. Silver was... a strange place.

Mt. Silver was spoken of in hushed tones by wild Pokémon. The stories about it tended to be wild, even unbelievable and frankly, if it wasn't from his in-loop memories, he would have dismissed them. Though he had been called to this place, he had not been given actual directions regarding where he'd need to go and thus, here he was, at the bottom of the mountain. A simple teleport past the security stations had allowed him to avoid the scientific camp nearby. He wondered... what kind of place would it be for humans to study it intensely to the point of building a camp at its base?

Frankly, he did not care.

As he begun to climb the mountain, he found himself looking around, his eyes wandering upon the sight. He had never really seen the entire mountain in any loop and it was a new experience, something that all loopers greatly treasured. And well, it was a mountain alright, a freakishly high one. No matter how upward he looked, it seemed that he couldn't even get to see the summit. For a moment, it made him wonder who in their right mind would climb such a mountain. Ash did, as did Pikachu, and apparently others. From what he knew, in most timelines, was the ultimate test for trainers and Pokémon alike.

Despite floating up the trail at a rather high speed, his mind processed all of the details even as he reduced what would be a multi-day climb for a human to a few hours trip. As he begun to climb, it seemed as though the bright light of the sun, the higher you got, gave the mountain an almost silvery, blue color. At first, he thought it was simply a trick from the height, a natural effect of being at such a height... but as he continued to rise and follow the trail, he

begun to realize the stone was too blue for it to be a trick of the light. In fact, it almost looked crystal-like, when he thought about it.

The change in color caused him to take in his surroundings as he continued his ascension. The plants were few and far between, as per the environment but while grass and trees giving away to moss and mountain flowers was natural, he noticed that the colors were getting more vivid as one neared the top. In fact... even though it was the middle of the day, the clouds in the distance were changing colors, turning from simply shades of white to pink, blue, yellow. The sun, even though it was still high, illuminated the world in what seemed to be a mix of the different tones it could show through all times of the day, from dawn to dusk.

Great waterfalls could be seen and he crossed more than a few rivers. The water... sparkled. The light reflected off the crystal-like stone and made it seem transparent, so utterly transparent. For a moment, he found himself wondering if it was truly water. Wild Pokémon looked at him from behind outcroppings and the occasional bush and he realized that the higher he got, the less the environment was like a normal mountain. Great crystalline formations could be seen, spiraling patterns of multi-colored stones. What seemed to be a blizzard, despite the total lack of cold or any logical source for it, started to rise.

What kind of environment was this? The flowers and vegetations was changing as he neared the peak. He stopped for a second, taking in a flower. Or at least, he thought it was one. The wind swaying it like a flower and it had the basic structure of one... but the entire plant was made of a transparent crystal-like substance instead of green plant cells. It seemed to generate light, like a natural lamp of sorts. Looking over to a wild Pokémon nearby, he realized its colors were vibrant, much more than any Pokémon he had ever seen, the colors in fact reminding him of the incredible colors Ho-Ohs could have. Its eyes had a glint... a glow to them and he could feel the ambient power.

He quickly deduced the truth. This place... it felt exactly like the crystal tree, the "stream" of power to which Mew was connected. Except here, there was not just one stream, there was at least nine of them. Even one of them created a surreal environment and now, he was walking up a place where all streams converged.

So... this may be why Mt. Silver is the most sacred place on the planet. A place where all of the streams of power to which all Pokémon are connected converged. A nexus for all Legendary power... effectively the very heart of the Pokémon World. For a moment, he wondered why his in-loop self had never tried to attack this place if he really wanted to take over the world before suppressing the thought. It was a ridiculous idea, one his in-loop self had never even contemplated. Even if his own power was not already flowing through it, was protected by wild Pokémon of such power that the sheer energy bristled out of their bodies and radiated out in a way that was visible to the naked eye. The Legendary Pokémon, all of them, made their home and having witnessed the true cosmic might of Mew in this world... no, no way his in-loop self would defeat all of the Legendaries together, no matter how strong he thought he was.

This blizzard, it was not a real one, he knew it and it was confirmed as he begun to slow down his ascent, nearing the peak. Thunderbolts of multi-colored energy flowed from particle to particle, the blizzard actually being the visual manifestation of the sheer power that coursed this place. Power... it was everywhere, more than he had felt anywhere else. In fact, he probably never felt this much power in an ambient manner before in any loop experience. Sure, he had seen powerful beings... but this was an entire world's cosmic concepts in physical shape, brushing against his body.

There was in the distance something that stuck out. In the middle of the surreal crystalline landscape and the ethereal blizzard was a gargantuan double door gate, on a large platform past a narrow natural bridge. It was the peak of Mt. Silver, the one place he had seen before. The gate was new to this loop, though. The gate... he

wondered what it was. Extending his senses, he noticed that the metallic gate had shapes carved all over it. For a moment, he wondered what they might be... and then realized that they were carving of every Pokémon species. He begun to count but soon enough, realized there were so many images he could not count them, far beyond the thousands. The shapes of every Pokémon species that ever lived, and will ever live, were carved upon the gate.

For a moment, he wondered if this was his destination but he felt... a tug. Some kind of touch, slight but definitely there, on his shoulder. He looked down... and then facepalmed.

A red arrow sign made of plastic was stuck in the ground, pointing to a cave he didn't remember was there in other versions of Mt. Silver's peak. The arrow had 'over there!' written on it and what seemed to be a doodle of him with one of Mew holding paws was drawn on it.

Both his in-loop and own recent experiences of dealing with Mew told him she was behind this. She knew he had never went to a Legendary meeting and probably thought it would be funny. On one hand, it was a nice thought... on another hand, he couldn't help but groan.

After his groan, he turned to the direction the arrow had pointed and floated over to the cave.

After taking a brief moment to calm his nerves.

Walking into the cave, he'd notice that despite its small entrance, it seemed a lot bigger on the inside. The large feline paused, looking all around and noticing how... empty it was. Caves were not normally this empty. There was more than just no Pokémon to this emptiness ; there was no vegetation, no displaced pebbles the floor being completely flat, no imperfections to any of the walls or the ceiling. This cave... was anything but natural.

Well, there was something after all. A second silly arrow sign, this one depicting a stickman figure-like doodle of him being carried

against its will by an over-enthusiastic Mew. Well, at least she is aware of how their relationship in an in-loop manner, and now with him, is building up. Frankly, he was not sure if it was a good thing. But then, apart from surprising him and maybe bruising his ego a bit, she was fairly inoffensive. Fairly. He still didn't like much how she had a knack for removing control of his own life out of his hands despite that him being a looper should cause him to destabilize her instead of the other way around.

Following the arrow, he discovered that there was a second object in this room. A strange hole... like a portal but small, incredibly small. It glowed weakly and was far too small for any Pokémon to pass through ; it was a few millimeters in size at best. However, it was bristling with power and had a strange energy signature, one his in-loop nature felt. This thing could be manipulated and apparently, someone had made use of it recently...

Tentatively, Mewtwo poked the opening with his center digit. He felt a slight tingle. With his digit still there, he reached into the opening psychically, to study it. Then he began to expand it.

Pushing into the opening had a strange effect. It felt as if he was sticking his digit into a construct of his own psychic power and yet, it was not entirely his. It was a strange feeling... but the effect spoke for itself as the opening widening as he pushed his finger through. Then, as he gripped the opening and pulled in opposite directions, the tear opening as though he was tearing through a wall made of paper, revealing the vision of a large, vegetation-covered valley beyond.

A portal... the tear was a portal designed so that only Legendaries could make use of it. Very clever to keep out both wild Pokémon and nosy humans ; no amount of power could get through. Only through one's connection to the elements could one truly access the portal.

"Hmm, very impressive," he said to himself, taking in the sights of the place. Then he looked to the ground, to see if Mew had placed anymore of those arrows. He didn't think they were particularly

necessary, but it'd be rude to ignore them after she went through all the work of putting them there.

And indeed, just as he had suspected, the place was filled with arrows. Despite the fact that it was incredibly difficult the kilometers-tall monstrous spire of multi-colored crystal in front of him, a serie of bright red arrow signs led right to its entrance.

The thing was... very impressive. But then, as he felt the power of this place brushing against his skin, he instantly guessed why. This place was akin to the tree of life, the giant structure born from Mew's crystallized power. his valley was a nexus for the streams of power of every Legendary, all of them converging to form what was effectively a tree of life drawing from every Legendary's power... including his own, he now realized.

But wherever the Tree of Life took on a more organic form, this one was akin to a surreal but still recognizable tower, not unlike the esthetics of his own castles or some of the humans' more fanciful structures. It was certainly impressive. Not as impressive as itself but the air tingled with power and the spire itself was still quite the sight.

The front doors were absolutely gargantuan and as he opened them with a push of a hand, his strength telekinesis-assisted, he realized that the thing was most definitely heavy by several tons; way too much for a non-looping mortal to open. The fact that the doors were so large was also logical ; this spire was made to accommodate all of the Legendaries and he knew that though he towered above most Pokémon, Ho-oh and Lugia were even larger, with the stronger and older breeds being positively gigantic. Given that in this version of the Pokémon World, there existed divine originals of each Legendary species, he guessed, judging by the doors' size, that the original Ho-Oh and Lugia must be giants...

As he found himself inside, two things struck him. One was that the theme of gigantism extended to the inside of the spire. The second point was that Mew had placed arrow signs even inside. That second point made him facepalm again.

Chuckling to himself, he again followed the arrows. As he did so, he wondered about how this meeting would go. Some might say he was worried. He may even have been among that some

The arrows pointed him toward one last serie of doors and as he crossed them... well, the first thing he'd notice was the height of the room. True, he knew the spire was tall but it was one thing to go through halls enlarged for extremely large Pokémon and to enter a room that seemed not to have a ceiling from how tall it was, even with his own enhanced senses. It probably had one, it was just not visible to the naked eye but it was still... something indeed.

But what really got his attention was how cleverly designed this room was. To awe and intimidate the one who entered, to remind one of how small one truly was. It certainly worked ; a serie of incredibly large, incredibly tall thrones surrounded him from every side, the doors closing behind him as he stood before his fellow Legendaries.

On the central throne, the one that was the taller and most elaborate, Ho-Oh herself was standing, her head craned forward as she gave him a harsh glare. Mewtwo couldn't help but think that this was an achievement given the bird's permanent scowl. Directly next to her, on a slightly less tall throne was Lugia, the half-dragon half-bird Pokémon staring at him with a stern but much more gentle expression. To the other side of Ho-oh was the third highest throne, occupied by Mew. In contrast to everyone else in the room, she had a massive smile on her face and was waving at him.

Next to Mew, on thrones still slightly shorter than hers was Celebi's and an empty one, both of an equal height. Celebi had a rather annoyed expression... but her attention was on Mew, not him. Finally, to Lugia's side was a series of thrones, even lower, with Articuno, Moltres, and Zapdos on top of each. Right next to Articuno and Moltres were the lowest thrones, on which Suicune and Entei sat.

Even the lowest throne was sufficiently tall that he was looking up to its occupant. The psychic feline guessed, rightfully so, that this was a

deliberate design choice.

Mewtwo watched them, his body movements and posture carefully chosen to show that he respected them but was not intimidated.

He studied their hierarchy. Ho-Oh sported the tallest throne, which meant he was the most well respected, or the most powerful on the ones who'd deigned to be present. Lugia was lower than him but higher than the others. He didn't know how well that lined up with his baseline, Ho-Oh was elusive even for him.

Mew seemed the third highest ranking of the present legendaries, which was good news for him at least. Celebi seemed annoyed, which fit with what he knew of him in this loop. He surmised the empty throne belonged to Jirachi.

The Birds and the Beasts positions confused him slightly, be he rolled with it. In baseline, the Beasts were loyal to Ho-Oh whilst Lugia kept the birds in check.

Finally, he spoke. *"Greetings."*

"Mewtwo," the voice that came from Ho-Oh 's beak showed that maybe he should double check his guess regarding her gender identity. Not that it wasn't deep but it had a feminine edge that was very noticeable. "You have been called here to answer to your previous actions and to determine whenever you have breached the Silence. Overseeing this meeting is myself, the embodiment of Life, Lugia, the embodiment of Creation, Mew, embodiment of Light, Celebi, embodiment of Time, Articuno, embodiment of Water, Moltres, embodiment of Fire, Zapdos, embodiment of Thunder, Suicune, servant of Water, and Entei, servant of Fire."

There was a brief pause and then, Mew spoke up, clearly out of turn. "What about Deoxys, embodiment of Space?"

"Mew Mew Psychic, you will wait until your turn comes. This is a serious meeting." said Ho-Oh, obviously extremely annoyed and

trying not to lose her cool. Mew rolled her eyes and for a moment, Mewtwo swore he could have heard Mew mutter 'whatever...' under her breath. "It is true that Deoxys, embodiment of Space, is not present today. Deoxys is extremely busy with her own territories in the Tau Ceti solar systems and is unavailable at the moment."

Judging by the way the serious expressions of most council members suddenly mirrored Mew's, Mewtwo surmised Deoxys used this excuse all the time.

"Mewtwo, are you aware of the charges that are pressed against you and the reason of your presence?" In the background, Mew rolled her eyes again and again, he swore he could have heard *'Here we go again...'* being muttered by the psychic feline. Apparently, Ho-Oh thought so because she gave the smaller legendary an annoyed glance before turning her stare back at him.

"I am aware that I have taken actions that may violate your rules. However, I am not intimately aware of those rules. If I broke them, it was in the process of doing what I judged the moral thing to do. Finally, I must reveal that while I am Mewtwo, I am not the Mewtwo to which you are familiar."

"You are Darkness. But the soul attached is different," said Ho-Oh. "Mew has told us. To usurp the power of the divine is a crime, one extremely severe. For by doing so, one steal not merely its power but its life. However, as I have been told, the fabric of reality is damaged and souls are wandering from timeline to timeline freely, as part of an effort to preserve reality."

She paused, staring at the feline. "You know much of the origin of reality. Or at least, a bit. I've heard some fanciful claims about Ash's Pikachu in particular. I do not think those claims are possible. A Pikachu's flesh can only endure a finite amount of power within and such power is held from an external source, not internal. If Pikachu was truly as strong as what you've claimed, he would have vaporized himself the moment he... 'awoke'. This, alone, make me doubt whenever you truly are what you claim."

Mew rolled her eyes but Ho-Oh ignored her.

"But this is neither here or there. Our world exists in a state of Silence. Centuries ago, we decided to let mortals control their own destiny and to greatly reduce our influence, only acting in subtle ways. This was born of our failure to prevent a world war that raged across time and space at the hands of the Fallen. It is our collective belief that mortals are not ready to call upon our powers, that they would be irresponsible, that we would be forced to act in an overbearing and stringent manner. We wish to teach them, not to control them and if the Silence is broken now, we will be forced to control them." Ho-oh said. "Mortals must seek us out. Their faith must be restored through self-discovery, not through dazzling them with miracles. Do you understand our logic?"

"I understand your logic and it is wise. My intentions were not to break this silence, but merely to make up for a mistake perpetrated by the Mewtwo of this reality before I arrived here. "

Mew cringed. She tried not to but it was obvious that she didn't like what he had just said. Noticing the way she reacted, Celebi and both Legendary Beasts, alongside Ho-oh, seemed to gain a rather keen and renewed interest in what Mewtwo was saying. It was obvious he definitely had their attention now...

"Oh? And what kind of mistake might that be?" asked Ho-Oh. The way she allowed her tone to be slightly playful instead of the neutral one she had used earlier was slightly unsettling.

'This is either a very good thing or a very bad thing.'

"He was planning to replace the planet's pokemon with a race of shadow pokemon of his own design. A race he believed would topple humanity and rule a better world. He saw that as just, I did not. I could not release those pokemon into the wild. However, I could not take their lives before they've had a true chance to live them. Nor could I keep them confined and deny them that opportunity. Thus, I

decided to terraform Mars, to give them a place where they could live in peace."

Mew facepalmed.

"Was the incidents with the Cipher organization linked to this plan? Were they a prelude to the plan you have spoken of?"

Now all of the Legendaries were definitely, except for Mew, staring intently at him. The way they stared at him... it seemed as if they were staring at a piece of meat. They seemed... really eager for something.

'Bad then,' Mewtwo decided as he saw Mew facepalm.

"The Pokemon clones are Shadow Pokémon, from what I can tell. But that fact changes nothing. They are still innocent."

His answer seemed to satisfy them...

"So, it is safe to assume that Cipher was your creation. Or at least, Mewtwo's," said Ho-oh, her neutral tone returning.

"From the memories I have access to, it seems he had a hand in their creation."

The smile that Ho-oh had on her face was anything, anything but friendly.

"Thank you. So you have admitted to the council the truth. You are behind the murder of countless innocents, the destruction of civilization across an entire continent, conspired to knock down all of us from the throne, inflicted war crimes upon Chosen Ones and divine beings, and plan to illegally create a world outside of the council's jurisdiction, attempting to replace the natural order with your own."

By now, Celebi was cracking her knuckles in a way that shown she was definitely just about to start lobbing attacks at him while both

Suicune and Entei were growing at him. Lugia was shooting a glare at Mewtwo that shown him nothing but contempt while each of the Legendary Birds had an expression that was the bird-like equivalent of quivering your teeth in rage, Articuno's left eye twitching.

"This is not the same soul. He is innocent of-" Mew's argument was interrupted by Celebi.

"Even if he isn't behind Cipher, he is continuing the same plan, planning to spread those abominations all over a full planet and having already started to create a full planet for them to inhabit. Apart from being a blatant Silence violation, do you seriously believe he'd be any different from the original? He's obviously just asking us permission to build up an army."

"Why would he walk up to us and explain himself then?" pleaded Mew.

"He's managed to sneak by a whole organization by us despite acting in the open and then constantly flaunted his power to us while keeping an edge of deniability. That terraforming Mars plan thing? Perfect cover. Too bad for him that we're not stupid."

"But all he wanted was the best! He didn't mean to-"

"Oh please! You said that for Arceus after he tried fifteen times in a row to bring the total collapse of all time and space!" went Moltres.

"Silence!" interrupted the large phoenix Pokémon. "As tempting as it is to give in to hatred, we must prove ourselves to be better than this. Mewtwo will be judged by his crimes once he returns to us. Right now, we must determine the extent of this soul's sins and what fate he is to experience. For all that he hold the body of a murderer, he must not be judged for crimes that are not his."

Ho-oh craned her neck to stare at Mewtwo. He could see her eyes narrow as she glared at him. "You called the plans of Mewtwo foolish, a mistake... yet, you wished to terraform a planet, to still

create a world, to breach the Silence. The breach of Silence was done in ignorance... but why have you not disposed of Mewtwo's creations? Why not abandon his plan to create a world born of Hatred, of Destruction? Do you truly believe a power where every Pokémon's essence draw its strength from hate as opposed to love would truly be a better world, or even a world that isn't worse than the current one?"

"The clones have never had the chance to live. They've lived their entire lives in tubes. They did not choose to be the way they are. I consider it immoral to condemn someone for something they had no control over. I want to create a place where they have a true chance to live. I do not want to replace this world. I want to give it a neighbor," he replied, passion now in his mental voice.

"Except that they are Shadow Pokémon, beings literally born of hatred. Mindless abominations at best, psychopathic monsters incapable of empathy at worst. Mew told us you hold his memories. You must know what they are. If the Shadow Pokémon do not tear themselves apart, all you will succeed in doing is creating a planet of literal hate-driven and hate-born demons," Ho-oh said. "Still, if you insist that they deserve a chance... then we shall vote. If a majority of the council consider Shadow Pokémon to be worthy of existence, your argument will hold. Else, we will demand their termination."

The large bird fell silent and then shot a glance to Celebi.

"Mewtwo, or whoever you are... have you witnessed any world in which Shadow Pokémon are anything but abominations, either in another timeline or in a possible future? Can you give us proof that those clones are any different from the mindless monsters who tore the Orre continent apart and ended millions of lives, both Pokémon and humans," she said, trying to keep herself calm.

"In the world which I call home, Shadow Pokémon do not exist, or at the very least have not been created. But in every world which I have visited that possesses them, they are not born evil, they are victims of abuse. There hearts closed by twisted science. However, in

everyone of those worlds, one other fact remains true: They are not that way forever. Their hearts can be reopened through love, compassion, friendship. No matter who they are, they can still be cured of the affliction. That goes for even the most twisted and abused Shadow pokemon I've ever encounter," Mewtwo said, his voice still passionate. At the end of the speech, he looked directly at Lugia

Mew facepalmed again. This time, Mewtwo knew why. As passionate as he was, as he begun to speak, images flashed, images of his in-loop self. Of the failures that were the original Shadow Pokémon, of how he wished to create true Shadow Pokémon, Pokémon whose nature was truly attuned to the darkness and did not need to have their hearts 'closed'.

Mewtwo... had just admitted to the council that his creations were abominations. That his in-loop self had been foolish.

That the clones did not deserve to live, being a new generation of Primals ; 'unredeemable' Pokémon.

"So you admit it. That Shadow Pokémon do not deserve to exist. That the only way they may exist is if they are turned to normal Pokémon," said Ho-oh. "Are the clones redeemable?"

The answer was no. They were designed so that their hearts were already 'open' despite being bound to the darkness. To turn them to Light-attuned, normal Pokémon, one would need to close their hearts, to inflict the Shadow Pokémon process in reverse, turning them into mindless beings.

An excessively unpleasant process to say the least; Shadow Lugia's tragic case was unfortunately well-known. The cloned Legendary's sanity did not survive the extensive torture required to turn him into a Light-attuned, normal Pokémon. And that was what it had been ; uncontrolled infusion of Aura energy into a Shadow felt the same as infusing Shadow Energy to a normal Pokémon to close its heart. Its 'redemption' had been messy and destructive.

"Yes, they are," Mewtwo said, with conviction in his voice. *"I do not believe in a world where one's goodness or evilness is decided before they are born."*

"Then each of them shall be purified," said Ho-oh. "Before we deal with the subject of your terraforming incident, we shall ensure they are turned to normal Pokémon."

"I shall get ready for-" begun Mew, only to be interrupted.

"No, you have shown to be increasingly agitated and biased on this subject. Celebi is capable of purifying Pokémon and will be the one to accompany Mewtwo." said Ho-oh.

"But... but..." Usually, when she spoke, everyone listened. But this... was going badly.

Celebi flew off of her own throne and flew down until she was about at eye level, hovering in front of Mewtwo. "If it isn't a problem, I hope to depart with him now." she said.

Ho-oh thought for a moment... and then, spoke up. "There is much to discuss, much to learn... but the most urgent matter is that of the Pokémon. Mars will not move from its orbit and though partially terraformed, we can still cover up that incident. We need to think over what was told and to deliberate. While we discuss this matter, Mewtwo and Celebi may proceed to redeem the clones so that they may be prepared for whatever come next, whatever we decide it might be."

"Mewtwo. You may now leave."

Celebi grabbed Mewtwo's paw. There was nothing gentle or leading to it. She was blatantly dragging him out and not caring if he wanted to come or not. It seemed the emotion was pretty thick in the chamber even as she dragged him out.

"You know... the only reason we did not gang up on you and seal you up is because you're not technically the heartless bastard who sent his thugs to murder children and reduce an entire continent to nothing but a shadow of its former self. Do you have his memories, like Mew said you do?" she spoke, even as she continued to drag him through the hall, obviously not willing to let him walk by himself.

"I have access to them," he said neutrally. This had not gone as good as it could have

"As I understand it, the people who loop are the ones who are close to the anchor. Our Anchor is Pikachu. He and his friends saved me from myself, so there's a large connection between us. Good and Evil are secondary, though the vast majority of Anchors are Good people, and as such so are the vast majority of loopers. "

"Well, that's a relief," she said, a bit of her bitterness vanishing. "For a moment, I thought some higher power was really giving you a break."

She was silent, her anger quickly burning itself out. "Mew believes in you. I know I'm not a looper. I know my perception is little more than a dream compared to the one you were gifted with. But I can still gaze into other versions of my world and sometimes, strange images of incomprehensible worlds can come to me. I've always been able to. I guess... I just want to believe."

She sighed and then she forced herself to smile a bit. "You know... Mew believes you'll eventually choose as the Mewtwo we know did. But I think you're not used to her style. Mew is a bit irritating at times because she is subtle. She like to act carefree and to leave people to figure her lessons by challenging them with the obvious and forcing them to accept and think over it. But... sometimes, it doesn't work. Even with Mewtwo, our Mewtwo, it took him many years to get the hint. So frankly... I'm wondering, myself. If you know why she do as she do. Why she wants you to play along with her games."

"Frankly, I don't really comprehend her. But I can tell she has good intentions. This world is far different from my own, and she has become my guide to it. I rely on her more than I'd like. "

"Mew is eternal, as I am. We have lived for trillions of years. In fact, objectively, Mew has lived longer than reality has. She was born after time was defined in this version of the universe, after all." She stared at him. "She has experienced trillions of years. She has seen countless generations come and go. Most importantly, she has touched the souls, the hearts of mortals, and allowed them to touch hers. Mew was initially genderless, Mewtwo, as we all were. We had no feelings, no emotion once."

She paused as they reached the tear leading outside the valley, back to Mt. Silver.

"Mew chose to love. We all did. Just as your counterpart did. I may not agree with how pushy and a bit 'easy' Mew might be, but she's right on one point..."

"That is true," Mewtwo said. *"This world is so far different from the one I am used to. The Legendary pokemon are so much more powerful. Not exactly intimidating, mind you, since I've met stronger. And the ones I've met are nothing compared to the ones I've heard of."*

"It's not about power," she said. "It has never been about power. It does not matter how strong one's muscles are, how strong one's punches are. Perception and creativity are the true mark of the transcendent. Being able to punch to destroy one planet is pointless if you are stuck in a time loop. Or if you fight something intangible. Or if your foe made you to be never born to begin with. Power... is so overrated."

She smiled, leading him back to . "If power was truly what mattered, why would Legendaries lose to mere mortals? How would beings capable of molding entire planets lose to beings who cannot mold a square meter of dirt?"

"You have a point there," Mewtwo said. Then he thought to himself for a moment, and asked Celebi, *"Tell me Celebi, what do you do to entertain yourself? To pass the time?"*

"And this, is where you talk like a mortal and not an immortal," said Celebi, smiling. "You asked the wrong question. You are making an issue where there is none. You want to know what I do to pass time? I do not pass time. I make time. You try to weave a web of meaning where there is none. Tell me... what do you think free will is?"

"The ability to make a decision for yourself, not beholden to someone else's will."

"That's the mortal's answer and again, it is incorrect." said Celebi, staring at him. "We are all ultimately bound by causality, by karma. Every decision is based on a decision, itself based off another. The very first decision is itself a product of purpose. Free will, as you just described, is an illusion and a lie. This is not what free will is."

She stared downward. "Decision, choice, is always biased and engineered. We are ultimately bound to our very beings, to our limits as existing beings. I know, for I chose to accept Mew's call when she called me to stop being the infinite void and to instead become time itself. I know decision is not the true definition of free will as, being time, I make every decision possible simultaneously at all time."

She then looked to him. "Decision is thus not the factor. It is purpose. The ones who lack free will can still make their own decisions. What they lack is the ability to choose their purpose, to create their purpose. In the end, all existence bend to the rules of reality. What makes the free-willed different is that they choose why they do it."

She then stared at him. "What is your purpose, Mewtwo?"

"I have spent quite some time looking for it. I've never found it," Mewtwo said quietly

"I will give you the truth first," she said. "Your purpose is to be Giovanni's slave. To be his tool of world conquest. This is your purpose in life, Mewtwo."

Before he could speak, she raised a paw, silencing him. "You rejected your purpose and thus, you no longer have one. The reason you have never found it is simple. You do not have one anymore. Your life has no purpose. This is what Mew has been trying to teach your counterpart and now, yourself. The greater truth is... there is no purpose to life. No greater meaning. Mortals can live in the illusion of it. Or they can submit to fate and accept to be robbed of free will. But as an immortal, this illusion will not help you. Mew is trying to open your eyes to the greater picture. Of course, since she's easily bored and think you'd prefer example to a lecture, she mostly hint it at you and try to make you figure it out yourself."

Mewtwo stared at him for a moment. Then he simply said, *"You say purpose is free will? And yet my purpose was to be a slave, a being who by definition has no free will. I do not accept that, nor do I believe beings are born with a purpose. Life has no purpose but the purpose the living make for themselves."*

Celebi blinked a few times and then, finally let go of his paw, smiling widely. "Well, that explains a lot. No wonder Mew's method isn't working! You may look like him but frankly, you're kind of thick."

She paused. "I mean, what I said is pretty simple. You were offered a purpose at life and you rejected it. Now, you spend your time looking for a new purpose while asking me how immortals pass time. You don't pass time. You don't look for a purpose. What I'm saying, and what Mew has been trying to make you understand, is that you got it all wrong. But before anything else... answer my question, answer it truthfully."

She crossed her arms and stared at him, her expression serious. "If the divine give you a purpose, offer you the opportunity to bind yourself to a destiny and to be the instrument of its fulfillment... would you do it? Do you want to fulfill your destiny?"

"If I were to answer that question, the answer would be meaningless. Whether I accept a destiny would be determined by what that destiny is. If my destiny were to be a great hero? That I would accept. If it were to be a humble traveler with impact on the world? That I would accept. But if my destiny were to be a monster, a killer? Then I would not accept it. Nor would I accept a destiny that would make me a slave."

Celebi glared at him. "In short... the coward's answer. Too insecure, too immature, too attached to mortal delusions to grasp for the truth... but with just enough self-awareness and pride to be incapable of playing the role you are setting yourself for. Mewtwo, you cannot long to be a slave and to be free simultaneously. Do you submit to fate or do you reject it? There is no good or bad destiny. There is only whenever you submit or not. Before I or Mew teach you anything, we must know if you actually want to know. And for that, you must answer. Stop avoiding the question and answer."

"If I cannot know what my destiny is, I will not submit to it."

"Irrelevant! Do you submit or do you reject it?" she stressed, now annoyed.

"I just told you I would reject it!" Mewtwo said, getting somewhat annoyed.

"So you are ready to stop looking for your place in the world. Right? Never to look back," she decided to insist, to make sure. She had to make sure he was frank and true with her.

...Was their own version of Mewtwo this difficult to get to understand this kind of thing?

...Hmmm, she should ask Mew sometime.

"Perhaps I should stop looking and start making one," he said, more to himself than to Celebi

"You have finally made the step." said Celebi, recovering her smile. "I'm sorry if I was a bit forceful... but I needed to know where you stand. I know Mew probably told you all that nonsense about love feeling good, about not being lonely, or just plain that it would be fun. But the truth is... if you can't let go of the principle of a higher power dictating how you should live your life, you'll never be able to understand why Mew wants to."

She motioned to , at the wilderness around them. "Mortals are lucky, in a way. They have it incredibly easy. They don't have to think about life, about death. Most of them will be able to let life carry them, their minds soothed by tons of silly ideas that have no basis in anything and they'll die before reality can prove them wrong. But... well, it's a bit pathetic. Sure, they're happy... but when your happiness is a feel-good hormone-only happiness based on vapors and chemicals in your blood, that's... kind of hollow."

She looked to him. "I guess it's why Mew cares about your counterpart and has such high hopes for you. Sure, she can get any two-bits male to drool over her... but she make them happy in a hollow feel-good physical and puppy love kind of way. You don't look for that. And deep down, she don't want it either. But if you're not ready to let go of the idea that you'll feel good if someone tell you what to do with your life, her point will sail high enough above you head it would still miss you even if you were as tall as Rayquaza."

"I can be a bit dense sometimes," Mewtwo admitted. *"I'm also apparently very bad at reading social cues. "*

"A bit like the Mewtwo we know," she said. "I guess... she's moving kind of quickly because she is unsure how much time you have."

She looked at him. "I've got glimpses of those loops... but they're not like my own timelines. They're fragments, small amounts of time, and only slowly expand. Mew knows this, as I do. But we're only outside observers of a phenomenon that is happening at a deeper level of reality than our current access. As Mew and Celebi, we are too limited to get the full picture of those... strange loops. As I said

earlier, I barely see outside of this universe and even then, my gaze is limited to other variations of the Pokémon World."

She paused. "Basically, she doesn't know if you'll be gone tomorrow or in several millennia and if Ash's Pikachu is the Anchor... then we have twenty years at best; Pikachus are very short-lived. Fact is, Mew wants to enjoy what little time she have with you... but she doesn't want it to be merely physical. She could easily make you drool over her and do not think any of your experiences in other worlds can change that. Believe me, I know what I'm saying regarding Mew. However... she wants to create a relationship and to make you happier, to help you grow."

They were at the bottom of already, the green fairy Pokémon still at his side. "Well, I guess this is it. Teleport us to wherever those clones are. I'll take care of things."

"Last I checked, Normal loops lasted around 5 or 6 years. Though that changes at times."

Once they got out, Mewtwo teleported them to the cloning facility.

As they appeared in the facility again, the lights automatically turned on. The green fairy looked around before whistling.

"You know... say what you must but your counterpart is good at building things. No wonder Cipher's technology was so fantastic..." she said before approaching the computers and looking at them. "It's quite the difference between Mew telling you that your counterpart make advanced technology and actually seeing it."

For a moment, she seemed... bothered. "If only he built all of this for the benefit of the world..." that last one was quiet, more to herself than for him.

"So... where are the clones? I guess this is some kind of control room?"

"Well, I have his knowledge. Once I've made up for what he's done, I might be able to use it for everyone's benefit. Anyway, the clones are this way," Mewtwo answered, before turning to lead Celebi to the clones.

Celebi blanched as the lights opened, revealing what had to be millions of clones. Her eyes widened and she seemed at a loss of word. "Well... he wasn't doing things halfway..." she whispered, realizing that when the others had theorized that he was building up an army, they were more right than they had imagined.

Mewtwo would see the fairy Pokémon start to unleash her power. Great circles, not unlike those at her own shrines, appeared on the floor, burning through the metal as she begun to gather her power. It occurred to him that the sudden gust of wind that blew through the room was a result of the temporal distortions she was creating.

In an instant, a soft, green light begun to rise from inside the room and-PAIN!

Mewtwo was hit by a surge of incomprehensible pain, enough to send him to his knees. Millions of souls, screaming in pure agony, infants who felt their very minds torn apart and not understanding why. Hundreds of thousands, all crying out for help.

Celebi increased the output of the light, summoned more of it across time.

It became that much worse. The flow of pain increased to become an unbearable agony, flowing all through him. Telepathic sobs and cries for help escaped from the pods as the clones called out for help instinctively. Each and every one of them was in pain due to Celebi's power.

"Stop!" Mewtwo screamed, not really at Celebi but at the world.

"Why would I stop now? I am currently purifying them!" Celebi gritted her teeth. "They're just as resistant as Shadow Lugia was! I'll need to

increase the output even further!"

Extra rings appeared around her and the light went from green to bright white.

The telepathic screams became deafening. Some of the clones begun to trash violently inside of the pods and though the automatic systems attempted to inject painkillers, it was obvious it wasn't working. The sheer amount of pain was so much that what had to happen, happened.

Mewtwo felt the surge of power. The agony of so many souls all near him was enough that he would feel his power increase. Though he now knew by now that his in-loop self was a divine being, there was a difference between feeling a cosmic connection and having boosted abilites and outright feeling the agony of millions of souls giving you strength.

He probably had enough energy shoved into his body from all that suffering that he'd be capable of grabbing and affecting the entire planet with his telekinesis.

"You're torturing them!" Mewtwo growled.

"Who cares?" she raised her voice, trying to keep her focus. "They're Shadow Pokémon! They deserve to be turned to normal Pokémon, to be given a chance! You confirmed they can never live as they are right now, that in all worlds, Shadow Pokémon had to be purified!"

It was then starting to grow obvious what was happening. The day Shadow Lugia had been purified, his in-loop self had looked into his mind and found only a shattered mind, a ruined soul disturbingly akin to the zombie-like Shadow Pokémon that were his first prototypes.

Primal Pokémon were 'unredeemable' because there was nothing to redeem. The only way to turn them to the light, to make them into normal Pokémon... was to destroy their hearts, to burn them until there was only ashes.

He was witnessing the same torture that his Cipher peons had inflicted upon normal Pokémon, only done on Shadow Pokémon. And the result was going to be the same: mindless docile zombies, only capable of strong emotion when the flows of infused power fluctuated inside them.

Mewtwo knew he could not let these innocents be tortured in this manner. He had to think of something. There had to be a way of fixing this. And if not, he would create a way.

He thought, and had an idea. Quickly, he sent a message to Mew. No one else would be able to sense the communication, but as a result. Mew would have full access to his mind if she chose to look into it. He would have to trust her.

"Mew, I need your help."

Mew had been barred from helping him, the large feline Pokémon knew this. She was probably very far. However, with the sheer surge of power that was going through him, it was easy to reach out to Mew's mind and call her here.

The response was nearly instantaneous. Mewtwo felt a slight push into his mind and then, a massive pink beam slammed into Celebi and broke her concentration, sending her flying into back. As the light died slowly, the surge of power that was going through Mewtwo slowly fading away, he'd see Mew floating where Celebi had been, having just teleported on top of her, effectively tackling her out of the way...

"What the-?! Mew... what are you..."

"There has to be another way, Celebi... I... I felt their pain from accross the world. It's not like last time..." she said slowly.

"Mew, I have an idea for how to help them. I think it's impossible. I think we can do it anyway. Will you help me? It is simple. They cannot exist as Shadows, but they cannot be turned into light beings

without being tortured. Therefore, I propose to make them beings of Light AND Shadow. A balance. It will not be easy, but I believe it can be done."

Celebi stared at Mewtwo as though he was stupid while Mew simply smiled and then exclaimed: "That is a GREAT idea! That would certainly fix a lot of problems!"

Then she put a finger on her mouth and looked away, her expression all serious... it was hard to tell if she was just acting. "However, the real problem is them being different from normal Pokémon. It spooks everybody. Well, except you. And me. But still, spooooooooky Pokémon! So yeah, won't work."

She floated up to Mewtwo, smiling. "Beside, the truth is, though I think it can be done in theory, well... the truth is, we'd need to work together in a way that would require our concepts to be intimately close. And to say the truth, well... right now, we're not close enough for that..." she was embarrassed, scratching the back of her head by the end of her explanation.

"I still won't let a bunch of monsters walk around."

"Then we procrastinate some more!" went Mew.

Silence.

"That wasn't funny, Mew." Celebi was apparently used to Mew's humor, judging by her deadpan.

"No, I'm serious! Like with Ash's Pikachu being his own ancestor. We simply procrastinate until his solution is possible!"

Celebi blinked a few times before rolling her eyes. "... I'm not sure whenever this is incredibly smart or incredibly dumb."

"If that is what you think is best," Mewtwo said, choosing to trust Mew's wisdom

There was a short pause... and then, Celebi sighed before vanishing, leaving the two feline Legendaries together. Mew simply stood still in mid-air, looking at the taller feline...

"I apologise for calling you away from the other legendaries. I doubt they'll be happy about that."

"Actually, thank you." said the smaller, pink Pokémon. "After you left, the council begun to deliberate. Normally, I'm a bit of a goofball compared to my fellow Legendaries but..." she shrugged. "The big cat turned Suicune, Entei, and Raikou into zombies, an entire continent was drained of life, Celebi saw a large part of all the human bloodlines and Chosen Ones she engineered being given cement shoes, and Lugia saw a mockery of him going around murdering hundreds of people on international TV so..."

She nodded. "Yep! Most of the deliberation mostly consisted of them screeching how much they hate you, of the way they're going to get rid of you, and me trying to get them to calm down. They'll get over it eventually, it's just... well... we didn't see an entire continent wiped of life since Kyurem's last rampage. I mean... not even Giovanni at his worst managed to create the amount of havoc you created! And in only a fraction of the time he took! In only a few years, Cipher became more feared than Team Rocket at its worst and you became the most terrifying villain the Pokémon World saw in centuries!"

Then she nodded to herself again... until she realized her goof and had her face turn red. "Hmmm... I mean, your counterpart did, at least! We both know he just want the best. It's just... well, you've been raised by Giovanni too, right? You must know that being raised by a no-fun self-centered piece of work like him can't be good for one's view of the world..."

"Yes, I understand. Now then, I think it's time I introduce you to my fellow loopers. I'm pretty sure it will go smoother than my meeting with the legendaries."

She stared at him. For a moment, she was just smiling. But though she seemed to just be looking at him, he was starting to get her hints well enough to guess that she was truly thinking.

"Why?" she said, after a short while.

Mewtwo thought for half a second, then told her the honest truth.

"Because it will be fun."

And at that moment, she grabbed into his arms, made him hold his paws in front of him and delicately, she held them, their paws touching as she looked up at his face with a gentle smile.

"Then... go on and introduce me to them."

Mewtwo reached his mind out, and found Pikachu once more. Then, he teleported to him.

In an instant, he'd find himself teleporting back outside of the underground base, far from its location. Mew had trusted him with this, following along and it seemed his timing wasn't too bad ; Ash and Pikachu in some forested area. Dawn and Brock were not with him, nearby but conveniently out of sight.

However, Ash and Pikachu did not notice the two.

"Mewtwo? Mew?" went Pikachu, recognizing the former. As he blinked, Ash took out his pokédex.

"No information." it said, in its robotic voice, as he pointed it at Mew. Then as he pointed it at Mewtwo. "No information."

Then, the young Pokémon Trainer's mind finally churned the memories out and he remembered. "Wait... this is a Mew! Like that one back at the tree of life!" he went. He then took on a determined expression that Mewtwo would find familiar...

... it was the one he took when he went to try and capture a Pokémon, like when he had stopped him on his rampage early in his loops and trapped him in a Pokéball.

"Pikachu, it is good to see you again." Mewtwo said as greeting. Partially because he wanted to see how Ash would react to his Pikachu knowing two unknown pokemon who could speak to humans

At this moment, Ash's eyes widened. "It talks? Wow..." he said, slowly, as if in awe. Then he turned to Pikachu and nodded. "We have to catch it! Pikachu?"

Pikachu stepped forward, staring at Mewtwo. "It's good indeed. Things have been... well... a bit crazy." he said. Then, he lowered his voice. "Apparently, I'm my own ancestor in this world. And my baseline is... well, a lot stronger. I've been feeling a lot of power coursing through me and I think I might be longer-lived in this variant. What about you?"

'Mewtwo.' Mew's voice echoed in the greater feline's mind. 'Though Ash is my Chosen One, I influence the path of his life through fate, not through direct control. He is unaware of his true connection to me or to the Legendaries in general. And well... usually, we distract him from trying to catch us by showing him things to interest him or giving him a task. I don't know about you... but as much as I'm thrilled to meet the looping version of Pikachu, I hope you know what you're doing...'

It was obvious she had doubts about how well he had planned this after his goof back in the Legendary Council chamber. He would also feel a slight pulse of psychic power coming from her, one she was telegraphing so he could feel it ; if Ash threatened any of them in a serious manner, Mew would cut off the blood flow in his brain for a fraction of a second, causing him to faint. It seemed she didn't trust Ash to back down, not unless Mewtwo did something to convince him to get his mind out of 'must catch Pokémon' mode.

"Ash, i'm afraid we have both already been captured, so your pokeballs will not work" Mewtwo said to Ash to get him to back off, then he sent a psychic reply to Pikachu

"Well, I'm apparently the god of negative emotions here, and I was behind this universe's cipher organization. And I have been feeling a lot stronger, but i'm trying not to let it go to my head. "

Ash visibly deflated. "Oh. I see..." he seemed disappointed and then, embarassed. "Where is your trainer then? Is he nearby?" He recovered his smile. "Wasn't Mew a wild Pokémon last time we met? So you found a trainer?"

Meanwhile, Pikachu frowned a bit, having seen through the lie but he decided to shrug it off for now. "A god? I'd say you're making this up but well, I've seen a lot of things. This variant is... weird. It's very, very close to the central version but it's... more complicated, somehow. More ordered, somehow."

He turned to Mew. "And I assume you're a god too?"

"Goddess." said Mew, in the Pokémon language. "Your baseline is supposed to father your bloodline with me in the past through time travel. Because I was told loopers can't have children, we've decided to... push it off until you depart."

"I guess so. That reminds me... I've been remembering something. I awoke early and went through most of my adventures with Ash from the main timeline. It's been mostly a vanilla loop so far but there's some things you absolutely must know." Pikachu turned to Mewtwo, his face serious for a moment. "Mewtwo. If a true Legendary is caught in this variant, the world ends. When that talking Lugia and the other Legendary Birds were cut off from their element for even a few hours due to that collector that tried to catch them, it caused the laws of physics to start collapsing. When Celebi was caught in that Dark Ball, it also caused the world to start going through extreme distortions that would have destroyed everything if she had not been freed. What I'm saying is... if what you're saying is true and you're a

real Legendary in this variant, don't get caught Mewtwo. I think that'd result in a trip to Eiken."

"I won't." Mewtwo said to Pikachu in his thoughts, whilst he said audibly to Ash "He only wanted to capture us to prove he could, so he lets go our own way. It's rather convenient for us"

"You mean he doesn't actually train you? Take care of you? Take you with him to whatever journey he may go on? That seems... unfair!"

"Is he this thick in your version of the Pokémon World too?" said Mew with a tone that was definitely less than happy.

"Yes." deadpanned Pikachu. "But he's still my friend."

"You'll be bothered if I send him on a little trip?"

Pikachu looked incomfortable for a moment, which Ash did not notice, since his attention was fully on the feline duo, and then after taking a look at his trainer, sighed and answered. "I hate to admit it... but go ahead. Maybe if he'd be awake but right now? He's not helping and right now, I think he's just embarassing himself."

Mew's eyes glowed briefly and then suddenly, Ash had a dopey smile on his face and begun to point all around him, marvelling at what appeared to be amazing Pokémon only he could see. From the lack of sound coming from him, Mew had also stilled the air around his mouth so that no sound could come out.

"Now that it's just the three of us... you wanted to introduce him, big kitty?" called Mew, her tone and expression growing noticeably less neutral and more playful.

Given the events at the Tree of Life, Pikachu was not surprised to see Mew revealing her more playful side and instead just rolled his eyes. "Technically, we've already been introduced."

"Pffft! That didn't count! You acted like the mousie I know, you said it yourself, with a vanilla-flavored ice cream loop of goodness! Come on, now." she smirked, lowering herself so she was laying on her belly on thin air, kicking with one foot as she stared at the Pikachu with eyes half-closed. "Don't be shy. Introduce yourself. I won't eat you... at least, not in a way you'll dislike! Teeheehee!"

"Mew, this is Pikachu, the anchor of our loops. Pikachu, this is Mew, who was trying to help this loop's me before I got involved and mucked everything up." Mewtwo said with an air of self deprecating humor

Pikachu might have been a looper and technically incapable of breeding due to the loops, he blushed anyway at Mew's tease. The feline delighted into it judging from her expression and from the wink, it seemed she would not be detered by the whole 'no children' thing. Thankfully, Mewtwo changed the subject back to himself and the mouse Pokémon was quick to focus on it, stopping the awkwardness.

"Oh?" said Pikachu. This seemed to genuinely surprise the mouse Pokémon. Given the nature of the loops, it was extremely rare for a looper's involvement to make things worse than baseline rather than better and given Pikachu was an anchor, he was uniquely suited to know this.

"He doesn't exactly have the way with others that the big cat have and his mind is little... simpler. But then, simple can be good too and well, I look forward to teaching him."

Seeing the growing shock on Pikachu's face, Mew kept laying on her belly, kicking her foot, paws resting under her chin as she grinned, her long tail raising behind her. "I can see your surprise. I can probably guess how it is too. You remind me of Celebi. She repeat time a lot, her different timelines constantly seeking the best possible timeline for this version of the Pokémon World. But she forget that just as she move in time, so do others. You have experienced millions, possibly trillions of years within a small coccoon but then, so

did I, only continous. And even then, it's not about age, it's about perception..."

Seeing the Pikachu even more confused at the Mew spouting out philosophy, the feline giggled. "Teeheehee! You should see your face! Hilarous! One would think loopers would be less shocked than the Pikachu and big cat I know."

Pikachu was not sure what to think of it. So Mew is just as playful as in the baseline only now, she got sufficient intelligence to troll people. He's... not sure what to think of it.

... what's up with her legs and curves? Is that variant working out? Why is she shifting to lay on her side just as he's having those thoughts?

Meanwhile, Mewtwo would see Mew glancing back at him as she proceeded to embarass Pikachu and fluster him. A non-awake Mew was making a looper, an anchor at that, completely and utterly speechless.

Mewtwo chuckled quietly to himself. This sort of thing was far less exasperating when it was happening to other people.

And as if on cue, her tail swung slightly and the oval tip of it slid accross his chin, up to his muzzle, in a gentle motion that couldn't be anything else than deliberate. The way the pink feline glanced back to him was very telling.

Pikachu recovered his composure and blinked a few times as he noticed the way she was staring at him. Sure, she was playful and rather teasing in the way she acted toward him which made sense given what he learnt about his baseline's destiny regarding Mew in this variant but... the way she glanced at Mewtwo was... different. And not something he had expected.

Pikachu had his insufferable innocent, adorable Pikachu smile as he looked up at Mewtwo, head tilted. "So... what's this variant's

relationship with that Mew?"

"She's a flirt and the old mewtwo couldn't keep it in his non existent pants" Mewtwo growled, but there was no real malice in the remark.

As Mew turned her gaze back to Pikachu, the mouse Pokémon finally got it. He blinked a few times and Mew pre-empted him. "What, you think that's weird? You don't know me. I'm not your version of Mew. I'm not a version of Mew. I am Mew, a soul you did not meet before." she said, keeping her smirk.

"Now... I want to see your power."

Pikachu blinked a few times. "What do you-"

"Not in that way. I know you were there during that time back with the Tree of Life. But I didn't truly cut loose. That sub-dimension bubble trick was only the beginning. You're a looper. Mewtwo says you're as strong as me. So... I want to cut loose. I want to have some REAL fun with you. To see how your mind has grown since you begun your journey."

Pikachu glanced back at his trainer, still marvelling at Pokémon only he could see. "But Ash-"

"Ash can take care of himself. Do your life only revolve around him?" Mew's playful tone became slightly less playful when she said that last question though she hid her true annoyance the best she could.

"... fine."

Lifting herself so she standing in a bipedal stance on thin air, Mew turned back to the taller feline, paws joining behind her back as she smiled at him. "Alrighty! Now silly kitty, we're going somewhere funny. I want you to pay attention. Oh and try to have fun, okay?"

"Very well." Mewtwo said "Though I warn you, do by careful. If you cause too much damage the loop will end"

"I've already played with Mew before, back during the Tree of Life. I've done that quite a few times and it never went wrong in any variant. Though... I guess I'm eager to see how things go when I change things up a bit. I've actually did so quite a few times but it was in other loops."

Mew smiled widely, lowering herself to the ground. "Alrighty. That's the spirit. Now..." she glanced back to Mewtwo. "I want you to watch and listen. I think this will turn out neat!"

"Okay." Mewtwo said, preparing himself

Meanwhile, Pikachu grinned to himself, feeling eager

What happened next... was difficult to describe. With Ash in his own little world and his friends busy doing things, Mew and Pikachu had time to themselves. The smaller feline had wanted him to trust her more, to stop worrying and to stop understimating her.

He saw her glance at him and wink, making a hand gesture. It was so strange, she was so playful and yet, the way she thought and acted... it was just so strange. Pikachu seemed relatively happy, which was a good thing, he guessed.

And then, the sky turned pale pink and the earth moved. There was no earthquake ; the earth was pushed aside as if it was sand, brightly colored spheres starting to rise from the... empty space where the ground had been. Mew quickly landed on one of the spheres and then smiled to Pikachu.

Pikachu was already familiar with this ; he had experienced this before. But this time, he knew why Mew was so eager. In the baseline, Pikachu had been unable to affect the scene and had spent most of it utterly confused but now, thanks to his experiences and the powers he gained as a looper, he could actually play with Mew for real. And play he did. The two cut loose.

Gravity inverted itself, the two's wills on physics mixing and splintering. The colors blended while the sun suddenly shone rays from all sides, creating great rainbows that the two rode. Mew thrown one of the bubbles at Pikachu, who grabbed it and quickly begun to change its shape, making a balloon animal of it. The earth moved again, forming what appeared to be mountains but Mewtwo could feel that the world was not truly being changed, it was all illusions with some power applied to make it feel real.

Art. It suddenly hit him.

Mew was throwing sploshes of color, reshaping things, rearranging things as she jumped and flew, giggling at some of the forms that Pikachu made who followed her. Bouncing on the bubbles in the baseline had been fun but Pikachu, finally grasping the true significance and beauty of what Mew had done, enjoyed it fully.

It was ironic ; he, Pikachu, an anchor finding novelty and amazement in an event from the baseline due to a simple perspective flip.

For a moment, Mewtwo would find himself realizing the true difference between this Mew and the one he knew... or was she truly that different? At first, he hadn't really understood why she had created all those bubbles and made that huge scene out of a kids' book but now that he was truly, fully looking at it...

Was it Mew who was truly immature?... or was it him?

"More! You got to have seen such amazing shapes in those other worlds! Show me!" called the feline.

And the spectacle became even more surreal. And through the simple act of entertaining one another, Pikachu and Mew learnt much about each other. Mew saw shapes of species from other worlds, saw Pikachu remaking scenes from his adventures, images of some of the funniest pranks and antics he had experienced. Mew, in turn, shown him images from the distant past of the Pokémon World, images he had seen but never from this perspective before...

And as he stood, apart from that spectacle, the realization struck him. Why Mew had become so disappointed at his earlier attitude.

It should be him in there, not Pikachu.

"Mew! Pikachu!" Mewtwo called out to them "What you mind if I joined you? You look like you're having fun!"

There was a sense of happiness in his voice that Pikachu rarely got to hear. He was glad. When a friend was feeling happy, Pikachu was usually Happy as well

And this definitely surprised them. For a moment, the two stared at him... but then, before he could come to the wrong conclusions, he'd see the smiles form on both of their faces.

"Sure! Show us what you can do!" went Mew, sitting atop a balloon currently taking the form of a strange creature from a world that Mewtwo had never visited, the female cat Pokémon motionning for him to come.

Pikachu glanced at Mew. He... had never expected this. Not from Mew, not from what an unawakened soul. It did give him a new perspective. He had never thought he could be surprised by a non-looper like this, not after so many loops and it only served to show how little he truly knew despite all of his loops. But then, he figured it made sense ; hadn't he seen how diverse the lives of others could go, having experienced the lives of others through his many loops?

Still, it did give him new ideas for new pranks and that was always fun. And well, he was curious as to what Mewtwo would do.

Mewtwo began, much like they had, with shapes, but ones which had a flare distinct to him. They were spheroid Pyramids, Cubic Spheres, and flat cubes of a variety of colors that changed at every second. Impossible shapes, yet there they were.

The colors faded, and events began to play. They were events from his life, and each had a unique perspective. One of the images was naught but head, another made of pure motion, and a third was time itself. The scenes were, on the face, impossible.

And yet that impossibility to the normal mind was the key, the driving force. To them it was a simple matter to perceive them, but they still understood what this was.

To Mewtwo, Curiosity was beauty. These creations were Curiosity manifested into reality, beautiful in their own right and at the same time inspiring beauty onto others

And as if to answer Mewtwo, he'd notice the theme in Mew's own creations shifting.

Pikachu backed away, knowing that his presence was no longer necessary and wishing to view what was going to happen with his own two eyes. What Mewtwo made was utterly bizzare, very hard to understand, and much more akin to how he had felt when faced with him in the baseline. It was... strangely refreshing. He had been used to 'look down' upon Mewtwo, in a manner of speaking. To see him actually pull out concepts and ideas in shapes he could not easily grasp was something he had not seen from him in a very, very long time.

And just as Mewtwo went with the incomprehensible, so did Mew. But while Mewtwo unleashed impossible and purified images, Mew went from the opposite.

She created the image of a simple blade of grass... but varying on the angle, one could see reflections of every single breath of wind it had felt, of every time it had been half-eaten by a Pokémon, of the feelings of the soil, of the events it had paid witness to, both important and minor. Its colors and state changed varying on the view.

While Mewtwo shown him difficult concepts, Mew shown him simple ones. Food, wind, life, a pair of Pokémon in love... and yet, all so diverse, changing, fluid.

And at this moment, Mew begun to assemble them.

Blades of grass were merged with water, forming a sludge. Light flew from all parts and filled it with the concept of energy. Her own psychic powers took on a different shape, now appearing as giant paws. He saw the light flow and solidify before shining through the mixture. Then, the mixture was shaped into what seemed to be simple circles, simple lines. The lines and circles begun to slowly line up... and it became obvious she was drawing a DNA helix.

She made the helix shrink and multiplied them. Unrelated elements, simple concepts were mixed at an increased pace, faster and faster. He saw the Light split into the concept of heat, the concept of food, the concept of electricity.

The light slowed down and solidified again. Space. It begun to move. Time. Electric signals inside of the formed construct moved. The bubble of flesh and bone begun to take shape. Birth. Life.

Life was still. Liquids mixed, electric signals mixed, and a brain was formed. Instinct.

Mewtwo was staring at a replica of a simple Rattata. Mew smiled at him...

An impossibly high amount of concepts and elements, all forming simple results which themselves were merged. If you went at it one step at a time, it was so utterly simple a child could understand it but the sheer amount of steps, the sheer amount of details that all merged together...

"Nothing is complicated. Everything is simple."

She dismissed the image of the Pokémon. It dispersed into pure light, flooding the area in a great radial blast of colors. There were so many, the eyes of none of the Pokémon could see even a tenth of them ; they were far beyond the visible spectrum. Yet Mew understood this color and she now thrusted that Mewtwo would be able to.

Just as he had shown her the intangible, abstract concept of Curiosity, Mew was trying to show him another abstract concept. She had gotten his own point without asking him for a hint. She wondered... would he get what she is trying to show him?

He did understand.

Love. It did not exist in the physical form of the Rattata. It had not been given to it by Mew.

And yet there it was, there it had been. It was not lust, It was not desire, it was not pleasure, and it was not happiness those were physical things, things rooted In the chemical and physical processes. Love was something else. Love was not given by anyone. Love was the soul, not granted by Mew but still a part of every life.

Mewtwo smiled. It was beautiful.

And she knew he had finally understood. "And this, is why I wanted you to experience it."

She was suddenly so calm. Not exactly serious but rather, calm. For a moment, Mewtwo thought that Mew's body had turned white. Upon looking more carefully, he realized she was indeed now white instead of pink. There was also something... oddly masculine about her now.

"I was not Love initially, just Light. I was truly genderless when I was born, too. But just as I touched mortals and changed their lives, they also changed me."

Her body became pink again and the androgynous feeling disappeared, leaving her looking as normal again. Well, normal for that variant of Mew anyway. "Is there any particular reason why mortals should have souls or love? Is there any reason you, or I, should have souls or love? None whatsoever."

She smiled gently at him. "This is what I meant earlier, when I told you 'why not?' when you asked for a reason for me to pester and annoy you about it. Because there is no meaning, no purpose to anything or anyone. We created fate for this world because we believed that existence needed one. But we no longer use Jirachi's services, keeping him almost completely sealed because we realized it was a crutch."

"There is no reason for you to take on my offer. You are right and as I acknowledged, there is no meaning in it. Even if you were not sterile due to your status as a Looper, you will probably not stay long enough for it to matter biologically. My entire point was... why do we do anything at all? Is there any more purpose to your curiosity as there is to my love? None. They are simply beautiful. And just as we share curiosity, I want to share this concept with you too."

She glanced to see Pikachu blinking and giggled briefly at his expression. It was obvious he had not expected them to turn the show of light and bubbles into this. She waved at him before turning back to Mewtwo.

"Now now... you do not need to answer. For now... please keep showing me what you know, how you feel. It's beautiful. I want to see more of you..."

She conjured a large blue bubble and sat on her haunches on it, tilting her head, tail rising behind her as she watched the larger Pokémon, wondering what concepts or images he'd conjure next while thinking on what she'd likewise show him next.

Mewtwo nodded, and with a thought, he showed her more. More beautiful curiosity, and yet other beauties.

And then he watched, as she showed him more beauty of her own.

It was, to put it in the utmost of simple terms, a really good day.

12.2 (Zerodius)

"Seriously, did you spike my milk this morning? Or the last few mornings?" Celebi had no idea why that Mew was following him, why it was referring to him as 'her', or why it kept smirking like this. It had dogged his heels for the last days and no matter how far he teleported, there she was! He was seriously starting to consider making a quick jump through time just to ditch the annoying pink thing.

"For the last time, I have no idea what you're talking about and I know no "big cat"! Now please leave me alone!"

"Pffft! You're no fun! I'll go over there!" And then, at long last, the infernal feline left him alone. He quickly teleported himself all the way to Unova. That had to be sufficiently far from Johto for the thing not to follow him, right? He hoped so.

Meanwhile, Mew sat on top of some branch in some non-descript tree that she did not care for. She had her legs crossed and had a paw on her chin as she overlooked the world. Somehow... the world felt different. In fact, she felt different. Like the warmth of the sun had grown so... so much less warm. Oh, she still loved it and it still made her purr but she... did not feel her connection to it. Well, not to the ball of nuclear fire that it was but rather to its rays. In fact... she could not feel the smiles or the joy of the Pokémon all around her. Was today a no-smiling day? Naaaaah... Celebi would have revealed it to her if she had done something like that. What was up with Celebi, too? She sounded... so... androgynous, like she was neither male or female. In fact, she felt... blind. Small, somehow.

Okay okay, she's always small but well... it's just...

Mew put a paw on her belly and then slapped at her pear-shaped body curve. Usually, the curve was tight, smooth, sensual, everything she needed to score some cute males but today, for some reason, she felt a jiggle to it. Fat. She was slightly fat. She's never fat! Yeah, occasionally she is but there's no reason for her to be like this! Likewise, she felt her legs under her. So loose, lacking the strength she usually had. In fact... now that she thought about it, she didn't feel that strong. Sure, she could probably do some crazy stunts right now but compared to her usual feeling, she felt that it would take all of her strength to lift up all the way in Kanto. Usually, it would take itself to make her break a sweat. So... what was up with that?

Time for her to go troll the big cat!

With a teleport, she arrived at... wait... how come she's so out of breath? Did...

She teleported her tail into a wall and almost all of her into it. She's... oh dear. O-okay just use Recover and... and... there! Tail's back on her body! No need to freak out! Dying isn't fun but it's not like that's a problem, right? Would have been a pretty silly one though! Still... she did not recognize this place. It... was definitely a laboratory but it wasn't like any one used by the big kitty. Why would he replace his spiffy lab at New Island? She thought he liked it just the way he kept it! She-

It was then that loop memories set in.

Her mind worked in overdrive. Confusion, panic... but also ellation, curiosity. She was... this was the past, right? No, this was not her timeline and Celebi was not behind this. Likewise, she remembered the years spent with the timeline of Mewtwo that looped. This meant...

Mew smirked. It was a very large, very naughty, characteristically kitty-like w-shaped one. Oh this is going to be FUN!

"Meeeeew!"

Mewtwo and his army of clones stopped. Ash had emerged, followed by all the originals. It had looked like a great battle might have occurred when Mewtwo saw his original, his destined enemy. His eyes narrowed as he glared at her. He could see the mocking smirk on its face, the way it didn't take him seriously.

"Why so serious, everybody?" All of the humans turned to face the smaller Legendary. If its appearance had been a shock, it talking the human language just like that clone Pokémon was even more so. And before anyone could truly recover or Mewtwo could begin to comprehend why the smaller Pokémon had said something so deeply stupid, she was floating right up in his face, her muzzle against his own, blue eyes locked with his. "You look so tense! You should relax!"

Then, of all things for her to do, she giggled. She. Giggled. At. Him. Was she taking him seriously at all?! "Geez, your face's all red! Is something wrong?"

And then pandemonium happened. Gravity ceased to be a thing, He saw his cloned Venusaur floating by while a couple of originals flailed about on what appeared to be pink bubbles of all things. Even the humans begun to cartwheel through the air while wondering aloud what was going on. To say that the situation had turned overly ridiculous and surreal was an understatement. He was not going to be mocked like this! He steeled his nerves and gave the infernal pink feline the most fearsome death glare he could manage, his fists clenching.

"Mew! I am-"

"Mewtwo. Strongest Pokémon ever. A clone of me." she preempted before he could say it. He found himself thinking she was the most annoying thing in the history of forever. And there she was, floating in

front, arms crossed and looking at him as if he was some child. "You know what? I don't care. You're a Mew! That's cool!"

He had expected taunts or being dismissed as not being a threat. That... *"I am a clone! I am-"*

"Who cares?" went Mew, suddenly grabbing into his shoulders and putting her feet on his belly. Is... is she rubbing herself against him? Is she... PURRING?! "I mean, you're freakin' huge! And wicked cool-looking! You're six, nearly seven feet of pure Mew awesomeness! Who cares how you came to be when you've got this much amazing?"

She was obviously just trying to distract him! He will not be fooled or mocked in this manner! This is an insult! He pried her off of him and held her there by the sides. She just hanged from his paws, staring and purring at him like some common, lazy Meowth! How dare she compare him to her?! *"Your attempt at dis-"*

poof

He felt something smooth, like skin with a hint of smooth, fine fur against his chest. A something that was purring. He pried her off of him again. *"I said: your attempt at-"*

poof

He pried her off again. *"Your attempt a-"*

poof

"Your attemp-"

poof

He didn't even get to hold her away from him before she teleported right against his chest. She... oh for the sake of all that is good and not-so-good in the universe! She's rubbing her cheek against his chest now?! *"STOP MOCKING ME!"*

She stared at him with the most innocent expression ever. Most annoying Pokémon ever? More like most intensely aggravating Pokémon ever! "I'll stop mocking me when you'll stop wasting my time. I mean, seriously? Boasting like that? Why not beat your chest like some Primeape while you're at it? Besides, you're comfy!" Upon further thoughts, he thinks he's starting to outright hate her.

"You have failed. The world you have created is-"

"Corrupt. Filled with humans who don't make the difference between enslaving Pokémon and befriending them. Pokémon who are too lazy to fight for their own rights and never made a civilization of their own, instead parasitizing the humans'. Oh and Giovanni. Can't forget him. Did I get them all?"

He was speechless. Just... speechless.

"Do you really think that your little plan would have worked out?" Now, he definitely wasn't speechless anymore! Did she just insult his intelligence and his plans?! Clones are much better! They- wait... why is she suddenly pointing to his left? Why would she... want him... to... oh.

Mewtwo facepalmed as he saw his cloned Venusaur being applauded by two of the humans and a Pikachu as it did mid-air acrobatics for them while nearby, his cloned Charizard and the original were currently busy bickering for the sake of bickering.

Why? What did he do to deserve this?

"Aaaaaw don't be so sad. We can totally work together to fix the world!" No. No! He's done! He doesn't want that infernal pink... THING... to be anywhere near him anymore! "But for now, you need to cheer up!"

Mewtwo's left eye begun to twitch as Mew begun to spin around him like crazy while mewing like a Meowth that ate fifteen chocolate bars.

His patience having reached its limit, he responded the only way that was logical.

THUMP!

He fainted. Mew giggled.

12.3 (jxz)

"...No." Pikachu said to Mew and Mewtwo.

"Pleaaaase, Pikachu! I want to see how an Omacool would look like!" Mew pleaded with the electric Pokemon.

"No, Mew. We are in a Helix Variant, and I'd rather not risk myself with an Antichrist made by technology," Pikachu said. He then turned to Mewtwo and said. "No offense."

"None taken."

"Buuut-"

"Let me tell ya something. You two can do your experiment next Baseline Loop, and I'll help personally. Heck, we can even make a Snorkazam!"

"Snorka-what now?" Mew asked.

"A bad experiment I did once. Bottom-line, if we ever make one, we make sure we have enough food," Mewtwo said. *"We don't want a repeat of the last time..."*

"Yeah, New Island looked like the Black Ruins after that."

"...Wow." Mew's eyes were sparkling. She couldn't wait to make that Pokemon!

12.4 (theburper)

Virizion stared at Oshawott... who was dumping 3DS cartridges into a giant mortar.

"Oshawott, what are you doing?"

Emolga walked up behind Virizion. "He's firing a summary of baseline events at the main event of baseline."

The water type on top of the artillery screamed back at them. "No, I heard you liked cannons, so I put canon in your cannon so you can fire a cannon at canon."

12.1 - Mew and Mewtwo's Loop, finally completed. This is really long, and I can't really get everything. If certain things are contradictory, they probably won't be mentioned again.

12.2 - Oh look, Mew is Looping!

12.3 - I found a Pokemon Fusion generator. It only has the Gen 1 mons in it, but...

12.4 - ...I got nothing.

Chapter 13

Today's Update is a special one! ...Literally. At this time, for the next few compilations, we are officially in an Anime-free zone! This is to give some spotlight to Mystery Dungeon and Special, as they've been being neglected. As a consequence, this is also a 'me'-free zone, as I have written *nothing* lately.

And, as always, if you ever want to contribute yourself, stop on by the thread on Spacebattles, Pokemon: The Loops 2000 . Registration is free!

13.1 (Conceptualist)

Red Awoke, and was rather worried once he realized that he had no real ability to sense his surroundings. No eyes to see with, no ears to hear with, no nose, no *nothing* . What Loop Memories he had were strange, blurry, and mostly blank.

As he calmed down and Pinged the loop, Red started to mentally poke around, er, what ever he had looped in as this time. Two Pings replied very quickly, as if from right next to Red's location.

-Y- Hello? Anybody? -Y-

Surprised by the sudden burst of [MEMORIES/WORDS/IDEAS/INFORMATION] that appeared within himself, Red shouted out in shock.

-R- GAAH! Who said that? -R-

-Y- Red? Is that you? -Y-

-R- Yes. Is that you, Yellow? -R-

-Y- Uhun. What's going on? -Y-

-B- Hi guys. This is Blue. -B-

-R- Hi. -R-

-Y- Hello. -Y-

The three whatevers were silent for a moment, as they reflexively tried to observe their surroundings and promptly were struck by the aching of nonexistent heads from the pure lack of information they just received.

-B/Y/R- Ow. / Owie... / Ouch. -B/Y/R-

Flinching from the, for lack of better words, blindingly reverberating noise caused by the three of them 'speaking' at once, the trio mentally recoiled from each other and cut the contact off for a bit.

-Y- Um. Are you two still there? -Y-

-R/B- Yes. / Yes. -R/B-

-Y- [FLINCH/DUCK/RECOIL/HIDE] -Y-

-B- [EXPLETIVE] Yellow, are you okay? -B-

-Y- I'm fine, just was a little startled. [REMEMBERING/VERBIAGE/CONCEPTUALIZING/INFORMING] from both of you at the same time is kinda loud and bright. And I now I taste purple all over. -Y-

-R- Is that a bad thing? Normally I'd say it was, but who knows with whatever we are at the moment. -R-

-B- [REALIZATION!/EUREKA!/IDEA!] I know what we are! But I want to be sure first. Both of you, say, um, say Pokémon on the count of three. -B-

-B- 1. -B-

-B- 2. -B-

-R- Wait, are we going *on* three or after three? -R-

-B- After, 'cause if you go on three we'll all be [REMEMBERING/VERBIAGE/CONCEPTUALIZING/INFORMING] at once again. Speaking of that, 3! [BRACE/PREPARE/STURDY] -B-

-Y/R- Pokémon. / Pokémon! -Y/R-

-B- [SMUG] -B-

-R- Well, what are we? -R-

-B- The colors of a color wheel, obviously. Or at least a conceptual color wheel, anyways. Yellow 'tasted purple' when you and I [REMEMBERED/WORDED/THOUGHT/INFORMED] together, and just now I tasted orange from you and Yellow. -B-

-Y- That's... -Y-

-B- A stupid thing to loop in as, I know. Doesn't change what it is. -B-

-Y- Actually, I was going to say it was an awful pun on our names, the worst the loops have thrown at us yet, but what you said works too. -Y-

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13.2 (crossoverpairinglover)

Ruby, coordinator extraordinaire and one of the two Loopers in this region baseline wise, watched with some concern as his fellow Looper Sapphire Woke up, and proceeded to tear away the clothes he had prepared for her rather ferociously.

Of course, he was covering his eyes as she did so. He was a gentleman, after all. That, and Sapphire could, in theory, remove his limbs with her bare hands.

"Those were gifts, you know," Ruby pointed out as Sapphire realized what she had done and sighed.

"Sorry, it's just I recently had a Fused Loop with Life Fibers and..."

"Life what?" Ruby hadn't heard of those.

"Life fibers; parasitic alien lifeforms that arrive on planets, use the planet's most intelligent lifeform as hosts by making them take on a sense of shame and wear clothes, which they inhabit. They then cover the planet and destroy it to spread further life fibers across the galaxy"

"That...that sounds retarded!" Ruby sputtered at the idea of a Loop where clothing was actually a race of parasitic aliens. "What sort of messed up Loop would have something like that?!"

"It has a certain feel to it that reminded me of the Loop where Kamina comes from."

Ruby rolled his eyes. "That figures."

13.3 (zeusdemigod131)

It was a normal day for Team GoGetters. They were only a few weeks into their Loop and were already planning a trip to Sky Tower to take care of the meteor early, then have the rest of the Loop to relax.

"Reviver Seeds," Squirtle read off a list.

"Check," Chikorita replied.

"Oran Berries," Squirtle asked.

"Check," Charmander replied.

"And I've got Fly," He said, dropping the TM in his pocket. "Looks like we're good to go."

"Right," The three Looper made their way out of their Team Base and towards the path that would lead them to Sky Tower.

"Think we can recruit Rayquaza this time?" Charmander asked. "It'd probably help with Kyogre and Groudon."

Squirtle was about to respond when a clunk from their mailbox interrupted them, he looked back to see that Pelipper had landed and dropped a letter in their mailbox. The mail 'mon promptly took off.

Reaching into the mailbox with her vines, Chikorita pulled out a flyer and opened it.

"Emergency town meeting, all Rescue Teams to report to town Square immediately..." Her eyes widened. "Especially Team GoGetters."

The three partners looked at each other. "You think it's a trap?" Charmander asked.

"I don't see why it would be," Chikorita responded. "Squirtle doesn't usually go around telling everyone he was a human anymore, especially if we're all Awake."

"Then why do you think they mentioned us by name?" Charmander asked.

Squirtle turned towards town and said. "Only one way to find out."

The three members of Team GoGetters were cautious as they made their way into town, they had gone through things like this before, usually with Gengar ranting against Squirtle at the center.

This time however, no one even noticed them arrive, everyone was too engrossed in... whatever was at the center of the crowd of Pokemon.

"If you're looking for a good team to join, why not us?" One Pokemon asked.

"No way, you belong on our team." Another argued.

"Umm... no... thank you for the offer but..." A slightly timid voice spoke up.

"We're just trying to find our friends," Another chimed in.

Squirtle's eyes widened as he recognized the voices, deciding not to make a scene, the Anchor simply cleared his throat. "What's with the meeting? We had a serious mission planned for today."

As soon as he spoke, two being rose above the crowd. Both had a similar body shape, the main difference being the coloration, one was ruby red, the other sapphire blue. The red one was the slightly smaller member of the team.

"Squirtle!" Latias chirped happily. "We were wondering when you guys would show up."

"Yeah," Latios added. "We've been having the craziest past few weeks, what the heck is going on?"

"You know these two?" Kangaskhan asked.

Squirtle nodded. "Yeah, they're members of Team GoGetters, we just got... separated, a while back."

The Eon Pokemon both looked at him in confusion, but Chikorita whispered. "We'll explain later."

"Well..." Alakazam began. "I am glad you managed to find your teammates. But what caused you to be separated in the first place?"

"Latias got lost in Pitfall Valley," Squirtle explained. "And when Latios went to find her, he ended up getting lost too."

Latios tried to speak up, but Chikorita clamped his mouth shut with a vine.

Most of the Pokemon present nodded their heads, accepting the explanation. "Well dearies, I'm glad you're alright, and if you ever need anything, come and see me." Kangaskhan said.

"Thanks," Charmander said. "Now we'd better get these two back home."

Squirtle, Charmander, and Chikorita pushed the Eon Pokemon out of town, much to the Legendaries complaints.

Once back at their Team Base, Team GoGetters, now two members greater than when they had left, sat down in front of the base.

"What's going on here?" Latios asked. "Why didn't anyone remember us? How come we weren't at Southern Island when we woke up and..." He sighed. "Guys, what's going on?"

Despite himself, Squirtle laughed.

"Is something funny?" Latias asked.

"No," Squirtle said. "It's just that it's been a while since we got any new Loopers."

"What?" Both Eon Pokemon asked at once.

Chikorita sighed and pulled a few note cards from her pocket. "Well, here's what's happening..."

"And that's why time is repeating itself." Chikorita finished.

The Eon Duo stared at the Grass-type in shock. "Are... are you serious?" Latias asked.

"Very serious," Squirtle answered. "Sorry, I know this is a lot to take in, we haven't had to give the 'Welcome to the Multiverse' speech very often."

Charmander and Squirtle had both gotten the speech from Pikachu and Ash, and until just this Loop, Chikorita had been the only other Looper to Awaken.

"And it's been a while since I started Looping," Chikorita added helpfully. "You two are the first new Loopers that we've gotten in a while.

"So," Latias began. "It's just us then?"

Latios looked at his sister in shock. "Wait, you actually believe all of this?"

She nodded. "Why would they lie about something like this?"

Latios thought for a second, then sighed. "I guess you're right," He said before turning to his teammates. "Sorry but... like you said, this is a lot."

"It's alright," Charmander said. "From what I've heard, most new Loopers react the same way."

Latios smiled. "So," He began. "What do you guys normally do around this time?"

"It depends," Squirtle began. "If we go Baseline, I usually end up a fugitive in a week or two and we have to go find Ninetales to prove I'm not."

"Sometimes we just follow that path to meet and beat all the Legendaries along the way," Charmander said with a grin.

Squirtle rolled his eyes. "This time we were going to try and end the problem with the meteor early."

"We were on our way to Sky Tower," Chikorita said. "We want to see how soon we can take out the meteor in the Loops."

"You mean the battle with Rayquaza?" Latias asked, remembering what her teammate had told her. "And Squirtle nearly going back to the human world?"

Charmander nodded. "Yeah," The Fire-type thought for a second, then smiled. "Actually, I think I have an idea."

Rayquaza, Lord of the sky, sat at the top of Sky Tower, just at the edge of the atmosphere.

The great sky dragon sighed contently, fully at peace in his-

"Hi!"

The Sky High Pokemon jumped back in surprise. "What the?... Where did you come from!?"

Latias shrugged. "My brother, my friend, and I just flew up here, didn't even get much trouble from the other Pokemon."

"Your... brother?"

"That would be me," Latios answered. "We came here because we need your help."

Rayquaza growled. "You invade my home and expect me to assist you?!" He shouted. "I don't care who you are, prepare yourselves!"

The Eon Duo turned back to Charmander. "Does he ever listen to you the first time?"

"Almost never," Charmander said. "You sure you wanna do this? I can probably handle him."

Latios and Latias smiled. "I think we can do this," Latias said. The pair turned back to Rayquaza. "Ready big brother?"

Latios smiled. "Ready sis."

"Dragon Pulse!"

"Dragon Pulse!"

Back in the Team GoGetters base, Squirtle was pacing by the door. "I don't know if I like this," He said.

Chikorita rolled her eyes. "Just relax," She said with a smile. "It's not that often we manage to get through a Loop without you turning into pixie dust."

Squirtle sighed and turned to her. "I know, but I still-"

His objection was interrupted when a beam of light far in the distance shot straight up, disappearing somewhere in the upper stratosphere.

"Huh, guess Rayquaza has pretty good aim," Chikorita hadn't thought this would work so well. "At least we know how soon we can get this part done now," She said with a smile.

13.4 (dragonraptyr)

Phil grimaced. Here he was, once again, back reporting Groundhog Day in Punxsutawney. Lately, there'd been a change in his endless repetitions, though. He'd gone to bed after a wonderful day, and woken up to find himself heading back to Punxsutawney. He had woken up a whole day early. He hadn't been thrilled, of course. He' thought that he was out of these ridiculous time loops. He'd tried not

to let it bother him, though. He'd been absolutely polite all day. He'd treated his coworkers (and sometimes girlfriend) to a nice meal, and bid them goodnight. He hadn't gone back in time the next day.

He ended up waking up the day before Groundhog Day again. In a bad mood, he'd been snappy all day. And woken up the same as the other times.

There was a pattern here, he was sure of it. So, he'd experimented. He would always "Start" the day before Groundhog Day. If he hit all of the high notes, Groundhog Day would pass, he' get a third day, and then wake up back at the start. If he missed even one note during the whole thing, he'd end up the same as the first time, until he got it right.

He'd decided to start fresh, this time around. There was never anything new, but the novelty of two extra days that weren't the same was addicting. Things happened differently.

"And here we are in beautiful Punxsutawney, waiting for Phil the Groundhog to make his annual prediction." He put on a big smile for the camera, and looked at Phil's hutch. The caretaker opened the door...

...and a large yellow decidedly-not-a-groundhog Pikachu stepped into the sunlight, blinking. "Er, hello?" it asked. "Does anyone know where I am?"

Phil blinked. "That is not a groundhog," he muttered to himself. Bending down, he held the mike up to the Pikachu. (He thought it was a Pikachu, at least. It had been a while since he decided to watch every single program on every single channel again.) "Hey there, little guy. You alright?"

The Pikachu shook its head. "Yeah," it muttered. "I'm fine." it looked at him, blinking for a sec. "You're that Groundhog Day guy, right?"

Phil shrugged. "I'm A Groundhog Day guy. Why?"

The Pikachu slapped its forehead. "Oh. First fused loop."

"Fused...?"

The Pikachu sighed, and hopped onto Phil's shoulder. "Six more weeks, folks. If I'm wrong, bonus!" it shouted into the mic. It turned to Phil. "C'mon. Let's find somewhere quiet, and I'll explain everything."

13.5 (AbZHz101)

As Charmander Awoke he noticed that Squirtle had a *gleam* in his eye. The Fire Type sighed, knowing that his friend and Anchor had a plan for the Loop. "So what is it this time?" he asked with resignation.

"Oh, come on," Squirtle responded indignantly. "My plans aren't that bad!" Charmander merely raised one of his eye ridges. "Okay, *most* of my plans aren't that bad."

At this Charmander looked upwards with a shrug as if to say, *"Well that's probably the best I'm going to get."* Then he returned his gaze to his partner and said, "So are you going to leave me in suspense or what? You only get that Look when you think you've got something figured out. So what cockamamie concoction of a caper did you conceive this time?"

"You don't have to go along with my plans if you don't like them, you know," Squirtle said with a grimace.

"Like you would ever let me live it down if I didn't," Charmander shot back. "Besides, if you die, the Loop crashes. If that's going to happen I'd at least like to see it coming. Unexpected crashes are kind of like getting nailed by a runaway train. Now, back to the point. Plan. Now."

The human-turned-Water-Type continued to scowl for a moment before breaking back into a grin. "I was thinking we could do a

Pacifist Run," he eventually explained. "I'm almost positive that no one except other Loopers could actually damage us. And if I'm wrong it would only be the strongest of Legendaries. So what do you say?"

Charmander hummed as he thought it over. All Mystery Dungeon worlds did seem to have a caveat that held if a Pokémon was so overwhelmingly stronger than their opponent-though it did not note the exact parameters for that condition-the weaker could not damage the stronger. And as they were a Rescue Team and therefore not charged with bringing in outlaw Pokémon like the Exploration Teams were, there theoretically wasn't anything stopping them from doing their jobs without attacking others. "Ah, what the heck! Sure, I'm game!"

When Rayquaza ended the Hyper Beam and saw the two Loopers still before him unscathed, he growled. "What are you doing here?!" he demanded. "Did you come just to make a fool of me?! You say you require my help then show that your power vastly overshadows mine! Is this amusing to you? Do you plan to make me a pet and do petty tricks for your entertainment?!" he raged.

"No," Squirtle replied. "While I guess we have enough power to prevent the meteor strike ourselves, all of our techniques lack the range and stability to maintain that power for the distance required. Not only that but we are unused to the difference in refraction angles and crosswinds at such high altitudes, things which you are intimately familiar with. I suppose that we could wait until the problem was right before us and then stop it, but doing so would cause more natural disasters to continue as both Groudon and Kyogre feel the disturbance that the meteor brings and begin to stir. We'd like to avoid that if possible. That is why we are asking for your help."

"Fine, *boy* ," Rayquaza snarled. "I will aid you this once, but I *expect* to be *left alone* afterwards, am I clear?"

"Yes, sir," Squirtle and Charmander chimed in unison.

13.6 (Inkweaver22)

Red entered the fairgrounds for the Vivillon World Market with a spring in his step. Being a Vivillon Breeder was the popular thing to do this loop as opposed to being a Trainer. The reason was the several hundred different patterns they had this variant.

Of course a single new Vivillon pattern was always something the Loopers could get excited about, but several hundred was like finding the Arkenstone while mining for coal. Luckily for Red, the Official Vivillon Association's website had images of every recorded pattern, so all he had to do was download them onto a storage device so he could show them to the others next Loop.

Red's goal for this loop was to become a Vivillon Breeding Master. In order to do that, he had to obtain at least two Vivillon of each pattern; a male and a female. He would then have to cross-breed his Pokemon until he had a unique, previously unrecorded pattern.

He already had a decent head start on the second task. The Vivillon he started out with, the Primary Pattern, found only in his home town of Pallet, were considered one of the best breeds to use in creating a new pattern.

The first task was the reason he was there at the Vivillon World Market. It was a place where breeders could meet up and trade their Vivillons, exchange tips, and learn about the latest news and technology in the breeding world. Besides the Official Vivillon Association, many other clubs, guilds, and groups had set up booths selling either Vivillon, various items, or both.

He passed an ignored booth specializing only in Elegant Pattern Vivillon. Considering that it, along with Modern, was one of the most common patterns, it wasn't all that surprising. Instead, Red headed straight for a stand advertising for the Sandstorm Pattern.

Considered one of the rarest patterns, he hoped the owner would trade for one of his useful Primary Patterns and start his first step on the road to becoming a Vivillon Breeding Master.

13.7 (Scorntex)

It had been another Loop start-up for Red. Get up, say hi to mom, wander around Pallet Town with Poli, show off to the kid trying to catch a Nidorino. All the usual routine of baseline, though this time he tried to avoid getting on the wrong side of Professor Oak, instead just waiting outside the old man's lab for him to arrive.

It took a while before he showed up. As always, the old man had been cranky to start with, but some quick action from Red had at least calmer him down somewhat, telling him he just wanted some advice on how to be a better trainer. That, and mentioning the Mew that Red knew was likely nearby, as always. Though funnily enough he hadn't seen the usual Team Rocket goons about looking for it.

He'd said if Oak wanted proof of how skilled a trainer he was, he could've caught an unusual Pokémon for him, something along the lines of his usual way of gaining Oak's acceptance, if not his trust. And then Oak had done something very bizarre.

"I do admire your enthusiasm," he'd said, "You look like someone with a great amount of potential. However, I already have a skilled trainer out acquiring rare Pokémon for me, as part of a research project between myself and several others."

Red stared blankly. "What?"

At which point a shadow fell across them. Red looked up to see a large Pidgeot hovering overhead. Someone leapt off it, landed nearby and took the Pidgeot back into its Poké-ball, before walking up to the Professor.

She was wearing a white biker's jacket, a red shirt underneath and biker's shorts, and had a steely-cold look of determination on her face, one that vanished instantly when she saw the Professor. Red recognised her. It was Crystal, sometimes known as the Catcher, generally considered the absolute best of all Pokédex holders at catching Pokémon.

"Professor," she said, "it's done."

She fished into the backpack she was carrying, and brought out the familiarly chunky first generation Pokédex. "I have gathered information on every single Pokémon known to mankind, plus a few extinct species, and a few that have never been seen before by anyone else. Oh, and I believe I found a Pokémon that can help with Kanto's severe levels of environmental damage as well."

Professor Oak smiled warmly. "Good job, Crystal. I knew I could trust you for this mission."

Whatever it was Crystal said in response, Red didn't hear it, as at that exact moment he collapsed from surprise.

13.8 (Gamerex27)

"Are you serious?!" Chatot screamed.

"Fraid so," said Chimchar, trying desperately to keep a straight face. "All the Perfect Apples were gone by the time we got there. The other Pokemon must have eaten them all. The few we could find must have fallen out of our bag."

"Oh no, oh no! What am I going to do now?!" Chatot paced around the room, fluttering up into the air several times.

"Skuntank and the rest of his team..." Piplup added, also trying to keep from cracking up.

"Quiet!" Chatot snapped. "I don't want to hear any excuses! For failing so catastrophically in your mission, you'll go without dinner tonight!"

"Hey, we've got some Perfect Apples to deliver!"

Chatot froze, then turned around. Skuntank and his cronies had climbed down the ladder to this floor, and was holding a sack of apples in his mouth.

The former human and his partner shared a look. This was earlier than when they usually came in, but this made their prank a heck of a lot easier.

The bully spat out the bag, and smirked. "These idiots couldn't find a single one, but we-"

With a subtle flick of his paw, Chimchar loosened the tie holding the bag shut with a Psychic attack. The bag opened, and dozens upon dozens of rotten apples spilled onto the floor.

The Skunk Pokemon's smirk vanished instantly, and was replaced by a look of confusion, then panic.

"What is this?! You were going to pass off this rotten fruit as Perfect Apples?!" If it were possible, Chatot was even angrier. Steam poured out from his ear canals, and he seemed ready to Explode with rage. "Do you know what that could have DONE to the Guildmaster?!"

"But...it wasn't..." Koffing tried to say.

"ENOUGH!" Spittle flew from Chatot's beak, splattering on the bully's face. As he began cursing out Team Skull (who knew human curse words were still used here?), Piplup rummaged in his bag, his Subspace Pocket open inside.

"Oh, hey!" Piplup withdrew a large, shiny apple in his flipper. "Here it is! It must have fallen to the bottom!"

Chatot abruptly stopped threatening to make Skuntank eat his own tail, and he turned to Team Pokepals, his face twisting in confusion. "I thought you said-"

"We must have missed them," Chimchar replied, grinning Mareepishly. "Are there any more in there, buddy?"

"Yeah, actually." The Water-Type Pokemon pulled out apple after apple, eventually depositing a dozen apples on the floor at Chatot's talons.

Chatot sighed in exasperation. "That...is certainly a *lot* of apples. Forget what I said about not getting dinner: for all this, I'll ask if you can have an extra ration. Please look more *carefully* next time, though."

Chimchar and Piplup grinned. After this aggravating incident in the baseline, where Team Skull had stolen all the Apples, they almost starved that night, and nearly didn't make it onto the big expedition team. Payback was indeed sweet.

"As for *you...* " Chatot snarled, turning to a panicking Team Skull. " "You are not getting *any* dinner tonight! Or breakfast, or lunch, for a whole day! And forget about going on that expedition!"

"But that's not *fair!* " Zubat screeched. "We *stole* those Apples from those two losers over there fair and-"

He was silenced by a bolt of foul-smelling chemicals straight to the face.

"You IDIOT!" Skuntank roared. "Why would you EVEN SAY THAT!?"

"You...did what?" Chatot's rage had faded. It was now replaced by a cool, chilly tone. Somehow, this was even scarier than his normal anger.

"Just a little joke there..." Koffing tried, half-heartedly.

"Is this true?" Chatot turned back to the Anchor and his companion, a vein bulging out of his face.

"Yeah, we were trying to tell you about it before." Piplup stared accusingly at the villains. "They came up to us out of nowhere with that bag, and knocked us out with his gas. They swapped the bags on us."

"I managed to pull off some Extremespeed and Trick moves on them first, though," Chimchar continued. "Swapped the bags before they even noticed. They walked off with their own duds, and we kept our real ones."

Chatot was still too angry to notice the holes in this story. He turned to Team Skull, a smile stretched thin on his face. "Well, then."

He screamed, flapped up into the air, and dive-bombed the hapless trio of scoundrels. They fought back, but Chatot was far stronger than he seemed. A cloud of dust slowly spread across the room, obscuring all the fighters from view.

Outside of the fight, Chimchar and Piplup fist/flipper bumped. This was their best prank yet, by far.

13.1 - As soon as they all speak in tandem again, that's when Green will Awaken.

13.2 - Gainax? More like the stepchild of Gainax. (Tagline by AbZHz101)

13.3 - And the Eon Duo have joined the Loops! As a general rule, there can only be one Looping member of a Legendary Species.

13.4 - Ranma was the first Looper in the Infinite Loops, but Phil was looping in baseline. That doesn't really mean anything though, as he's ironically a fairly late addition to the Loops. Also, I say that's GTI

Pikachu, but dragonraptyr says its Anchor Pikachu. Honestly? It can be whoever you want it to be. Yes, that includes Pika.

13.5 - That is a mechanic in-game. If you're leveled high enough, attacks do no damage.

13.6 - I can only imagine how obsessed they get over Vivillon patterns considering how obsessed we can get about it. Also, that Primary Pattern is based on a DeviantArt drawing by AwesomeKady dubbed Solo Vivillon.

13.7 - I think Red just went BSoD mode. I'm also going to peg that as relatively early in his Loops.

13.8 - Take that, you pricks!

Chapter 14

14.1 (crossoverpairinglover)

Yellow had no idea what kind of Loop she was in, considering she had just encountered a monstrous abomination of a Machamp in the tunnels of Mount Moon, and in escaping from it found herself running for her life for at least a kilometer away from the mountain.

Stopping to breath finally, she collapsed on a tree dead exhausted as she heard the bushes by her rustle.

She looked up, not sure if she could run away if it was some other horror...though the blue fluffy thing that ran out and embraced her suggested it was not some new horror.

"Oh, thank Arceus, another Looper! I thought I was going to be stuck in this hellhole alone!" Oshawott said in relief as he tossed Yellow a Reviver Seed from his subspace pocket.

Having looped into the Dungeon branches before, Yellow knew what to do with it; swallowing it, she found her energy restored back to full health.

"Damn. I stocked like 40 of those and I've all but run out. The book said this variant was horrible, but even I'm being caught off guard here!"

"Book?" Yellow was confused as Oshawott dug into his subspace Pocket and drew out a book titled 'The Guide to Multiversal Variants, Volume 1' authored by Naruto Uzumaki and Harry Potter.

"Yeah, I got it from Pikachu a while back. It was recently written up to try and give a guide to all the known variants, from Slavequestria to the Abridged Timelines. Apparently, we are in the 'Sun Soul variant' originally encountered by Ash, Pikachu and Misty," Oshawott told the

Healer of the Dex Holders "It also tells us what to do if we're stuck in this loop."

"And what are we supposed to do?"

"Apparently blow Cerulean Cave to the fifth dimension or something similarly drastic and extreme, before retiring to a Gyarados-less lake until the Loop ends if we are unable to leave the planet to explore deep space or something like that. I've got 500 blast seeds, some liquid tibanna and some of those Hiraishin kunai...you got anything to help with the big explosion?"

14.2 (AbZHz101)

White grimaced as she stared down her opponent, a meaty biker thug. They briefly saw all six of their opponent's Pokemon, all level 100, all fully evolved. White had a Nidoking, a Metagross, a Galvantula, a Chandelure, a Hydreigon, and a Chesnaught. Her opponent had a Cacturne, an Alakazam, an Aggron, a Golurk, a Shuckle, and an Accelgor.

"Let's make this quick," her opponent said. "I've got things to do."

"Fine, I guess," White replied, having already known her lead. "Nidoking, I choose you!"

"Accelgor, go," her opponent yelled.

"Toxic Spikes! " White called out.

"Use, **Final Gambit** now!" The Accelgor was faster and more than likely trying to prevent White from Setting up, this was a sacrifice play. Accelgor unleashed it's full power on Nidoking-fainting as it did so-but the Poison type stayed conscious, it's Black Sludge already beginning to heal its wounds. The biker's gambit had failed.

"Curses," the biker growled. "Aggron, take out the trash!" Then he flashed a stone to White, "Get ready, kid, for Mega Aggron!"

" **Earth Power!** " White told the Poison/Ground Type.

" **Curse!** " the Biker shouted at his Mega Pokemon. The Biker watched in shock as his Aggron took a major hit. Now the Nidoking would surely move before Aggron.

" **Earth Power** , again, Nidoking!" Nidoking's second Ground based attack bypassed the enhanced defence and knocked the Steel/Rock type to it's last legs.

" **Rest!** " the biker countered with a snarl.

White watched neutrally as the Aggron went back to full health. It'd be asleep for two turns anyway so nothing really changed. " **Earth Power!** "

The strike smashed the Aggron to the ground doing far more damage than either before it, a critical. But Aggron did not faint. Now the biker began to smirk, this would be the beginning of his glorious comeback. " **Sleep Talk** , Aggron, right now!" Now Aggron would attack and rid him of that annoying Nidoking! Mega Aggron began to do a strange dance that White recognized from earlier in the battle. Aggron had used **Curse** .

" **Earth Power** , one more time!" White declared. This time, Aggron fainted.

"Curses, you win this time you little brat," the biker said as he stalked away. "But I'll get you next time!"

White blinked and shrugged to her team, not quite sure what was going on.

14.3 (Thanatos's Scribe)

Obelix let out a groan as he lifted himself up, then looked blearily around the beach he had apparently landed on. "It must've been one heck of a feast, Asterix," he mumbled, then looked around as he realized that Asterix wasn't around.

"Asterix?" He called out, looking around as he tried to find his fellow Gaul, when a weird monkey-like creature walked over to him.

"Hey, you alright? Not feeling Loopy at all?" The monkey-like creature said to Obelix, and he looked at the creature for a few seconds before pointing at the creature.

"BY TOUTATIS, YOU CAN SPEAK!?" Obelix bellowed, only to stop when he realized that his arm was now small and yellowish, and his hands were now like they were blue gloves. "What happened to me?" He cried as he looked at the other arm, which was the same as his other arm, then ran over to the water and looked in only to find a-a burlap sack looking right back at him! That was impossible! He was a human, not this-this living bag!

"Oh great, a new Looper." Chimchar muttered to himself as the Makuhita ran back and forth in a panic. After a few minutes of the Pokemon continuing to panic, Chimchar got fed up with his antics and fired a Flamethrower near the Guts Pokemon, causing for him to stop running around and look at Chimchar.

"Tell me, have you been feeling as though you've been going through the same events, over and over again?" Chimchar asked, and the other Pokemon looked at him in shock.

"How did you know that?" The Pokemon asked, and Chimchar took out the Frism recording that Oshawott left him in case any new Loopers visited his Loop.

"Hopefully this will explain everything." He said, and then rubbed the Frism recording until it began glowing a light blue and a voice began emanation from it.

" *Oh, do I just speak with this thing near me? Kind of like a tape recorder. Well, then, Introduction to the Multiverse and Looping. If you're lucky, you can get into Multiverse Honors."*

"…So, there's thousands of other worlds out there besides our own that are severely damaged, and some people of each world are selected to keep the world balanced?" Obelix asked as the Frism powered off, and Chimchar nodded in response. Obelix seemed perturbed for several minutes before letting out a 'huh'.

"So, what do we do next?" Obelix asked, and Chimchar reached into a pouch he had strapped to his side.

"Well, after we finish talking, I would show you this artifact and we'd be interrupted by-" He was cut off, however, as he was knocked from behind and sent sprawling while the Frism landed next to the perpetrators, who were a Zubat and a Koffing.

"Oho, what's this?" Zubat said as he picked up the Frism and examined it.

"Hey, give that back! That's very fragile!" Chimchar shouted as Zubat pocketed the Frism.

"I don't think I will," Zubat said, then smirked at Chimchar. "Besides, we could probably make some good Poke off of this thing. Seems to be quite a gadget, judging from all the fuss you're making over it."

"Return it, NOW," a voice growled. The others looked at Obelix, who had his eyes hidden in shadows. Zubat sneered at the Gaul-turned-Pokemon.

"Oh yeah? What are you going to about it, *fatty* ?" He said, and Obelix glared at the bat Pokemon.

"What did you say?" Obelix said coldly and Koffing, in one of his few moments of intelligence, backed away from Zubat, who became

more confident at the inaction.

"You heard me, lardo." Zubat continued as he remained unaware of the overwhelming feeling emanating from Obelix. "Fatty fatty fatso, fat fat fat. Tubby tubby tub-o-lard, fat fat fat!" As he finished speaking, he finally realized the danger he was in but was too late to move as the enraged Gaul charged him and slammed him into the ground.

"I." Obelix stated as he gripped Zubat's 'leg' and slammed the adversary into the ground with a resounding ***WHUMP*** .

"Am." He continued as spun Zubat around and flung him into the ground, leaving a furrow in the sand.

"Not." Zubat let out a gasp of pain as he was lifted back up, slammed into the cliff, then sharply ripped out again.

"FAT!" Obelix finished as he grabbed Zubat with both arms and embedded the Poison/Flying Pokemon into the cliff, with the Frism dropping out of the Bat Pokemon's grasp. Chimchar quickly put the Frism in his Subspace Pocket while Koffing raced to his companion and lifted him onto his back.

"You'll pay for this!" Koffing cried as he fled the scene. Chimchar could only stare at the retreating figures, then turned to Obelix and bowed.

"Thank you for getting back the Frism. If non-Loopers found out the secrets the Frism held, who knows what could've happened," Chimchar said. Obelix rubbed the back of his head bashfully.

"It wasn't too hard," Obelix said, then looked back at Chimchar. "So, where do we go now?"

"Well, after we retrieve the artifact, we then go to…"

"And this is the second underground floor, where the apprentices mainly work," Chatot said as Obelix and Chimchar clambered down after him, and they saw several Pokemon doing various activities throughout the cavern.

"Obelix?" A voice asked, and the former Gaul turned to see a grey humanoid with three yellow ridges on its head staring at Obelix in recognition. While he didn't recognize him by appearance, he easily recognized the voice.

"Asterix?" He asked, his voice shaking, and the Pokemon nodded in affirmation right before Obelix ran up to him and enveloped him in a crushing bear hug.

"I thought you were lost!" He said tearfully, and Asterix returned the hug, but his face hardened when no one was looking closely.

"You know what's going on, Obelix?" Asterix whispered to Obelix, and he nodded.

"I'll explain later," Obelix whispered back, and set Asterix down just as Chatot walked over to the two.

"You know each other?" Chatot asked the duo.

"We were from the same village since we were very young and were the best of friends. However, we were separated when our village was attacked," Asterix lied. Chatot looked skeptical for a few minutes before accepting their answer.

"Well, it's always good for friends to meet again, especially after such a long time!" A cheerful voice said, and everyone turned to see a Wigglytuff walk out of a doorway.

"Ah, Guildmaster." Chatot greeted the Pokemon, then gestured to Obelix and his friends. "It seems as though these newcomers want to form an Exploration Team."

"Alrighty then! But before you can start, you'll need a team name," Wigglytuff said. Asterix looked startled at this before pulling Obelix and Chimchar into a huddle.

"What do you guys think our team should be called?" Asterix asked, and the trio became pensive for a few minutes before Obelix had an epiphany.

"How about 'Team Armorica', after our home country, Asterix?" Obelix suggested. Asterix nodded in agreement with Chimchar reluctantly agreeing afterwards.

"Then, welcome to the Wigglytuff Guild, Team Armorica! YOOM… TAH!" Wigglytuff decreed, and the other trainees began to cheer.

"These Pokemon are crazy, Asterix." Obelix commented as Asterix, Chimchar, and he watched the various guild members celebrate the new members' induction. Asterix could only nod in agreement as Wigglytuff took out an apple and began dancing around with the apple on top of his head.

14.4 (SeasideCharizard)

From the very beginning, Piplup was sure that something was up with the Loop.

He wasn't sure if it was a variant that changed things just slightly enough to bother him in a way he couldn't fully understand, or if someone was just messing with him. And it could have been the latter, seeing as how Chimchar didn't seem to feel anything wrong at the time.

Out of curiosity as to what could be bothering him, although much to Chimchar's displeasure, Piplup asked to go along with baseline up to a certain point, that point being the Azelf battle. The Poképals agreed to this, though since the baseline actually left their options

very flexible as long as they didn't mess around too much with the main events, some shenanigans were to be had.

The return of detonating bubbles, for one, and maybe a bit of messing with criminals and anyone named Zubat, Koffing, or Skuntank. And not giving Dusknoir absolutely any information about anything.

Piplup began to get hints and clues about the nature of what was bothering him using his ability to receive visions through space-time, the Dimensional Scream, something that he'd come to often abuse in every which way possible to check for potential big problems he should be aware of, or just for pranks and the like.

Eventually, he clearly identified something wrong.

He saw glimpses of Grovyle, who was usually very determined to complete his mission and focus on nothing but the mission, being almost contemplative and, in fact, almost remorseful for something. It had happened before in variants, Piplup recalled, and it usually wasn't a good sign.

However, it took seeing what would happen shortly after the battle with Mesprit at the great lake beneath the Northern Desert that made Piplup finally realize what might have *actually* been going on.

When the battle came, events occurred as foreseen. Mesprit was defeated almost easily, and, unlike baseline where he usually didn't do a good job of this, Chimchar managed to calmly explain to Mesprit that the Poképals were not the Time Gear thieves and had, in fact, kept their promise of not telling anyone about the Time Gear at Fogbound Lake.

When Mesprit inevitably asked who might be responsible for the theft of said Time Gear, Grovyle kept to his usual showy personality and came in at the perfect time to respond.

Though, he wasn't as calm as baseline, nor was he as arrogant. Instead of drawing out his answer, he appeared before the legendary and the two Loopers with a simple, "Me."

And there it was.

Grovyle's gaze seemed to fix itself on Chimchar and Piplup for a moment, and his expression, if just slightly, changed to one of sadness. That had never happened before, Piplup knew, unless Grovyle had somehow already figured out who Piplup was. But he hadn't.

Just as quickly as his brief melancholy had appeared, Grovyle became focused again, and with another break of baseline, rather than taking out the Poképals first and offering Mesprit a chance to get out of his way, he immediately attacked and knocked out Mesprit, with a strike even more vicious than it once had been, and made a far leap into the water to snag the Time Gear.

The Poképals did nothing but watch.

"You don't think he's…" Chimchar began to ask, slowly turning to look Piplup's way as he finally realized what was happening.

Even knowing exactly how the scene would play out already, Piplup still seemed surprised. "I guess...he probably is. I'll know by the time we start going to Crystal Crossing."

"He'll be so confused when we do what we'd planned for Dusknoir this Loop," Chimchar noted, his expression of near shock slowly turning into a grin.

"True. Might as well make a good first impression, I guess."

Piplup and Chimchar made sure to clear Crystal Cave very quickly; not so fast as to catch up with Grovyle, but fast enough to come in as the battle was just beginning.

Of course, with a bit of Looping experience and precognitive power, they got there right on time, managing to catch Grovyle trying, as hard as he could, to knock out Azelf as quickly as possible, again a deviation from baseline.

A deviation not caused by a variant, but because Grovyle *knew* . A matter of foreknowledge, aware that if Azelf remained conscious after being defeated, the lake would seal up and Grovyle would have no way of getting to the Time Gear, at least as far as he knew.

Unfortunately, clever as Azelf was, the legendary also knew when it was beaten and, this time without even any warning, sealed the lake with a great wall of protruding crystals before Grovyle could land the finishing blow.

Azelf was disappointed that the satisfaction of having Grovyle briefly think he'd won was lost, but it didn't matter. The Time Gear was safe and there was nothing the thief could do about it.

And even though it was far too early for them to appear, the Poképals regardless timed their appearance precisely to prevent Grovyle from trying to do anything about the crystals, coming in with Chimchar's shout of "Stop!" that echoed across the wide cavern itself made almost entirely of crystals.

For once, Grovyle considered actually just stopping.

Maybe he could just explain. They'd understand, right? Of course not. They wouldn't understand, not until the betrayal of one of their most trusted allies and and the appearance, before their very eyes, of the horrible frozen future, forcing them to face reality.

Like before, Grovyle would simply defeat the Poképals.

He honestly almost couldn't bring himself to attack them.

Yet, at that time, as if it must be, Grovyle remembered three words: *For the future.*

When he launched his assault, Grovyle experienced something first-hand that he'd noticed when he was watching the Poképals fight Mesprit from the shadows; namely, that both of them were much more skilled than they were supposed to be, and Grovyle suspected that, had the Poképals ambushed him instead of letting him be aware of their presence, he would have very easily been defeated.

Piplup's Bubble Beam, while Grovyle previously was able to simply stand in it and take absolutely no damage, now actually hurt to get hit by, and something in general seemed odd about the bubbles, like they were actually flimsy, yet hurt more than they had any right to.

Grovyle was also quite glad that he'd gotten hit by Bubblebeam first, because that immediately told him that getting hit by any Fire-type moves from Chimchar at all would probably spell his doom, despite the fact that last time, even these super effective attacks did almost nothing.

Therefore, Chimchar was the greatest threat, and normally, Grovyle would have been able to use Dig to handily take care of him, if it weren't for Dig being rather difficult to do when the floor is a flat plane of crystal.

Luckily, Grovyle still had tricks up his figurative sleeve. One such trick was attacking so quickly as to pass by unseen, with the move Aerial Ace.

He did just that, slamming into Chimchar before he could react, and then, briefly reappearing as a blur, changed course and struck Piplup, making sure that, at the time he finished both attacks, they were still starting to rise into the air from the force of his strikes.

With the obscenely fast move, he again disappeared, this time appearing above Chimchar in the air, and used Slam, bringing Chimchar down in a crushing blow against the crystal ground.

"...And please, stay down," Grovyle briefly muttered in a very real plea, before speeding off and catching Piplup in the air with a rapid

Leaf Blade attack.

He'd had to exert as much effort as when he fought Dusknoir for this exceptionally risky battle, but Grovyle had defeated the Poképals...again, from his perspective. Although he still had to wonder how Dialga had messed up enough to accidentally undo everything and make him go through this again, right after time had been "permanently" fixed.

Now, Dusknoir was going to show up at some point, and Grovyle didn't think he had enough time to figure out a way to the Time Gear, so he decided to leave.

He may have forgotten that Azelf was actually still awake, and was surprised when, rather by his own stubbornness as before, Chimchar rose up to block him again with the force of Azelf's symbolic willpower.

Grovyle mentally berated himself for failing to see this small, but very significant hole in his actions, and knew that he would have to fight Chimchar. He didn't know if his opponent had come up with any plans to deal with him, but he could think of a couple of moves for Chimchar that would be able to stop him from using his greatest strength of speed, so if any of these came up, it would be very bad for him, and most likely mean fighting Chimchar alongside Dusknoir, as he probably wouldn't be able to pull his vanishing act if Chimchar had restricting moves, one of which he knew for a fact Chimchar could use.

Before, this would have been a non-issue. However, now that Azelf was helping, Chimchar was actually able to attack Grovyle this time, instead of just standing there.

This meant that his only chance was hoping that Chimchar did not use that particular move—the move in question being Fire Spin—and rushing in to strike him and Azelf down as soon as possible.

So, with everything on the line, Grovyle used Aerial Ace.

Two strikes.

Azelf had fallen first, now sliding across the crystal floor, and not a split second later, so was Chimchar.

Chimchar had tried to use an attack, but it didn't matter. It only mattered that he didn't get a Fire Spin off in time, and nothing could any longer stop Grovyle from making his great escape.

Now, even though Grovyle was left uninterrupted, but he did *not* want to stay and fight Dusknoir. He knew the ghost's power, and it was frankly ridiculous to even think of defeating him.

With nothing left to stop him this time, Grovyle attempted to leave.

Attempted.

Once more, it would seem, the fates conspired against him, because the moment he even looked towards an exit, he was ensnared by vines and extremely tall grass that pulled him tightly to the earth.

"—What?!" Grovyle shouted, utterly shocked at this development. There were no Pokémon left, and he didn't think any Pokémon capable of this, so who…

He turned his head.

Chimchar, laying on the ground, had a paw raised, cloaked in the green aura of nature, with a victorious smile on his face. And for once, Grovyle knew he was totally, and utterly, defeated, not only by this Pokémon he had called a friend, but also by destiny, which would create such a ridiculous circumstance for him to be defeated in.

He hadn't made sure Chimchar was unconscious. Because there was absolutely no way he should have been conscious, especially after that attack. And Grovyle was certain that Chimchar had never been able to use Grass Knot, though that was one of the moves that

Grovyle knew to be available to a Chimchar for restriction. Still, he especially should not have been able to use the move to a level above far above any other Pokémon he had ever seen try, except for Celebi herself. And Celebi was a *legendary* .

Then he heard the voice of the reaper. Almost literally, in fact.

"Grovyle! It's been too long!"

Dusknoir appeared from thin air right before him.

"And thank you, Chimchar, for apprehending this thief."

"The pleasure's...all mine…" Chimchar quietly said, still injured from battle.

"Yes. Well, then, Gro—"

"In apprehending *you* , I mean, Dusknoir," Chimchar interrupted.

Suddenly, the plants ensnaring Grovyle weren't around him anymore, but rather, they now had Dusknoir in their clutches.

Dusknoir's one eye shrunk to a small, red dot. "W-what is the meaning of this?"

"About time," entered another voice into the strange situation, belonging to a Pokémon thought to have been knocked out long ago: Piplup.

Piplup quickly leapt up from his spot on the ground, smiling almost cockily. "I'm very good at playing dead, but it's not like I can hold it for that long."

Grovyle, frankly, was too stunned to respond. To anything.

"Answer me! What is happening?!" Dusknoir shouted, utterly bewildered by what was happening to him.

"Sorry I had to set up this elaborate ruse, but you and Grovyle have both been very slippery," Piplup said, walking up to where Dusknoir and Grovyle stood almost face-to-face, both extremely confused at the moment.

Piplup's grin became more like he was actually happy rather than an arrogant sneer, and he bowed. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Piplup, from the Department of Temporal Investigations. I have questions for you, Dusknoir."

Dusknoir started to twitch.

"Temporal…Investigations…" he mumbled, staring down with an awkward look at the small penguin Pokémon attempting to pass off as a time cop. He had no idea what this "Department of Temporal Investigations" was, but given what he was doing and who he was working for, he got the feeling this group didn't really like him, and this Piplup was giving off a dangerous air.

In a small panic, Dusknoir's next move was to become intangible, easily free himself from Chimchar's Grass Knot, which he didn't do to begin with just out of the pure chaos of the sudden event, and then move to another side of what had just ceased being a battlefield.

Chimchar frowned, and got up off the floor, while Piplup didn't seem surprised by this at all. In fact, he looked entirely disinterested in whatever Dusknoir was going to do.

This was very strange to Dusknoir. Being a Ghost-type Pokémon, he knew, instinctively, what inspired fear in others. For someone from a time-related agency coming to supposedly ask questions, which implied that they knew or had some idea of what Dusknoir did, the total lack of any acknowledgement of a possible risk, and a total lack of even the slightest uncertainty when faced with the unknown, now that Dusknoir was free to move, made this Piplup seem only more and more frightening.

Piplup, perhaps reading his mind—or maybe just reading him like a book in general—proceeded to actually explain this. "By the way, I already know everything that's going to happen in the next five minutes or so. You know how it is, the script's 'still' being written, but I went and read it ten minutes later. So really, there's no point in you trying to threaten me. Even everything I'm saying *right now* has been foreseen. I still have to ask you questions, or else you'd never answer them in the first place, so…"

So not only did this Piplup just seem incredibly dangerous overall, but he also had the Dimensional Scream—a much more useful version than most apparently—or some other precognitive ability resembling it.

Dusknoir could only play along, because, as much as he didn't want to admit it, it was his turn to be afraid. "And what questions are those?"

"Good question, actually." Piplup just shrugged, or, he supposed, penguin-shrugged. "There really aren't any questions at all."

"What do you mean by that?" Dusknoir asked, becoming increasingly apprehensive.

"I'm lying, duh. Didn't you listen to Chimchar at the beginning? The word 'apprehending' means something. Full disclosure, my job is to eliminate or incapacitate you. If I wanted to ask you questions, I'd have asked them…" Piplup paused in thought, while Dusknoir started to silently panic. "...uh, maybe two minutes from now. So there's still time. But I still lied."

There was silence for a bit.

Only after a few seconds did Dusknoir realize that he was doomed if he didn't do anything, and he reacted to the need to do *something* to save himself, no matter how futile.

He shot a Dark Pulse at Piplup, coming out with such power and speed that even a legendary Pokémon would have thought twice about taking Dusknoir lightly after seeing it.

Or, at least, he tried to, and Dusknoir was absolutely sure that he used Dark Pulse. Except, for some reason, it seemed as though something changed in spacetime, and the use of the move was negated, prohibited by an invisible force.

Piplup had also somehow gotten right next to him without him noticing. That wasn't a very good sign.

"Yeah, sorry about that. If you land Quash right before an attack, it makes causality a bit...weird because it takes a bit to decide whether the attack actually happened or not. Or something like that. Chimchar can explain it better," Piplup blatantly unapologetically apologized. "Anyway, you're kinda stuck there until I attack you."

Dusknoir did not like this.

No, he did not like this at all.

"Oh, actually, I do have a question. Do you know how Future Sight works?" Piplup asked.

Dusknoir at first wasn't sure whether he should actually answer this question, but he decided to not provoke the Piplup and followed along. "Yes."

Piplup started to lazily walk away. "And you know that, as I said before, I have precognitive abilities. But, since I'm not a Psychic-type, or anything close, I can't use the Future Sight attack."

Dusknoir could only wonder where Piplup was going with this.

He'd shortly find out.

"I came up with my own version of it anyway, so it doesn't really matter," Piplup continued to ramble, knowing that Dusknoir was

listening attentively. "It's been set in place for a bit, I think it was supposed to trigger after the Quash?"

Piplup, now somewhat far away and standing next to a still unresponsive Grovyle, whirled around and faced Dusknoir with the same sneer that he had originally been seen with.

"Yeah. To be honest, Dusknoir? You were doomed since ten minutes before you even came here. To put it another way, you've been screwed since the second I entered this chamber. Good night."

The instant Piplup finished talking, the area all around Dusknoir exploded into a horrible Blizzard attack, and everything froze over, under the force of great winds and a huge blanket of snow and ice that formed in mere seconds.

As fast as the loud, howling winds had come, they had gone, leaving an almost eerie silence at the Crystal Lake.

Piplup and Chimchar both turned to look at each other.

And then they both burst into laughter.

"HAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

Grovyle blinked a few times, and finally realized what was going on.

"What? What? What?" he repeated, wondering if he correctly processed everything that just happened.

"Ooooh…hahaha...Arceus, that was worth everything," Chimchar gasped, struggling to recover from the explosive laughter.

"...What…?"

Piplup continued to almost giggle. "I didn't even know Dusknoir could be that expressive!"

"Neither did I. Then again, I didn't know Zubat could actually be tricked into saying he stole stuff in front of *Chatot* , of all Pokémon!" Chimchar pointed out.

"...Piplup. Chimchar."

Piplup turned to Grovyle, who he was still standing next to. "Yes...oh."

Grovyle gave the Poképals a very strange look, before sighing and continuing, much calmer now that he had been given the time to properly think. "Please explain to me what just happened. And, maybe, why time has turned back."

"Oh, so you could tell we knew, huh," Chimchar said, somewhat surprised. "You always have been perceptive…"

"We just set up an elaborate scheme to freak Dusknoir out that involved a whole lot of planning, to answer your first question. Second of all...well, I know you'd probably blame Dialga, but believe me, it wasn't him," Piplup explained.

"This is a good explanation," Chimchar stated with an icy relic in one outstretched hand.

Grovyle looked down at it, trying to figure out how it was relevant, probably. "What is that?"

"It's a Frism. You can make it retain sound, and if you warm it up, it starts playing that sound. This one has an explanation for this mess stored on it." Following up on that, Chimchar shot the tiniest of embers at the Frism.

It suddenly defrosted, and a message began to flow out of it.

" *Oh, do I just speak with this thing near me? Kind of like a tape recorder. Well, then, Introduction to the Multiverse and Looping…"*

"I see. So, if I recall this right: In what might be the highest world, a tree of worlds has been critically damaged, and in order to allow it to return to working in a...reasonably consistent way, each world loops through time, with someone probably important serving as a stabilizing point, the 'Anchor'. And there are many things that can go wrong and strange things in general that happen. Is that right?"

Grovyle's summary seemed somehow off to Piplup, but regardless, Chimchar ended up saying, "More or less, yes."

"Okay. So those skills just now were a result of being a 'Looper'? Thinking about it, even though you were harder, I get the feeling you were going easy on me."

Piplup crossed his flippers. "Oh, not even. What I just did to Dusknoir was easy."

"Really?" Grovyle was evidently surprised at this.

"It's hard to imagine, but that this point, I'm pretty sure we're a couple of times older than Regigigas. Or more. I lost count," Chimchar elaborated. "As much as I hate to say this, the entire world has become something of a playground at this point."

"It's a fun playground though," Piplup mumbled.

Grovyle, on the other hand, seemed to be somewhere along the lines of both upset and interested. "...Have you two gone mad?"

"Yeah," Piplup answered with full honesty. "We're just good at pretending we're not. Chimchar's a little better than me at that."

"Every Looper is insane by regular standards. By Looper standards, I don't really think we're that mad," Chimchar pointed out.

Piplup, for once, appeared to be in thought. "Eh, well, there's the whole stir crazy thing, and I'm pretty sure we have more of that than a lot of Loopers. Like you said, the world's become a playground."

"That is what's bothering me," Grovyle identified. "The idea of being so above the mortal world that it becomes *that* insignificant. You may as well be gods."

"Pretty much. The only thing separating us from them is that being mortal is kinda comfy," Chimchar said somewhat uneasily.

Chimchar knew that, for someone who was still at least somewhat a part of the regular world, having knowledge that it was being toyed with for entertainment was very unsettling; especially if the ones doing happened to be two close friends you at some point journeyed with and who were now quite different from who they once were.

"Still, being a Looper doesn't mean you *have* to use highly advanced abilities to screw with everyone all the time. We just do it because it's fun. Every Looper's different, and they all have their own paths," Piplup continued.

After a moment's consideration, he added, "Well, you're a Looper now too, Grovyle. So what are you going to do?"

The answer seemed obvious.

To Grovyle, even if Piplup and Chimchar had personalities warped over a long, long time, from the Pokémon he'd originally explored with, there was a joy he had never felt before in knowing that, this time, his reunion with his greatest friend from the future, and partner from the past that Grovyle had seen, before his eyes, become among the greatest of explorers, was permanent. That no contrived circumstance would be able to tear them apart once more.

He wanted nothing more than, really, to just...spend time with these two. It seemed like a very soft wish, coming from Grovyle, but that was all.

However, the exact circumstances behind the reunion actually called this into question.

After all, their reunion was permanent. As in, *literally* permanent. To savor each moment as though it were your last is the philosophy of the transient, a philosophy from which Grovyle's wish stemmed from. But unless the Multiverse were to implode or something like that, there was a practical eternity to do, really, anything. Of course, Grovyle wanted to spend time with the Poképals, but he would be doing a lot of that to begin with. Forever.

When Piplup asked what he was going to do, Grovyle realized, the question was asking what he was going to focus on for all eternity. What would he, as a Looper, prioritize? Of course, this was changeable, but it did make Grovyle think hard.

And eventually, he did reach an answer.

"...Explore," Grovyle simply said.

While Piplup didn't seem surprised, even having a small smile at that, Chimchar tilted his head. "Oh?"

"At this point, I've still spent most of my time in a world where almost everything is frozen. I explored this world thoroughly, I researched it...that and almost nothing else. In my search for the Time Gears, I did the same thing. Researched, explored."

Grovyle looked at Piplup with fond reminiscence in his expression. "Assuming you remembered or learned about your life as a human, I think you'd know. That was basically my life."

"I think we might've redefined 'obsession' with that research," Piplup admitted. "Really, figuring out how to read those old runes was...well, it was a great moment when we deciphered that first tablet."

"You know, you never did tell me completely about your life up until then. Genius kid with spacetime visions who works with a Grovyle and Celebi working to discover why the world's frozen? Sounds like a fun story," Chimchar noted, sure to remind himself later to ask about this if Piplup was Awake.

"It's not. I'm serious, it was basically loads of research and cryptography, some minor time jumps, a lot of exploration…"

"Still sounds like a fun story."

"I suppose I'll tell it eventually, or maybe write it out," Grovyle offered. "But, yes. There are, if not nearly, infinite worlds in the Multiverse, no? If so, then there are also infinite histories and infinite wonders. I must admit, although I'm still concerned about the...thought that I might come to treat individuals without much regard, I'm excited for this. Even here, there is so much to do, and perhaps I am not restricted to this time or world, either, even without leaving this…'Loop'."

"...It sounds kind of like you're trying to become a sage, but you'd have done this anyway, so…" Piplup mumbled, enough for Grovyle to hear.

Grovyle just quirked a small smile. "You think I'm not one already?"

"Not a real one, no. You might want to fix that."

"You know you might not see me for a while if I do that," Grovyle warned, albeit with a slightly bigger grin.

"Yes, with the complete encyclopedia to the history of the world of Pokémon. And then the guide to every mystery dungeon ever, published once a year. With pictures," Piplup teased.

Admittedly, Grovyle thought this was a good idea, sarcastic as it was.

Before he could say anything about that, though, Azelf finally woke up, causing the now three Loopers to realize that they were still at Crystal Lake and there was still a Dusknoir buried under a pile of snow just a short distance away.

"Um…hello, you three—wait. Just what is going on?" Azelf questioned, seeing the Poképals, the Time Gear thief, and a gigantic lump of white that definitely wasn't there before.

"Oh, wait. The guild's about to show up, right?" Chimchar asked, apparently ignoring Azelf at the moment.

"I...forgot about that. How do I forget about something like that?" Piplup grumbled, now aware of the fact that the time bought by causing everything to happen earlier than usual was about to run out.

"Perhaps I could try and explain myself?" Grovyle put forward.

Chimchar shrugged. "Go for it."

Azelf, in the meanwhile, was staring at where Dusknoir was temporarily buried. "Why is there a bunch of sn—"

"What snow, there is no snow," Piplup monotoned.

"But—"

"It is just a mound of white. There is nothing buried under there. Do not worry about it," Chimchar almost instructed, although in a similar monotone to Piplup's.

As members of the Wigglytuff Guild came in, Azelf realized that not talking about the extremely conspicuous mound of snow was probably the best course of action, lest everything cease making sense.

Of course, everyone was surprised at Grovyle's presence. He was, after all, the notorious Time Gear thief they'd been looking for, someone said to be dangerous and ill-intentioned.

Seeing him being amiable with the Poképals was about as confusing as an invasion of space donuts from left field. And that was to say the *least* .

Grovyle sighed. "Well, this'll be a long story, so bear with me…"

Here we go, he thought, only now fully realizing that, whether he wanted to or not, he had become part of something beyond the comprehension of all other beings in existence.

He also now knew that "existence", grand and infinite as Grovyle had thought it to be, more than anyone could possibly imagine, was so much grander and more infinite to the point where it was even beyond the thought of gods.

Does it even have to be said that I'll make the most of it?

14.5 (novusordomundi)

You're... here...

I'm trapped... And I'm lonely... So very lonely...

Won't you join me?

"Oh, you poor creature! Have you been trapped up here in Pokemon Tower all this time? Of course I'll join you for a while!"

Fluttershy rummaged through her subspace pocket for a little bit, before finally pulling out a stasis container with what looked to be preserved brains (ethically sourced, of course). She looked over to her companion, a decaying corpse of a man sticking halfway out of the floor. It just grunted and groaned a little bit, but wasn't actually going after Fluttershy, or pulling out it's Pokemon to battle.

Fluttershy had been told by Loopers about this possible variant, where this zombie would challenge them to a Pokemon Battle at the top of the Pokemon Tower in Lavender Town, and pulling them into the ground and eating them if he won. All they knew of him was he went by "Buried Alive", or "Buryman" for short. For the most part, he

wasn't enough of a challenge to warrant much attention from most Loopers. And to her knowledge, nobody had tried to have a picnic with him.

But there was a first time for everything. Fluttershy took the brains out of the stasis jar, and put it on a plate in front of Buryman. The corpse looked at it for a second, before taking it with his free hand, a grin on it's face.

Finally... Fresh meat…

"What?" Was all Red could manage, his brain unable to come up with any better statement to being told about Fluttershy's adventure.

"Oh, I just showed him a little bit of kindness." Fluttershy said. "Being buried alive must have been horrible! It was the least I could do for the poor thing..."

"Well, that is a first for dealing with him." Red allowed, before a thought crossed his mind. "Hey, if we're trying for kindness, want to come with us over to Cinnabar Island? I know a certain something that could use a bit of kindness. Just... don't try to catch him, okay?"

Flutershy's face brightened "I'd love to. But if you don't mind, do we have time to grab a shovel and head back to the Tower? I kind of promised the man I'd dig him out..."

"...Sure, why not?"

14.6 (Inkweaver22)

Charmander and Chikorita sighed as Squirtle rolled around on the ground laughing like a lunatic. Nearby, the Magnemite pair looked on in confusion.

"BZZT. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND. ALL I SAID WAS THAT I WOULD WAIT IN THE FRIEND ZONE-"

"BWAHAHAHAHAHA!" Squirtle's laughter increased as tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"I DO NOT SEE WHY YOU FIND FRIEND ZONES SO FUNNY. BZZT." The other Magnemite said in irritation. "THEY ARE VERY USEFUL. YOU ARE BOUND TO COME ACROSS MANY POKEMON THAT MAY WANT TO JOIN YOU. IF YOUR PARTY IS FULL YOU CAN JUST SEND THEM BACK TO THE FRIEND ZONES. BZZT."

That caused Squirtle to quiet down, but only because he was laughing so hard that no sound could come out.

"I think you better just go now." Charmander said. "This could take a while."

Before they could leave, Squirtle was able to squeak out, "You just got *friend zoned* !" He laughed for a few more moments before passing out from a lack of oxygen.

"BZZT. I BELIEVE THAT MAY BE THE BEST COURSE OF ACTION..."

14.7 (Theburper, extended by me)

(Theburper)

Virizion and Emolga stared at Oshawott, who was filling a metal chest plate with game guides.

"What are you doing, Oshawott?"

"I'm making plot armor!"

(Me)

Emolga looked at this in worry. Oshawott had been acting incredibly random lately, even for him. What was going on? "Oshawott, are you okay? You've been acting all funny lately," he said.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"But…"

"I said, *I don't know what you're talking about.* "

14.1 - Sun Soul. Eugh. You guys should know my opinions of needlessly dark things by now. Surprisingly though, I don't have that problem with Kamen Rider Gaim, even though it's written by the Urobutcher.

14.2 - It's alright, White. I have no idea what's going on either.

14.3 - I wonder how Obelix will react when he realizes there's no Romans to beat up? Then again, these Gauls are crazy!

14.4 - We have a Grovyle on our hands now! The MD guys had really gone a while without any more Loopers, until this compilation of course. I wonder who's next?

14.5 - I hate creepypastas on principle. But it seems Fluttershy defused this one, even though it lends credence to a point I've been trying to make.

14.6 - Just to clarify, they're normally called Friend *Areas* . Variants can do that. Heh...Friend Zoned...

14.7 - Well now...I wonder what's wrong with Oshawott? **(AbZHz101: So much for the "Oath Free Zone" /jk)** Well, excuse me for getting some inspiration!

Chapter 15

15.1

Mewtwo sighed. This Loop was a rather lonely one, with only Pikachu and himself being Awake for it. Surprisingly, not even Mew was Awake, and she tended to Loop in at the same time as him for some reason. Now, there were only minutes until the Loop reset and the next Loop, and he was finding himself being melancholy.

'Why do I feel this way? I have figured out what I should do in the Loops. I no longer let my anger rule me. I have...friends. There is no real reason I should be feeling this way.'

Oh, who was he kidding? He knew exactly why he felt this way. Reaching into his Pocket, he pulled out something he hadn't looked at in a long time. A simple Digivice, in the same style as that of the original Digidestined. It had not functioned for a long time, and had turned grey as a result.

"BlackWarGreymon..."

It had been far too long since that faithful Loop, where he had found his kindred spirit. His Partner. Mewtwo had not Looped back into any of the Digiverses since then, but even now he could feel an aching void in his heart; a yearning for that person who completely understood his circumstances in ways no one could.

'But even if he did begin Looping, the odds of it being the BlackWarGreymon I knew are slim.' Mewtwo knew this. However, in this instance, he couldn't help but feel a bit irrational about the whole deal. He wanted to meet his Partner again, no matter how illogical it was. Sighing, he placed the Digivice back into his Pocket, waiting for the Loop reset.

Elsewhere, in a completely different Loop, a certain Virus-attribute Mega Level Digimon was also feeling melancholy. BlackWarGreymon sighed; his thoughts much the same as his Partner's, even through the separation of the worlds.

'It has been many Loops, but I have still yet to find the Loop Mewtwo came from. I have been to the other Looping Digital Worlds, even to Worlds beyond my dreams, but I have still not found him.'

Removing Mewtwo's long-forgotten Master Ball from his Pocket, he stared at it pensively. *'T.K. and Patamon assure me that it will happen eventually; that no force in Yggdrasil can keep Partners separated forever. But in the Loops, forever never really comes. Will I ever be able to see him again?'*

Placing the Pokeball back in his Pocket, he awaited the Loop reset, wondering if he would ever see the Genetic Pokemon ever again.

Yggdrasil, the computer that runs the entire multiverse. Even when it was working at full capacity, there were still things about how it worked that the Gods who run it weren't sure about. However, one thing that can be said is that, while the necessity of the Loops has all but eliminated physical travel between the Branches of the system, thoughts can still crossover, even in the incredibly damaged portions.

And, at that moment, the thoughts of Mewtwo and BlackWarGreymon, two Loopers in completely separate Loops run by two separate Admins from different Pantheons resonated on a common wish.

'I wish I could meet him again.'

Yggdrasil heard their wish. And it responded in the only appropriate manner.

15.2

Kirby usually didn't care if somebody stole his cake or not. Cake was cake, after all, and he could easily get more. But not this cake. This was The Cake, the best cake in the history of ever. It had taken Adeleine *ages* to find it, and she was going to share it with everyone. And now some moron in knight getup had stolen it.

Kirby narrowed his eyes. Looks like it was time to go hardcore on these fools.

N blinked as he Awoke in his room in his Castle. It had certainly been a while since he had Looped into his home Variant. He wondered if that meant there was a visitor Anchoring the Loop. That seemed to be the general trend, after all.

Suddenly, an explosion rocked the whole place. Before N could realize what was going on, a member of Team Plasma frantically burst through the door. "Lord N, forgive me for intruding, but the Castle is under attack by some pink...thing!" the Plasma Grunt frantically said.

N frowned in confusion, idly noting that there was a piece of cake over on the table. "You mean to tell me that a Ditto is causing this much damage?" he asked.

"It's not a Ditto!" the Grunt denied. "It's some pink puffball!"

"So it's a Jigglypuff," N guessed.

"It's not a Jigglypuff either, my Lord! It's-!" The Grunt was cut off as a hammer to the back sent him flying into the wall, leaving an indentation. Standing right there was a pink puffball with a rope tied around his head and holding a giant hammer. His black eyes were angry, and his eyebrows were furrowed.

Taking a guess, N sent out a Ping, which was returned immediately from right in front of him. The pink puffball blinked, before ceasing to become angry.

"Hello, there. I'm N. I assume you're the visiting Anchor?" N asked.

The pink puffball nodded. "Yep! I'm Kirby from Dream Land!" he introduced, putting the hammer on the floor.

"Well then, nice to meet you, Kirby, but why did you attack my Castle?" N questioned.

Kirby was about to answer, when he noticed the cake on N's table. "Cake!" he yelled, running over to it.

N blinked. "You attacked my castle...for cake?" he questioned incredulously.

"Uhuh!" Kirby nodded. Staring at the cake, he couldn't help himself, and took a small bite out of it...and froze. Only one thought went through his head.

This was the worst cake he had ever tasted. Which meant that Adeleine had been ripped off!

Kirby grew angry again. Stuffing the cake in his Pocket, he picked his hammer off of the floor. "Sorry I can't stick around, N, but I got a certain fish salesman to interrogate." And with that, Kirby blew a hole in the side of the wall with his hammer, and leaped out of it.

N just stood there, horribly confused. *'What was that about?'* Behind him, the Plasma Grunt slid off of his indent in the wall and fell to the floor.

15.3 (Gamerex27)

Red casually strolled into the 3-Star Lumiose City restaurant. He had heard nothing but good things about this place, and since he pretty much had unlimited money due to the Loops, he had cash to burn on this place.

"Ah, hello, sir," said the waiter at the front desk. "You are in luck: we happen to have a table for you open right now. Would you like the full, seven course meal?

Red shrugged. "Why not?" After all, last Loop had been exhausting (he had somehow gotten involved in a rap battle with Giovanni, had to fight a Luvdisc the size of Goldenrod City, and was cursed by a Ninetails to speak backwards for the last few years of the Loop), and he needed to recharge.

Walking past the desk, Red took a seat at the only empty table there. Six flashes of light later, and his team of Pokemon were occupying the other seats at the table.

"Arceus, that was a *weird* Loop back there." Chimchar slumped in his seat, trying very hard not to fall asleep.

"Hey, on the bright side, now we know what else a Ninetails' curse can do," Squirtle replied. "Remind me not to prank her when we end up in a Variant."

"Yeah, last time we did that, she cursed us to have every Reviver Seed we ever found to explode in our faces," Charmander grumbled. "Made exploring Mystery Dungeons *way* harder than it should have been"

"A battle while you and your talking Pokemon wait for the appetizer, sir?"

Red began to nod, then stopped when the latter half of that sentence caught up with his brain. "Wait, you're not even a *little* surprised at the talking Pokemon?"

"Come to think of it," Chikorita chimed in, "no one here is giving us a second glance at all? Oshawott, you called this a...'Someone Else's Problem' effect, right?"

The Water Type merely grunted in response. Before anyone at the table could think to ask about this oddly out of character response, the waiter had started talking again.

"Sirs...and madam...this is an establishment that caters to people who are extremely wealthy. And with wealth comes eccentricities." As he reached for his Pokeballs, he continued. "This is by far the *least* odd thing I have seen in my time here at this restaurant."

One one-sided fight later, the waiter had left, and returned carrying seven bowls of noodles on a large silver platter.

"These are steamed Blissey egg noodles. The sauce is made of the finest Tropius fruits from all around the world, and the egg comes from the matriarch of the Joy family's own companion. Enjoy."

As the waiter left, the Loopers grew silent. Something about this pasta seemed... *wrong* . Maybe it was the fact that the sauce, while smelling of tomatoes, looked uncannily like human blood. Maybe it was the fact that the entire bowl consisted of one impossibly long noodle, spread out in shapes that looked oddly like nooses and bullwhips. Maybe it was the fact that the dish itself radiated an aura of menace and terror.

Or maybe it was just the fact that it smelled weird.

"I...I'm not sure I want to eat this," Piplup said. "It looks kind of-"

A slurping sound brought them out of their apprehension. As one, the Loopers turned to see Squirtle sucking the entirety of the long noodle into his gullet, grinning all the while.

They could do nothing but stare until finally, *mercifully* , it was over.

Picking up his napkin, Squirtle wiped the blood-like sauce off of his face and beamed. "That was great! You guys have got to try this!"

"Pass," his companions said, in unison.

15.4 (crossoverpairinglover)

In the adventurer's satchel, you find...

• a shiny amethyst of the monk

• a draught of convert darkness

• a golemsbane amulet of curse

• a magic scroll containing "Water Meteor"

• a moldy mirror

• a pile of 882 assorted coins of gold

Piplup grinned as he held his new move scroll above his head.

No longer would he have to struggle to fight Darkrai and his minions! Now, the ultimate power would be his!

SCROLL CONTAINING SCROLL MOVE WATER METEOR ACTIVATED. TEACH WATER METEOR TO A POKEMON?

The mysterious voice rang from the scroll, asking this most important question as Piplup nodded rapidly.

WATER METEOR AND PIPLUP ARE NOT COMPATIBLE. WATER METEOR CANNOT BE LEARNED!

"Huh?!" Piplup squawked in due horror.

What the Distortion World did the scroll mean he couldn't learn Water Meteor?!

15.5 (Zulaq)

"So what your saying is, if we save da world, I die and not only dat, but Grovyle and dat nice Celebi die too. Now don't get me wrong, I like da woild and all, but ain't dere someway not kill our friends? Besides, I'm kinda allergic to da idea of dying."

Chimchar rubbed the back of his neck, while this event was baseline for him, it could still be awkward to explain. "It's not dying, and besides, you'll come back. Or at least Piplup always does. Dialga always pays off his debts."

Meowth rolled his eyes, "Like dat's gonna make me feel better about this. Erase 'em from history, and hope dat a god feels pity enough to bring me back. You sure we can't just skip that?"

"Not really, unless I Wake Up really, really early and can take care of things before Piplup and Grovyle jump into the past." Chimchar shrugged, "And even that doesn't always work, and tends to lead to some lonely loops for me. This far along we've gotta do this or things go belly up."

"Fine," Meowth sighed, "If I gotta die, I gotta die. Just don't tell the twerps. I'd never live it down."

15.6 (Inkweaver22)

"Huh. That's interesting," Red said, catching the attention of the other loopers in the room. It was a game variant set in Sinnoh, and most of the Pokemon loopers were there. Having nothing better to do, they had went to the Canalave Library to see if it could give them any ideas.

"What is it?"

"These passages I found in this book of old folktales," Red answered as the others gathered around. "Here, listen to this:

There lived a Pokémon in a forest.

In the forest, the Pokémon shed its

hide to sleep as a human.

Awakened, the human dons the

Pokémon hide to roam villages. "

"Just sounds like a Ditto ta me," Meowth said.

"Hang on, there's a bit more:

There once were Pokémon that

became very close to humans.

There once were humans and Pokémon

that ate together at the same table.

It was a time when there existed no

differences to distinguish the two.

There's also a footnote that says that some archaeologists believe the passage actually translates to say that humans and Pokemon used to intermarry."

"So what does all that mean?" Chikorita asked.

"I think it's implying that humans were once Pokemon," Brock speculated.

"That's what I thought too," Red agreed.

"Well that would certainly explain a lot," Misty said.

"It would?"

"Think about it. How many times has Team Rocket been electrocuted or set on fire with barely any injuries? Not to mention how many times they blast off and come back a few hours later perfectly fine," the Water Trainer elaborated. "If humans are descendants of Pokemon, it would make sense they would still have some resistances against attacks."

"And what about trainers like Sabrina?" Yellow added. "It's possible that being a psychic or being able to use aura are recessive traits from Pokemon ancestors."

"As fascinating as this is, we must remember that this *is* a variant," N reminded them all. "This book might not even exist outside this loop."

"But it just makes so much sense," the Mystery Dungeon Piplup countered. "It would even explain how you're able to understand Pokemon." Right next to him, Dawn's Piplup nodded his head, agreeing with the human-turned-Pokemon.

"Even so, we can't make any assumptions based on information from a variant."

"He's right," Pikachu agreed. "Unless we can find this book in our baselines *and* run some tests to prove it, this is just pure speculation and theory for now."

"So I guess we have something to do next loop," Ash said. "But we still need to figure out what to do for this loop."

"We could always test this here so we can have a working process when we try it in baseline," James supplied.

"I'm fine with that," Red agreed. They all agreed and set to work listing ideas on different tests and procedures.

"So why are you guys helping out with this?" Tracey asked the loopers from the mystery dungeon worlds.

"Well, I figured that if Pokemon can become humans, why can't the reverse be true as well?" Oshawott pointed out. "And with all the human technology and ruins we have, it would make sense that humans either all died out or reverted back into Pokemon sometime in our baselines' past."

"So you're going to use our work here to try and prove that?"

"That and some other ideas we have."

15.7 (fractalman)

"Kyubey showed up a couple loops ago," said Chimchar

"Oh? What happened?" asked Piplup.

"Palkia, Dialga, Celebi, Darkrai, and Cresselia put aside their differences and ganged up on her. Him. It. "

"Isn't that a bit overkill?"

"When it comes to Kyubey? Nah, not really."

15.8 (Gamerex27)

Piplup stared blankly at the old Alakazam in front of him.

"Now," this Loop's version of Professor Oak said. "It's time for you to pick your starter Pokeman! Would you like a Brock, a Misty, or a Red?

"I...think I'll take the Red," the avian Pokemon said, still confused as to whatever the hell was going on.

"Ah, the Red species!" the Professor exclaimed. "A difficult species to raise, but very powerful once they fully evolve into Redzard! I just happen to have one left for you!"

The elderly Psychic type handed Piplup a Pokeball-here called a Manball. Fumbling for a moment with his flippers (he had never dealt with Pokeballs in his baseline, as they never existed in his universe due to whatever Primal Dialga had done to the timestream), he finally managed to click the button on the front, and a three-foot tall Red appeared in a burst of light.

"Red, red! Re? Red!" The now-Awake Pokeman slapped his forehead in annoyance, groaning in Manspeak.

Piplup struggled valiantly to keep the smirk off of his beak, and ultimately failed. "I think this will be a *very* fun journey, Professor," the former human said.

Meanwhile, the currently-miniaturized human, who only came up to Piplup's waist, was cradling his head in his hands. This would be a *very* painful Loop, indeed.

15.1 - The Prologue to The Reunion of Partners . In this Loop, BlackWarGreymon and Mewtwo will finally reunite! But the Loop they'll find themselves in isn't all fun and games. Their partnership will be tried and tested throughout the coming events.

15.2 - And something a bit more lighthearted. I generally take Kirby going insano over that one piece of Cake in Squeak Squad as there being a food shortage or something.

15.3 - Literal creepypasta. Also, something is definitely wrong with Oshawott.

15.4 - If it's anything like Hydro Cannon, Piplup, you'll probably need to become an Empoleon first.

15.5 - Meowth is one of the possible starters in the Mystery Dungeon games. That makes it incredibly easy to justify him appearing.

15.6 - Makes sense to me. That's actually there in the Gen IV games, by the way.

15.7 - And I can't blame them in the slightest.

15.8 - Let me show you my Pokemans!

Chapter 16

And the Anime Loopers are now back in full force!

16.1 (TangleKat)

It was just another routine Loop for Ash; after Awakening, he headed over to Oak's lab to meet up with his friend and Anchor. He did not expect the Professor (not Awake it seemed) to barrel out of his lab with Gary and the other Pallet Town Trainers following close behind. Concerned about what might have happened, he dashed into the lab already preparing to reach into his pocket.

He stopped short when he saw Pikachu. Or rather, what was supposed to be Pikachu.

"{Oh, hi, Ash,}" his friend greeted. "{It looks like this will be a rather odd variant. Like, I can't even begin to describe how weird this variant is going to be.}"

Ash nodded dumbly, transfixed by the sight of Pikachu's appearance. "So how did this happen? Given that everyone ran out of here like Sakura was on their tails - the old Sakura, I think - I'm guessing it happened right as the loop started?"

Pikachu nodded. "{Yep. One moment everything's fine and dandy and I'm assessing my loop memories. The next it feels like Blastoise used his GIGA DRILL BREAKER on my skull and everyone is panicking.}" The electric Pokémon scratched his head. "{I can't really tell why though; I haven't had the chance to find a mirror, and you came in before I could take one out of my pocket. If I still have one in my pocket.}"

"You definitely need one, buddy." Ash said. He reached into his own subspace pocket and brought it out, turning it so his friend could see

the damage that had been done.

"{WHAT IN THE NAME OF EIKEN AM I?!}" Pikachu screeched. He still retained his basic shape (thank goodness for that), but his fur had turned a steely grey and his face had been unceremoniously replaced with a single giant eyeball. "{I LOOK LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF A CREEPYPASTA!}"

That gave Ash an idea. "Maybe that should be our plan for this loop. It would certainly be different."

If Pikachu - sorry, Magnechu - could grin, he would have. "I hunger for your soul…"

16.2 (Zerodius)

"Mew." Ash blinked a few times before staring at Mew, currently on top of Pikachu, suckling on his head with a goofy expression on, her tail raised. She was staring at him in a way not unlike a housecat in one of those other worlds where Pokémon did not exist but felines still did.

"Apparently, I've been chosen," deadpanned Pikachu.

"Food is cute! And cuddly!" went the pink feline, as if it was normal. Why wasn't anyone in Pallet Town reacting to Mew being in broad daylight like this? And did she just call Pikachu food? He cringed, knowing Mew had read his thoughts just now. He sighed, knowing Mew also read that and couldn't care less about his concept of privacy. "I'm a carnivore. You know, being a kitty and all. So I eat Pokémon. Well, this loop, I've decided to eat consenting Pokémon! So I announce to Pokémon when they're my meals!"

Ash blinked a few times. Then his eyes widened as he realized that Mew was actually tasting Pikachu as she nibbled on an ear. Why wasn't Pikachu just plain blasting her away and telling her to eat somebody else? Guessing what his friend thought of the situation,

Pikachu answered in the same tone as before. "My goddess coming to me and telling me I'd be hers? Before awakening, my in-loop self actually felt it a honor."

Not feeling particularly cooperative, especially when Mew licked his neck, Pikachu kicked her off with his right hind leg. Predictably, she teleported back on top of him instantly and resumed licking him. He rolled his eyes and sighed.

16.3 (fractalman)

Ash rubbed his head, headache rising. "OK. Run the whole thing by me...one more time."

Pikachu replied. "This loop...voltage equals current by definition. I just hope we can get through it without the loop crashing."

Ash drew in a breath. "My head already hurts, so tell me how that could possibly cause a loop crash, without expecting me to figure it out."

"Because if voltage is defined as current, then by V=IR, or voltage equals current times resistance, then all resistances are one OHM. I'm surprised the loop hasn't crashed already. Think about it: how can your pokedex even work if the casing, the wiring, and the air inside each have exactly one Ohm of resistance? How has the very structure of matter not flown apart?" Pikachu asked with rising panic.

Ash rubbed his head for a few more moments. "Perhaps...it'd be best not to think about it too much?"

Pikachu nodded. "Ash, that is the smartest thing you've ever said in all the loops."

Ash grinned. "Thanks... Hey, wait a second!"

16.4 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

The two loopers couldn't help but stare at the Eldritch Abominations against Pokekind. Every Pokemon they had met except Pikachu had been replaced with a fusion between its original form...and Oddish. Pikachu slapped his forehead. "Not again."

Ash looked to his Pokemon. "So, I'm thinking vacation in the Seafoam Islands, what say you?"

Pikachu glared. "I'm going to find Arceus and see if he can fix this."

Ash shrugged. "Good luck."

It was several months later, when Ash was resting from his latest practice surfing run for the humunga dunga massive wave that only came every 2 decades that Pikachu finally arrived. Ash was laid out on a recliner sipping at a lemonade when he felt something land on his chest. he looked down, and there Pikachu stood, clearly not pleased and now sporting a grey skin and red eyes. Ash chuckled. "I take it your visit to Arceus didn't go well."

If anything, Pikachu's glare took on a "No, what was your first clue" overlay as he explained. "Apparently, I was a Shiny Pikachu. Arceus, who was also a fusion of an oddish, decided to correct "nature's error" and turned me into this."

Ash snickered. "What did you do then?"

Pikachu's expression become uncomfortable. "I...may have lost my temper."

Ash quirked his eyes, but Pikachu didn't want to elaborate. Instead, the boy shrugged. "You want to to match Jan's record and plant our flag on top of that rock?" he asked, gesturing to the massive rock pillar that stood in the middle of the bay littered with flags.

Pikachu sighed. "I'm going to have a long nap, then maybe later I'll join you."

Ash shrugged. "Suit yourself."

He silently made plans to get blackmail photos to counter Pikachu's pictures of Ashley while the Electric Mouse Pokemon slept.

16.5 (Inkweaver22)

"So this is a fused loop?" Ash asked.

"Yup. Misty is Sailor Mew, May is Sailor Jirachi, Dawn is Sailor Shaymin, and Iris is Sailor Meloetta. And all of them are Unawake, before you ask," Pikachu responded.

"Okay, so why am I in a Mewtwo themed tuxedo?"

"Just roll with it."

16.6 (fractalman)

Mewtwo winced. Waking Up just after blowing up the lab was not pleasant.

Waking up to see Giovanni's face...even less so.

He lifted Giovanni into the air without bothering to point a hand. " *You disgust me.* "

Giovanni's reply was mostly filtered out. "blah blah blah blah blah, now if you would, put me down."

Mewtwo got an idea. He summoned a syringe and a vial of clear liquid.

"Er, what are you doing?" asked a nervous Giovanni.

" *Putting you down,* " replied Mewtwo.

He wasn't actually going to kill Giovanni-the vial contained a harmless saline solution-but Giovanni didn't need to know that.

16.7 (katfairy)

It was almost a baseline Loop. Ash was the only other Awake, and both of them had undergone difficult Loops recently, so the comparative calm of a standard Loop sounded good. There was only one minor problem—it was a Fused Loop. Sort of. Equestria was in a parallel dimension this Loop and thanks to some weird spat/prank war between the Unown and Discord, random portals would open between the two worlds. Not for long, and anyone or thing that stumbled through one was easily returned to its native world by tracking down one of the combatants and yelling at them until they fixed matters. Pikachu couldn't think why the Loop was running like that, but he chalked it up to either a glitch or one of the less responsible Admins doing something dumb again. At least this time it was harmless.

What wasn't harmless was their current situation. No matter how much experience they had, Hunter J always gave them trouble. (Well, except for that one weird Loop where she'd been Fossil Hunter J and in a relationship with Brandon. The day they'd learned that was one of the few times Ash had ever complained about being too young to drink.) They were now facing her in the woods, protecting Riolu, waiting for her to start the forest fire that she always managed to start no matter what they did. Even knowing that the worst that could happen was an early Loop ending didn't make facing her any easier. She was cold, ruthless, and unlike Giovanni or any of the other Team leaders, smart enough to know when to cut her losses. Pikachu occasionally had nightmares about her starting to Loop; while it wasn't impossible that she might actually reform—Skynet had reformed, after all—he suspected she'd be an MLE. And if she gained the types of powers Loopers tended to, and managed to stay sane, she'd be more dangerous than Dio. He'd managed to

ask Yuetu once when he had come down for one of his breaks, and the response had been "Not if we can help it." So it was unlikely, but there was a non-zero chance it could happen, and that was enough for the nightmares.

So here they were. Hunter J was aiming her arm cannon at them, everyone was making sure they were between her and Riolu, and the usual confrontation was happening.

"You can't have him," Ash said.

"You can't stop me," J responded. "All I have to do is shoot all of you and keep the ones I want. None of your Pokémon are rare, but they are unusually strong, and that makes them interesting. And I might get a bit extra from my client if I deliver someone who can link their Aura with Riolu's."

Ash's eyes got big and all the Pokémon tensed, especially Pikachu; she'd never done that before. She'd frozen them all more than once, but threatening to kidnap Ash was new.

Not. Going. To happen. Pikachu bristled, electricity playing along his fur, and the other Pokémon growled in agreement. J smirked, got ready to fire—

-then froze as the sound of a marching band echoed through the forest. Pikachu didn't dare look in case this was a really strange trap, and J didn't seem capable of moving at the moment. Ash apparently looked, though, as the sound of him facepalming could just barely be heard above the music. Seconds later, a pink Pony loaded with various musical instruments appeared, looking pretty much fed up with the world and leading a bouncing line of fuzzy, winged, pastel bugs with big eyes. Pinkie never missed a step or a beat as her eyes darted back and forth between them. Continuing on, those big blue eyes rolled expressively and she sighed into her tuba, causing a loud *HWOOOM* . Another portal appeared; she marched through as though it was the most normal thing in the world. As the last bouncing ball of cuteness passed through, the portal closed again.

Pikachu looked from J's gun to her face, and saw an expression he never thought he'd see: thoroughly gobsmacked.

"…Well," she said after a few minutes of gaping. "That happened."

"Yep," Ash said, for once in full agreement with her. J looked to where the second portal had been, shook her head, and dropped her arm.

"Right. That's it." She jumped on the back of her Salamence. "Every time. Every. Stinking. Time. I run into you, and things get weird. Talking Meowth, living fossils, musical pink Ponyta… You cost me time, money, men, and you're beginning to cost me sanity. This is the weirdest one yet, and I do NOT want to see how you plan to top it. I am officially done with you. You are on my list of people to stay far away from. I've got a good business going, and I want to keep it that way."

"Then you might want to avoid Team Galactic," Ash said. "They're planning on destroying the world and creating a new one."

It was J's turn to roll her eyes and sigh. "Screw this, I'm going to Orre."

"Uh, have a nice life?"

J glared at him, then flew off. Not too long after, he heard her ship head west at top speed. Pikachu laughed.

"Hey, we managed to keep her from setting off the fire this time," he said, just before the ominous sounds of a Pokémon trying not to sneeze reached his ears. "Ash, is Chimchar allergic to whatever those puffballs are?"

"I think so, yeah."

"Ah, crap."

"Yep."

"ACHOOO!"

Pikachu facepalmed as embers flew by him, wondering whose bright idea that had been.

16.8 (Lord Circe)

Pikachu, or as he was named this Loop, Theo Nott, smiled as he lined up with the rest of the First Years for the feast. He was doing his best to go under the radar this Loop. He wanted to see if he could successfully stealth Loop through Hogwarts, right under Harry Potter's nose.

The gaggle of First Years moved through the Entrance Hall and into the Great Hall. Pikachu looked around, feigning wide-eyed interest, which really wasn't that hard. Hogwarts really was an impressive castle.

A slight tingle running down the back of his neck was his only sign that something was off as he stepped into the hall. The moment he passed through the doors, a series of notes blared through the hall.

Dun, dun, dun!

At the front of the hall, the Sorting Hat straightened on its stool and started to sing, even as the First Years were still entering the hall.

So you want to be a wizard! At Hogwarts!

Do you have the skills to be! Num! Ber! One!

Pikachu groaned as he recognized the music, and the basis for the lyrics. Turning slightly, he saw Harry grinning at him, and when Pikachu made eye contact, Harry gave a cheery wave. Off to the side, the entire Gryffindor table leapt to their feet.

If Gryffindor, is where you step,

You'll find courage to be bold!

Next, the Ravenclaws stood and joined in.

In Ravenclaw, you won't forget,

The lessons that you're told!

The Slytherin Table was next.

If you want go, where no-one's been

Then Slytherin's you're crowd!

Finally, the Hufflepuffs stood to sing their part.

If Loyalty is your command,

Stand with Hufflepuff hand in hand.

Hey!

Then, the entire hall, including teachers, stood and began singing, leaving the First Years looking around in awe, and little bit of apprehension.

We all live, in a magical world! (Ho-og-warts!)

I wanna be the greatest wizard of them all!

(Or Greatest Witch!)

We all live in a magical world! (Ho-og-warts!)

Then, Severus Snape leapt over the teacher's table, and landed with a flourish in front of the Sorting Hat.

Gonna put you to the test,

To be better than all the rest!

Ungh!

And then the entire school joined in the chorus.

So you wanna be a Wizard! At Hogwarts!

Do you have the skills to be! Num! Ber! One!

We all live in a magical world! (Ho-og-warts!)

I wanna be, the greatest Wizard of them all!

HOGWARTS!

Pikachu sighed as the rest of the First Years began to applaud. Meanwhile, the rest of the Hogwarts students and teachers slowly sat down, many of them looking at Fred and George Weasley to figure out if this was some big prank they pulled, except for Snape, who had gathered what dignity he could and strode back around the teacher's table to sit down.

16.9 (Gamerex27)

Pikachu held his paw up to his mouth, trying not to laugh his tail off.

"Hey, it's not funny!" protested his trainer, currently made of literal ashes. "It's *really* hard to throw Pokeballs without arms!"

"At least you're solid," grumbled Misty, her gaseous form rapidly shifting in annoyance. "I have to constantly make sure I don't evaporate by accident!"

A low growl came from slightly farther away. The bemused Loopers turned to see a badger (not a Pokemon, an actual, Hub-world badger) glaring at them, with his eyes almost totally squinted shut.

"Okay, I guess you *do* have it the worst," Misty conceded. "I really do *hate* pun Loops."

16.1 - PokeFusion. Some of them do look a bit like Creepypastas though.

16.2 - So, basically, mouse is a delicacy or something?

16.3 - So...physics! Physics, eh? Phyyyyyysics. Physics, physics, physics, physics, physics, physics! I hope you're getting all this down.

16.4 - That Loop was just...odd.

16.5 - Yuetu, Pokemon's Admin, also Admins Sailor Moon. Because he's the Tsuki no Usagi. As such, once Pokemon started up, Fused Loops between the two happen pretty commonly. Also, does that mean that Serena is Sailor V(ictini)?

16.6 - Yeah, wordplay! ...Hey, they can't all be winners.

16.7 - And thus, a new variation on an old Trope was born: Puffed Mane Pony Moment, the local version of Big Lipped Alligator Moment!

16.8 - If you didn't get that, you had no childhood!

16.9 - Name-based Pun Loops, also in the Top 10 Sources of Loop Shenanigans. For those who don't get it, the badger is Brock. Because Brock's another word for badger.

Chapter 17

17.1

'How did I get myself into this?! Oh, right, time's repeating somehow,' Red thought to himself as he frantically backed away from whatever the heck he was facing. The group of creatures stomping towards him looked kind of like Shroomish. The problem there was, no spots, larger legs, and they were brown. He'd have already dealt with them, but he didn't have any of his Pokemon, not even Poli and Saur, who were starting to remember this weird repeating. Red gritted his teeth and closed his eyes as he braced himself, when suddenly...

"Woohoo!" The sound of things getting stomped underfoot rang in front of him. Red opened his eyes to see that the Shroomish-like things were gone. Instead, a man standing about 5 feet tall stood in front of him, with a red shirt and blue overalls. He had a rather impressive mustache, as well as a red cap.

"You alright?" the man asked.

"Yeah, thanks..." Red trailed off as he realized who he was speaking to. "Y-You're-!"

The man grinned and gave a thumb's up. "It's-a me, Mario!" he confirmed.

Red looked at him for a good five seconds before pulling his hat over his eyes. "Right, that does it. I give up! First time starts repeating, and now I'm meeting Mario of all people?! I must be hallucinating!"

As he continued to rant, Mario ignored him, instead focusing on a specific thing he had said. "Time is repeating for you?" he inquired.

Red paused in his rant. "Yeah. Why?" he questioned.

At that, Mario nodded. "I think it would be best if you came with me to Princess Peach's Castle," he declared. Red blinked, but followed him over there.

"So, it's not just me?" Red questioned as he sat in the meeting room of Peach's Castle. He, Mario, Luigi, and Peach were the only ones there.

Peach nodded as she sipped from her cup of Koopa Tea. "All across the Multiverse, people are repeating their lives over and over again. Only one person in each universe is blessed, or cursed if you view it that way, to remember it every time. They're called Anchors. Mario is the Anchor for our universe, and it sounds like you're your universe's Anchor."

Red slumped into his chair. "Why me though? Why not Gold, or Blue, or even Professor Oak?" he questioned.

Luigi shrugged. "Nobody really knows how Anchors are picked. I heard there was something about metaphysical stability or something, but it kinda flew over my head," he admitted sheepishly.

"And, my friends are going to start remembering too? I mean, Poli and Saur seem to be remembering, but I can't really tell since Pokemon can't talk," Red asked.

"Yep. I wouldn't be surprised if it was fairly recent too," Mario said.

"So is it just you three then for your universe?" Red wondered.

Luigi shook his head. "Nope. Bowser Koopa himself is Looping, and I'm pretty sure our... friend Princess Daisy of Sarasaland is Looping too, but we haven't gotten enough time to ask her yet. If she is, she's not saying anything about it though."

"Right. So, what am I supposed to do? There's no Pokemon around here, so I can't be a Trainer like I normally am," Red pointed out. He

wasn't really sure what he should be doing.

"You could always help us with Bowser," Mario offered.

"What, you mean actually fight myself?" Red blanched at this. "Um, no thanks. That's not really me," he Mareepishly said.

As he said this, Peach finished her Koopa Tea and set the cup down on her saucer. "At the very least, let us teach you how to make a Subspace Pocket. While you won't be able to hold many things at first, it's a valuable resource in the Loops," she offered.

Red nodded. "Alright. Maybe I can take a Fire Flower with me and see how those work with Pokemon," he mused.

17.2 (Jcogginsa)

Red entered his subspace pocket quietly, a packet of seeds in his hand. In the corner was a fully functional hydroponics lab, roughly the size of Texas. He'd had a thing for Botany ever since his first fused loop, where he'd gotten a Fire Flower as a gift. From that original Fire Flower, he'd started a whole field. And since then, he'd expanded his grove. He had Bonsai Trees from the Elemental Nations, a gift from Naruto. Ice Flowers and Golden Flowers from another trip to the Mushroom Kingdom. Every type of berry there was in his home loop. Hell, he even had his own Biollante.

His hobby had knock on effects as well. Every so often, Saur would Wake up as a hybrid of Bulbasaur and one of his out-of-loop plants. A fact the Seed Pokemon thoroughly enjoyed depending on which one it was.

But he was digressing. Right now, he needed to focus. These new seeds would be his best cultivation ever!

One Week Later...

Red steadfastly ignored Blue's glare as they ran from the encroaching vines. Really, how was he supposed to know he couldn't tame Audrey II?

17.3 (wildrook)

There were no words that could describe THIS encounter.

"Okay," Pikachu muttered, feeling exhausted, "when I Awakened, this was mostly baseline...but when we finished the Silver Conference...THIS happened."

And by this, he was referring to Charizard vs Charizard. Ash was on one side while, much to Pikachu's surprise, Red was on the other. Apparently, Pikachu was mostly exhausted from battling against the guy's Poliwrath when it ended in a double-knockout. Both of their final Pokemon were Charizard, but when they noticed the bracelet, it turned black and started spewing blue fire.

Which meant either Red had looped into Kalos...or he managed to get both the Charizard AND said Mega Stone from some kind of variant.

Needless to say, things escalated quickly when Ash, after a few loops, had managed to get a Mega Stone of his own, but instead of the black Charizard, it became longer and gained enough speed to counter against it.

Ash was surprised. "So you're telling me," he said as he ordered Mega Charizard Y to use a Flamethrower, "that you Awakened in some weird variant where Doctor Fuji managed to get a Mega Stone and Charizardite X from the Kalos Region?"

"Sometime after quelling the ghost of Marowak," was what Red replied, Mega Charizard X countering with its own Fire Blast as they went back to claws. "What about you? I know you didn't get yours in YOUR baseline."

"Pikachu was in the forest and I was in the place of a trainer named Kalem," was what Ash replied with. "Guy still hates Pokeballs and that was his first experience getting caught, but we both agreed to get it out of the way, at least. Imagine Harrison's surprise when I activated the Mega Stone."

"I saw." He then noticed the two Pokemon getting ready. "Might as well finish this with one hit. CHARIZARD, FLARE BURST!"

Ash nodded. "GET READY TO BRACE YOURSELF AND GRAB HIM!"

As Mega Charizard X had charged in, Mega Charizard Y had experienced damage as he got ready for the Seismic Toss. Both Pokemon looked out of it, but if they were going out, they were going out with style.

Red's Charizard, however, wasn't willing to let Ash's go as it smirked, knowing that it had a good fight. Ash's Charizard had a similar fire, but as they struggled, they BOTH made impact on the mountain top, resulting in a crater within the snow causing Pikachu to stabilize with the remaining strength they had.

As the mist cleared...both Charizards were knocked out...and were out of their Mega States.

Both of them were surprised, but they had to get their Pokemon to the center quickly. It ended in a draw, but they had all the time in the world for a rematch, so they had to savor this one when they did. It wasn't often when Pikachu and Red were both in the same universe, and even less so when Ash was there.

"Same time next loop?" Ash asked him, grabbing Pikachu as they were on their way down the mountain.

Red gave out a smirk. "Depends on what said time is," he replied. "Or when we meet again. Until next time, Ash. Pikachu."

"Same to you," was what Pikachu replied. "But...center first, then we discuss traveling plans."

"Oh," was what both Ash and Red said. "Right. Forgot."

Pikachu sighed. Despite being from different parts of the Loops, they could pass off as twins.

Now how were they going to explain the crater of snow to Misty, Brock, and Gary?

17.4 (fractalman)

Tsukishima's sword passed through the purple cat-like Pokemon.

"Now then, my friend, what say we-"

" *Not your friend."*

"Er...what?"

" *I said...I'm not your friend. You're just like Giovanni.* Befriending *me just so you can* use *me. Well I won't have it."*

Tsukishima crashed into the ground next to Ash and Pikachu. "Purple...grey...cat...please, don't let it hurt me!"

Ash glanced at Pikachu. "Aren't we the only two Awake this loop?"

Pikachu chuckled. "Unless Mewtwo simply forgot to Ping, yes, yes we are. Guess Tsukishima picked on someone his fake friendship trick simply doesn't work on."

17.5 (AbZHz101)

Meganium walked into Pokémon Square with a scowl on her face. She knew from experience that trying to come early and dismantle Gengar's little speech was an exercise in futility. If they tried to stop it early, the Ghost would wait until they had left for the day before continuing his rumor-mongering. If Gengar found out about Squirtle once being human there was almost no way to keep him from nearly inciting a riot in the town square. It burned her that Pokémon that she had known and trusted had turned on her and her friends all for the possibility of saving their own skins... and even then the promise had been a false one. Then the Grass type took a calming breath. No, it wouldn't be right to blame them for being swayed by an argument, even one that had turned out to be fallacious. Still, that was why she was here today.

This was something she took a bit of pride in doing. Cutting Gengar's argument to ribbons. While neither she nor one of her teammates had been able to do that in Baseline, they had to remember it was exceptionally difficult to look at a new argument in the heat of the moment and disentangle its soundness. But time was now something she had in spades.

With that she forced herself to think about what she was going to do. There were two legitimate ways to discredit an argument: attacking at least one premise or the validity of the argument as a whole. The first was perhaps the more popular, if only because any *good* rhetorician took care to make the second inapplicable. But Gengar *wasn't* a good rhetorician. He was... okay at best.

"...It's quite simple actually. If the world's balance has become upset by a human becoming a Pokémon... Then if that human was gone everything should return to normal, correct?" Meganium heard Gengar ask.

Here was the teetering point. The last chance that Team GoGetters had to stop Gengar's plot before it unfolded. But of course Charmander and Chikorita were too much in shock to see where Gengar was taking this and Squirtle had more issues in that he was still mulling over a vision that Gardevoir had given him the night

before that had ended at the worst possible time. If Gengar got the next sentence out before they objected, it would look like Chikorita and Charmander were covering something up, especially when Squirtle began retreating inside himself.

While as Meganium, a traveler, could technically wait it out a bit longer as any connection between her and Team GoGetters would seem more tenuous even though she could pass as Chikorita's older sister-now was still the best time to speak up. Because now it was still purely about the argument in the town's eyes. Even if Gengar then pointed the finger at Squirtle, it would more easily be seen as mud-slinging, especially if Meganium chose to point out how Team Meanies had challenged Team GoGetters to a contest while they were supposed to be on the job and had lost both the job and the contest... And how Team Meanies had stolen jobs out of Team GoGetters' mailbox, items from their toolkit, and the entire disaster that had been the treck to Mt. Steel.

"I can't believe you all are letting him trick you like this!" the Grass type roared from behind Team GoGetters, pulling the spotlight away from Gengar and making almost the entire town jump.

"Ohoho," Gengar laughed condescendingly. "And how am I tricking these good Pokémon, hm? I am only telling them the facts. But perhaps you have something to hide, someone to protect...?"

Meganium snorted right back. "Hardly, there are just a couple of glaring problems with your argument that really if it weren't for the fact that you are serious right now and are actually getting everyone to believe you, it'd be an astounding comedy routine of the highest caliber." She narrowed her eyes and began digging in. "First off, you're mixing in Induction to what has previously been a Deductive argument. They are two separate tools to be used for separate jobs. Not only that but any conclusion reached by induction is not valid. It is *plausible* . Even if you only begin with true premises, it *can* be wrong. So the final verdict on your little suggestion to "get rid of" this human, even if all your premises are true, which I will get to soon

enough, becomes a meek maybe. Quite a lot of trouble you want us all to go through for no guarantee, Gengar."

Gengar growled as Meganium continued. "Second, your deductive argument is *also* invalid. Your argument merely states that there is a Pokémon who was once human, but is now a Pokémon and that that Pokémon is tied in some way to the natural disasters. You have not proved that the Pokémon is the *cause* of the natural disasters, as the Ninetails Legend only states that 'when the human cursed by Ninetails becomes a Pokémon, the world's balance will be upset.' It does not say that the human-turned-Pokémon will be the cause of the disasters; only that the appearance will be at the same time.

"Third, though related, is the fact that you have not proven that the Pokémon who went to see Xatu is the same as the one in the Ninetails Legend.

Here, Gengar smirked. "Ke, well isn't it fortunate that we can ask him directly then? Isn't that right, Squirtle?"

The crowd was so focused on Squirtle that they missed the shadow that fell over Meganium's eyes and her dark smile. *'Hook, line, and Sinker,'* she thought. *'Gengar, you are about to learn why you* never *ask a question you don't already know the answer to when you try and cross-examine someone.'* "Oh, well, that adds so many *more* holes to your argument," Meganium stated. While *many* might have been stretching it a bit, it was necessary to get the point across. "See, from what *I* heard he actually only appeared, with near complete Amnesia, within the last couple of weeks when the Natural Disasters, our clue to the world's unbalanced state, have been occurring for *years* . That's a pretty significant jump in the timeline, don't you think, Gengar? And really, asking someone with Amnesia to defend themselves during a time that they don't remember is just low."

"Convenient that he hasn't mentioned this Amnesia, to anyone but you before now, isn't it, Meganium?" Gengar snarled back.

"Actually, he *did* mention it in my shop a little while back," Auntie Kangaskhan said stepping forward. "They also mentioned the human thing at the same time, now that I think of it. You'd think that if Squirtle knew that he was the cause of the disasters he'd have kept mum about that little tidbit, now wouldn't he?"

Meganium smiled in vindication. It was always nice to turn a flub into a powerful pillar. "And actually, can *anyone* here, not just Squirtle, prove that in their last life they were *not* a human? If not, then we also just might be the one mentioned in the Ninetails Legend."

"But he's still related to the Natural Disasters, that have been happening. Xatu said so!" Gengar ranted hopping up and down.

"And we've been over this," Meganium said as if she were talking to a very young child. "' *Related to* ', does not mean ' *Caused* '. Why, it might be that he was actually sent here to *help balance* the world. And 'getting rid of him' if that were the case would be an incredibly foolish move. Though, this does bring up the question of why are you trying to discredit Squirtle so hard?"

"I bet it's because Team GoGetters keeps beating Team Meanies whenever Team Meanies tries to steal their jobs!" Caterpie accused, remembering Sinister Woods. Almost immediately, Metapod, Pichu, Auntie Kangaskhan, and Pikachu all began nodding having seen or heard from siblings about the one-sided rivalry.

Meganium smiled. She'd still have to talk to Squirtle later, and he'd probably have to see Ninetails himself to be convinced of his own innocence. But this time when he left it wouldn't be as a fugitive.

17.6 (Lord Circe)

Crunch crunch Ash let out a small moan of contentment as he munched on another handful of potato chips, while he peered down at an alleyway across the street through his high powered Scope.

"Say what you will about this universe, they make some really good potato chips." Ash scanned up and down the major streets he could see, which were quite a few thanks to the Spectra-Vision, or whatever it was that Mr. Fuji had named his tech. In a variant Loop, Mr. Fuji had been a ghost hunter, and he had made a pair of binoculars that mimicked ghost vision, allowing someone to peer through walls, bodies, and pretty much everything except for some spiritual barriers. Naturally, Ash had picked up a pair, along with a back-up he kept in his pocket.

Next to Ash, Pikachu was silent as he stared up at the stars. Ash rolled his eyes.

"You can't seriously still be sulking. It's been like, what, two days? Wait, wait, never mind, I can believe you would sulk that long."

Pikachu let out an irritated huff and shot out a thin spark from one of his fingers, which Ash ducked out of the way of. Then, Pikachu sighed as he sat up. "I'm not sulking. It's just, Thundershock, seriously? Me, the Living Lightningbolt, the King of Thunder, the Oncoming Storm,"

"Isn't that copyrighted?"

"Not in this universe. Anyway, out of all of the Electric Moves out there, I got Thundershock! That's like, the weakest you can get and still do damage."

Ash stared flatly at Pikachu. "It took you five minutes to figure out how to twist your power to make a railgun."

"Exactly! I could do that in an blink if I was a proper Pikachu." Pikachu was human this Loop, taking the position of Ash's in-Loop twin brother, Cole.

Ash shrugged. "At least you can do damage. Forewarn might be nice for gathering information, but it isn't going to let me actually take anyone down on its own."

"...lets you dodge my lightning just fine..."

Ash smirked, then ducked away from another crackling bolt. "Oi, be careful, we're trying to be low-key, remember?"

The two of them were currently camped out on a rooftop in Brockton Bay. This Loop was a fusion between the setting of the Wormverse, and the powers of the Pokemon World. From what Ash and Pikachu had managed to gather, each of the Parahumans from the Wormverse now had a single Move or Ability from the Pokemon World, rather than their usual superpower. Both Ash and Pikachu had these powers, with Pikachu gaining the power of Thundershock, giving him control over some fairly weak lightning, and Ash had the power of Forewarn, which allowed him to learn what Move or Ability someone had, and warned him when they were about to use it. Once they had identified where they were, the first thing they had done was check to see if anyone else was Awake. No one else had properly responded to the ping, though they had both gotten the oddest feeling of someone looking at them right after they sent off the ping. They were watching their backs, but whatever presence was there had vanished, and they had slowly gone back to normal.

Given the potential for deviations, they had both agreed to watch and observe, and to only step in when needed to save lives. If things seemed to be following the baseline events, they would try to intervene prior to the Endbringer Attack by Leviathan, or actually Kyogre. Aside from the Weather Trio of Groudon, Kyogre, and Rayquaza acting as the Endbringers, Ash and Pikachu appeared to be the only other transplants from the Pokemon World, but they were both wary that Cyrus or Giovanni would pop up, wielding some destructive power like Shadow Force or Fissure.

"They're here." Pikachu perked up as Ash tracked the group. The layout of the city had been the same as they had both experienced during past visits here, and so they had located the area where Taylor was supposed to encounter Lung. Ash had spotted Lung and his gang moving through the neighborhood, and the two Loopers quickly packed up to move closer.

"...Mother of Arceus, Dewgong-slapping son of a Trubbish-licking Kangaskhan..." Pikachu was maintaining a constant, whispered stream of profanity as he and Ash watched the extremely one-sided battle between the ABB and Taylor Herbert. One-sided in Taylor's favor. The Undersiders had all shown up five minutes before, and they were restricting themselve to picking off any stragglers that tried to run off.

The Loopers had been rather surprised when they found out what Lung's power was in this universe. They had been expecting something like Rage or Outrage. It was neither. Lung's power was Dragon Dance. It was rather amusing to see Lung launch into what was, in essence, an interpretive dance routine, though the draconic aura and boost in power he gained wasn't as amusing. Oni Lee, on the other hand, was both somewhat predictable, and totally nerfed. He had Double Team, so he could no longer teleport, instead just making a bunch of illusionary copies of himself. Kind of pitiful.

Taylor, on the other hand, had exactly what they had expected. Infestation, the Bug-Type move that allowed the wielder to summon a swarm of bugs to latch onto the foe. Both of them had been slightly worried how Taylor would fare with such a low-power move. They had absolutely no reason to worry, except to naturally worry about having to face that sort of power in battle. This came down to a couple of points.

First, and foremost, the power summoned bugs. Not called, not gathered, summoned. As in out of thin air. Second, and tied into the first point, there was no specific type of bug called. As this Earth was essentially Hub standard as far as fauna went, that meant that Taylor could summon a swarm of black widows out of thin air, and sic them on her opponents. Also, while she didn't seem to be demonstrating the level of fine control that she usually possessed, she also didn't seem to have a limit on the number of bugs she could summon, as more and more appeared every moment, diving down to cover the ABB members.

Ash, meanwhile, was focusing on the Undersiders, specifically Tattletale. He had managed to identify each of their powers, and he was watching to see if Tattletale's Detect triggered on detecting Ash and Pikachu. Regent was using Eerie Impulse to cause a few of the nearest ABB members to spasm, while Grue was spreading panic with Smokescreen. Bitch was sitting in the back with several of her dogs, not participating. Her power was apparently Beat Up, and Ash was interested to see how that would work in application.

Finally, the ABB stopped struggling, and Taylor called someone, probably the PRT, on her cell phone. Tattletale walked over, talking to Taylor, before she and the Undersiders moved off, leaving Taylor waiting by the unconscious gang members. The sound of a motorcycle revving as it came closer gave Ash and Pikachu the signal to leave for the moment. They weren't sure what tech Armsmaster might have, or if it was even him approaching, but they didn't want to be detected just yet. Plus, both of them wanted a chance to calm down and remind themselves that Taylor Herbert wasn't awake and wouldn't have the ability to summon an unstoppable army that followed her every command.

17.7 (novusordomundi)

"Hey Jessie, what do you think?" James said, holding up two different pairs of high heels to eye level. "I can't decide which one to wear!"

Jessie put her hand on her chin, looking at the shoes. "Well, that would depend. Is it going with that strapless blue dress I saw you come in with earlier?" An affirmative nod from James was the response, making it easy. "Than that one." Jessie decided, pointing at the heels in James' left hand. "The color compliments better, the design is much nicer, and it won't kill your feet as much. Trust me on that last part."

"Thanks Jessie, you're the best!" James replied, followed with a quick hug, before dashing to the bathroom to change, passing by

Meowth, who had just walked into the room.

"So we planning a caper this Loop?" Meowth asked, hopping onto the bed with a remote for the television in hand. "I see James has already working on his disguise..."

"Not this time. James decided he's going to wear women's clothing this entire Loop." Seeing the puzzled reaction on Meowth's face, she elaborated. "He wants to do it, he seems to enjoy it, and it's not like I have any problems with it. Besides, I had my head shaved and kept it that way last Loop for the hell of it."

"It did throw off the twerps a bit." Meowth admitted. "Huh, wonder what I'm going to do for a Loop. I could try my hand at becoming a Pokemon Master next Loop..."

17.8 (crossoverpairinglover)

"So, you're a gym leader?"

"Yep," the taller and blue jacketed version of everyone's favorite digger Anchor, Simon, smirked as Ash found himself face to face with the replacement for Clay in this loop.

For the sake of the non-looping Iris and Cilan, Ash just feigned surprise that someone the age of 17 was a gym leader on his own.

"Okay, haven't had a awake opponent in a while, this should be fun!"

"Um, Ash, you do know that just because the last opponent you fought had a rather odd Musharna doesn't mean he wasn't awake, right?" Iris didn't get the reference there.

"This one-on-one battle between Simon, the Gym Leader, and Ash, the challenger, will now begin. Each trainer will use only one Pokemon, and the match will be over when one side's Pokemon is unable to battle."

"Behold, the drill that will pierce the heavens and lead me to victory! Go, Boota!"

The burst of light from Simon's Pokeball let loose a shiny Excadrill.

"Say, that Boota of yours, how loopy is it?" Ash discreetly asked as Iris just gave him an odd look.

"What kind of question is that, Ash?! Honestly, sometimes you talk like some little kid!"

Ash shrugged. He did always seem to be 10, so perhaps Iris was right about that one.

"Very," Simon confirmed what Ash was wondering as he drew a...special Pokeball from his belt. If he was going up against a looping ground type Spiral-Powered Pokemon, there was only one 'mon for the job.

"Charizard, go!"

Smarting over his defeat in his own battle, Trip was training in the forest with his Conkeldurr and Serperior when he heard a massive explosion in the distance.

"Am I the only one who thinks Boonie boy just went and battled that crazy hard gym leader?" Trip asked his fighting type and starter rhetorically.

They both shrugged, although how Serperior did that without arms is a mystery to this day.

17.9 (Gamerex27)

Naoki Kashima Awoke lying on his back. And immediately sighed in relief, because instead of the city of Tokyo, he saw a forest.

' *Good* .' He got to his feet, and stretched, yawning as his back cracked. Even though he had gotten over his...problems..., going through the Apocalypse over and over again wore him out, even if he had the chance to restore the world to normal at the end (for one day, before the Loop started again).

"Morning, Squirtle. Hey, do you want to try using that Ghost Trap on Gengar this..." the approaching salamander-esque creature trailed off mid sentence. "Annnnnnd he's not here. You're an Anchor, then?"

"Wait, you're a-" Naoki chuckled. "Pokemon. You know, back when I was a kid... I always wanted to be a Trainer. To be in Pokemon. To be a hero in another world, hanging out with all of these fantastical creatures and fighting evil. Back before all of the stuff I went through in my baseline, and reality bashed my head in with a 2x4. Which game is this? Red and Green? Crystal? Emerald?"

"Uh...none of those, unless this is another post-apocalyptic Variant. Have you...noticed you're a Pokemon too?"

Blinking, the usually-a-demon looked down, and realized that the Charmander was right. Blades instead of hands, two-toed feet, and covered on more blades near his head and chest...

"Pawniard, right?" Naoki looked at his currently-dull foreblade. "Gen 5 was never released in my baseline, so I only ever got to play it once, in the Hub."

"Well, it's nice to meet you. I'm Charmander." The Fire Type stuck his paw out in greeting.

Raising a hairless eyebrow, Naoki stared at the other Pokemon's paw for a moment. Slowly, he placed his blade in Charmander's paw. "I don't think shaking is a good idea, since, well, I'd probably cut your paw off by accident. Naoki Kashima, from the Amala Loops."

"So," he said, looking around, "what's there to do here? I take it the world is in danger, and only I can save it?"

"Uh, sort of. We do need to save the world, but we always help Squirtle do it. We could just fly up to Rayquaza early and fix the natural disasters before they get started."

"Nah, I think I'll do the baseline for once. Last time I took a Loop off the rails, I ended up in Eiken."

"Don't worry, Pichu! We'll get your brother back, safe and sound!"

"How the hell do you..." Naoki muttered, oblivious to the conversation in Town Square. Currently, he was struggling to tie the Pecha Scarf Kangaskhan had given them somewhere on his body, while not slicing it to ribbons with his handblades.

"Need any help with that?" Charmander whispered.

"No, no, I can do this." Swearing under his breath, the Pawniard tried again and again to tie down the Pecha scarf, only to poke hole after hole in it by accident.

"Team Go-Getters, is on the-"

"Not so fast!" From seemingly nowhere, Ekans appeared and shoved Chikorita out of the way, with Medicham and Gengar close behind.

"These chumps wouldn't know how to rescue a Pokemon out of a paper bag!" Gengar said, smirking. "Team Meanies will take care of this! We'll get your-"

"Wait."

Freezing, the Ghost Pokemon slowly turned around to face whichever idiot had interrupted his speech, followed by everyone else in the Square. "What?!" he hissed.

"Can...can you say your team's name again?" Naoki asked, his face twitching, and his Pecha Scarf falling to the floor, as he tried to process what he had heard.

"Pay attention next time, squirt! We're Team Meanies, the best Rescue Team around!" Medicham said boastfully.

"Right. Hang on a second; I'll be right back." Still twitching, Naoki walked out of the square, and went out of sight behind a nearby tree.

"AhHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH! REALLY? Team MEANIES *?! TEAM MEANIES?! What the fu-HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!"*

He carried on for about a minute. The Pokemon in the square traded a few confused glances, and Gengar's smirk slowly faded, and was replaced by a furious frown.

Another minute later, Naoki finally walked back into the square, still chuckling. " *Okay...* Okay. That was hilarious. Now, what's your *real* team name?"

"W-we told you, you imbecile!" Gengar sputtered. "We're *Team Meanies,* and there's *nothing funny about that!* "

For a moment, the square was silent. Then, Naoki broke down laughing again, beating his blades against the ground.

"S-Shut up!" Medicham kicked the little brat, but this didn't stop him: he simply kept on laughing and laughing, at their expense.

"R-R-Really?" Naoki said as he got up, wiping tears from his eyes with the tip of his blade. "Team *Meanies?* That was the *best* you could think of for a team name? *That* ' *s* the name that will strike terror into the hearts of feral Pokemon? *That's* the name you think the Pokemon of this town will cheer when you save Pokemon?"

"What, were you pressed for a deadline?" he asked mockingly. "Did you procrastinate before the deadline for your forms were due, and

you just picked the first name you thought of? And you picked a name that *blatantly says* that you're evil? Were "Team Skull," or "Team Murder," or "Team Bond Villains" taken?"

"Do any of you really think," the boy added, whirling around to face the befuddled gaggle of concerned Pokemon, "that hiring a team of losers who outright admit that they're evil in their *names* will lead to *anything* good? Can you *really* put your faith in these clowns? Hire them to find a lost little boy? For all you know, they'll just put him up for ransom the second they find him, and then *eat him* once you pay up!"

No one spoke for a few seconds after the stranger's rant. Eventually, Whiscash found his voice.

"Regardless of your personal opinions, Pawniard, there's no reason to deny Team Meanies the chance to help out with this mission," the elderly Pokemon said, with a tinge of...something to his tone. "If they want to, they can help find Pikachu."

"Fine," the Dark/Steel type snarled, "but ask yourselves this. If they *attack* other teams in *broad daylight* ... *what will they do when no one's looking?* "

With that, Naoki turned around, and walked out of the square. Exchanging a glance, Chikorita and Charmander hurried after him.

"That was uncalled for," Chikorita told him, barely keeping the anger out of her voice.

"Really?" Naoki leaned back, dropping the whitstone he was using to sharpen his blades. "They outright call themselves- *snerk*- Meanies. And the way they act, there's no way they're not evil in the end. Why not nip the problem in the bud by turning the whole town against them? It's not like they can *change* : they're not even Looping!"

"Because they didn't do anything wrong yet," the Grass-Type growled. "And besides, what you did back in the Square was just rude, and it made us look bad in front of the whole town!"

"And they're not *really* that bad," Charmander added, absentmindedly inspecting the berries Auntie Kangaskhan had given them. "I mean, Gengar even buries the hatchet with Squirtle in Baseline. With how that works out," he added, "we wouldn't be surprised if he started Looping!"

"Okay, if they aren't *so bad* , why are they creeping up on us right now?"

Without even looking, Chikorita stamped her paw on the ground, causing a massive wall of thorns to spring up in Team Meanies's path. "Just because they're jerks now," she said, over the yelps of pain inflicted by the various thorns and brambles the villains ran into head-on, "doesn't mean they can't change for the better! Pokemon aren't static, Naoki!"

'Look," Charmander started, "I didn't want to bring this up...but Pikachu told us about you. About what happened when you Looped into Equestria for the first time. About what happened when you hit your nadir."

"If you're worried about me going berserk again," the demon muttered, "don't. I've already gotten over that, and I've dealt with my Shadow. It won't happen again."

"Still," Chikorita said, "being cynical about everything will get you nowhere! Just...give them a chance! At least *try* to see if they can't be redeemed. To see that, just this once, we can change things for the better-without resorting to hate or violence."

The Demi-Fiend was silent for a moment.

"Fine," he said, crossing his arms, "but if you're wrong, I'll kill that asshole myself."

17.1 - A blast from the past! I noticed we never said how Red got the Multiverse Speech, so I took it upon myself to fix that! Also, Luigi hesitated there because he still has a crush on Daisy.

17.2 - I'm wondering what a Bulbasaur crossed with a Fire Flower would be like now.

17.3 - This is a lot longer down the line than most of the stuff that's been written, as Red has not had an Origins Loop...yet.

17.4 - Stupid Tsukishima and his stupid Book of the End...

17.5 - The next part of Rescue Team's First Mini-me Loop. You know, Meganium could be a great lawyer. I'll have to introduce her to Phoenix Wright.

17.6 - PokeWorm. I'll be honest, Taylor sounds terrifying.

17.7 - I'm sure we all remember James's habit of crossdressing. And don't get me started on the Moltres costume...

17.8 - Better hope Blastoise doesn't find out, or he's going to drag Gary there whether he likes it or not.

17.9 - Yeah...Naoki has *issues* . Hell, he has a whole subscription!

Pokéween

Bet you guys didn't expect this so soon, did ya? Happy Halloween everybody! Enjoy this special compilation just for the holiday.

...Before I do so, though, there's something I need to say. I don't particularly enjoy doing this, but I have to. To the guest reviewer that has been reviewing recently: Look, I honestly think you're trying to help. That's not the issue. The issue is the fact that you're being obnoxious, and you're a guest reviewer. The only reason I'm calling you out here is because you have no way for anybody to get in contact with you. You seem to have the wrong idea of how we do things around here. I've seen you here, the Doctor Who Loops, and the Mega Man Loops, just...criticizing every last thing that you don't like. If you feel so strongly, then why don't you just make a Spacebattles account and join the thread(s) where we make these so we can explain why we do things? Or better yet, make an account here so I can actually *talk* to you and explain things.

...Well, I wasted enough time talking to someone who may or may not listen (I'm leaning towards the second). On with the Halloween!

10.31.1 (crossoverpairinglover)

It was the bottom of the ninth, sort of speak, for Ash.

The unawake Ash was currently down 5 Pokemon to Gary's 3 in the Silver Conference finals, only Charizard was left.

Pikachu had considered sleeping through this one: it was pretty much a done deal for Ash at this point really.

However, when Ash called out his last Pokemon, he was as surprised as the other viewers when Charizard popped out of the Pokeball dressed in a Soul Reaper Captain's uniform, with a wig that was clearly based on Kenpachi's hairdo.

Pikachu then got a ping from Kenpachi Charizard, Captain of Squad 11.

'Costume battle. Why didn't I ever think of that' Pikachu thought.

"Hey, Ash. Why is your Charizard dressed up like a Manga character?" Gary asked the very good question as Ash just stared in shock at his ace in the hole.

"To be honest Gary, I have no idea myself. He must have gotten into manga when I wasn't looking."

10.31.2 (Crisis)

"{Vee?}" Pikachu blinked at his Eevee girlfriend (self-proclaimed from her end, but he just couldn't bring himself to seriously dispute the arrangement) and the spring in her step this Loop. "{You look happy. Did something good happen?}"

Vee smiled back in that beatific way that made all of Pikachu's protests against the continued looping relationship seem silly. "{Well, I've been noticing some reluctance on your part with our relationship, so I went to see a local witch doctor for advice.}"

Pikachu blinked. Since when did witch doctors dispense relationship advice? "{And what did he suggest?}"

Vee sauntered up and whispered sultrily in Pikachu's ear. "{All sorts of things to make you go 'ooo, eee, ooo, ah, ah'...}"

Pikachu blushed crimson.

10.31.3 (Jcogginsa)

Pikachu liked many things. Battling. Ketchup tasting. Screaming "UNLIMITED POWER!" whilst shooting lightning out of his paws. Those were all obvious. One of the lesser known things he liked were laboratories. For specifically, laboratories that belonged to mad scientists. Sure, sleek, stylish, high tech labs had their place, but for his money, you couldn't go wrong with with boiling beakers, sparking tesla coils, and other such devices that served no practical purpose. It just had an ambiance that appealed to him.

For that reason, he instantly recognised his surroundings when he awoke in a small cage. The old school mad scientist laboratory. The Laboratory of Victor Frankenstein.

His good mood evaporated when he saw the 'Monster.'

Pikachu loosed a burst of electricity at the monster's prone form, shocking the mad doctor. Emotionally, not literally.

Groggily, Ash Ketchum stood up from the slab.

Sometime later, Ash and Pikachu were on their journey. Dr. Frankenstein had been much more amenable to his creation thanks to Ash's intelligence (such that it was) and personality, so the animosity between them was averted.

"Now we just need to find out if it's just Frankenstein we're dealing with, Or the entire Universal line up," Pikachu said, having explained this all to the recently Awakened Brock as they walked through the forest. On a cloudy night, of course, because loopers tended to tempt fate like that.

"I believe I can answer that," a voice said from behind them. They wheeled around, and saw a man dressed in the most Dracula clothes you could imagine. Cape and everything. Fortunately, before anyone could do anything rash, Pikachu recognized his face.

"Wait a minute, you aren't Dracula. You're Lawrence Talbot, the Wolf-Man!"

Lawrence sighed "Yes, though I do hate that moniker. Even when that curse is bestowed upon others, such as the case here."

"What do you mean? Even if you're Dracula this loop, that doesn't mean there will be a Wolfman," Brock said, trying to calm the man.

"Unfortunately not. I've found that I'm cursed. Every loop, I am bitten and nothing from any other loop can stave it off. The only times I'm free of the curse is when it is foisted off on some other soul, and I become a different sort of monster. A mummy, Frankenstein's ghoul, or in this case, Dracula."

"Wow. That really sucks," Ash commented.

"Indeed," Lawrence dryly replied. "But in any case, we have more important things to worry about. We must find the person who took my curse this loop."

"Where do we start?" Pikachu asked.

"I do not know. This search could take months, perhaps even years. But we must persevere, because-"

"Ash! Pikachu!" came a shouting voice. They turned once more, this time seeing a very frantic looking James. "I have a huge problem, and I need your help!"

"You wouldn't happen to be a Were-Mightyena, would you?" Pikachu asked calmly.

"What? Uh, no, but I am a-" His sentence was cut off when the cloudy night suddenly cleared, allowing the moonlight to shine on him. Slowly, he transformed, his body being covered in orange fur.

Pikachu furrowed his eyebrows, and shouted, "That doesn't make sense! Arcanine aren't wolves!"

10.31.4 (Crisis)

Ash leaned back on the towel he'd brought to the beach and just decided to tan for a bit. Pikachu had wanted to get some surfing in today, but Ash was currently content to just laze about. He might go into the water later for some...

Ash blinked as he sensed Pikachu walk back to him and looked up through his sunglasses to find his friend sans-surfboard and in something of a daze. "What happened, buddy?"

"The Creature stole my surfboard..." Pikachu returned with a blankness that suggested he was having trouble believing it himself.

Ash blinked and looked around at the myriad of Pokemon running around the beach. "Any chance you could be a little more specific?"

Pikachu simply turned and pointed at something out on the water. Ash looked to where Pikachu was pointing, blinked, wiped his sunglasses, and looked again.

"Oh," Ash processed the aquatic humanoid hanging ten on Pikachu's surfboard, "you meant the Creature from the Black Lagoon... Huh... he's pretty good actually."

10.31.5 (Filraen)

While normally Whitney doesn't keep Goldenrod Gym open so late in the night, she usually stays until late on Halloween to host trick-or-treating. Keeping the spirit, she had a good setting in the Gym: dimmed lights, some fake Spinarak webs, all kinds of things. Goldenrod City was a busy metropolis so she expected a lot of visitors, some of which had already claimed their candy. So she was waiting by the Gym's entrance for the next group to arrive.

It didn't take long. Apparently they were a group of five, all costumed as a theme. The youngest ones were dressed as a Poliwrath and a Grovyle, and the eldest as a Charizard, a Blaziken and... Whitney wasn't sure, but it seemed like Mew but with the proportions and coloration completely off. "Good night, miss Whitney," said the adolescent in the Grovyle costume after arriving.

"Good night all," the Gym Leader said. "what are you kids doing here?"

"Trick or treat!" five voices chorused more or less in unison.

"Oh, scary," Whitney decided to play along with the kids a little. "What trick would you do to me?"

"For the flashy tricks, I think we'd leave it for the big guy here," the Poliwrath pointed to the not-Mew. "I'm pretty sure he can conjure an absurdly powerful storm from here to Kanto."

"Ha, ha. What is to laugh," answered the not-Mew in a grave voice.

"I think a storm that big would be too problematic, better going to go look for some candy. Here!" Whitney bought a bowl half-full of candy. Then proceeded to give a handful of candy to the bags of each one. "By the way, nice detail with the Charizard's tail fire but please try not to burn anything."

"Thanks, I like to keep it bright," the Charizard's voice then turned a bit smug. "A very good friend of ours is a Pokemon Trainer. He has a very powerful Charizard."

"But he hasn't beat that Pikachu in how long now?" the child in the Blaziken costume taunted the Charizard-costumed kid, or better said adolescent by his height.

"Take that back, Blaziken!" Weren't those two the older ones to keep the children in check?

"Calm down guys, please?" the Grovyle intervened. "We already have our candy, so we better be on our way."

The Charizard-clad boy huffed, "fine."

"In that case we'll excuse ourselves," the boy wearing the Blaziken costumed said after viewing the contents of his bag. "thank you for the candy."

"You're welcome," Whitney smiled and them. "Now, all of you take care and don't return to your home too late."

"No problem, will do" the kid in the Grovyle costume answered before all of them exited the Gym. All in all, even with the low light she could see that those children made a good effort in their costumes. If they can make those costumes understanding the Pokemon they may become great Pokemon Trainers one day...

On the outskirts of Goldenrod Gym, five Pokemon laughed.

"{Told you!}" Charizard managed to say calming himself down a little. "{Nobody is going to suspect us of being Pokemon if we talk human.}"

"{Yes, that was fun,}" Poli answered while checking his candy. "{So, where now?}"

"{How about Cinnabar Gym?}" Blaziken offered. "{Blaine is supposed to be all about jokes and riddles, and it's in a tourist place so it should be open tonight.}"

"{Sounds like a good idea,}" said Grovyle. "{Mewtwo, would you do the honors?}"

"Everybody, please get together," Mewtwo said. With a flash of psychic energy, the quintet vanished from Goldenrod.

10.31.6 (fractalman)

Ash yawned as the household Gengar shook him awake.

Wait. Household Gengar?

His slowness in getting up was rewarded with a slobbery tongue to the face and cackling laughter. Ash contemplated his loop memories and his unusually early Awakening point while the paralysis wore off. Pikachu probably wasn't even Awake yet!

"Oh Ash! Your friend Gary wants to play!"

Ash shrugged as he got up from the table. "OK, mom!" he said while a Gastly possessed his spoon and made it dance.

"You know..." smirked Gary, "I bet you couldn't last two hours in the unhaunted house."

Wat. "Unhaunted house? What's so scary about that?"

"No cackling at night. No creaking floorboards. No doors opening on their own."

Ash rolled his eyes. "There is nothing scary about that whatsoever. "

Gary snorted. "Oh yeah? Well *prove* it!"

Gary shivered against the wall. "Ash? Ash? ASH! **ASH, WAKE UP** !"

Ash stirred. "Uhn, what is it Gary?"

"I...I can't stand it! Please, it's too quiet!"

"..."

"I wanna go home."

"Well, nobody is going to stop you." Replied Ash.

There was a long pause.

" *Nothing* is scarier," muttered Gary as he shivered against the wall.

10.31.7 (Crisis)

"Look," Squirtle rolled his eyes, "I'm telling you, just because it *sounds* ridiculous doesn't mean that there isn't some truth to this legend. Stranger things happen in variants all the time."

"And I'm telling you that there's no way this thing could be real!" Chimchar scoffed. "It's probably some Scooby-Doo type thing going on where someone dresses up in a bad costume and everyone buys it for some stupid reason!"

"Are you sure...?" Oshawott nervously asked from the back of the group as he glanced around as if expecting something to jump out of the shadows at any moment. "I mean, the stories had to come from somewhere, right? And..."

Oshawott trailed off and his eyes got really big as he stared at something behind Squirtle and Chimchar who'd turned to listen to him.

"What? Is there something on my face?" Squirtle questioned.

"IT'S REAL!" Oshawott screamed in terror before turning and running like the hounds of hell were after him.

Squirtle and Chimchar looked at each other in trepidation before turning to look at the thing behind them.

Huge size? Check.

Big old horn? Check.

Big old eye? Check.

Wings? Check.

Lots and lots of very sharp, very carnivorous teeth? *Big* check.

Purple...? Yep.

"IT'S THE PURPLE POKE-EATER! AAAAAHHHHHHHH!" the two screamed before running after Oshawott.

"Aw, come on..." the visiting looper rumbled in frustration. He hated the form he was stuck in this time. How the heck was he supposed to form a band if everyone kept running in terror?

10.31.8 (AbZHz101)

Team PokeDance climbed the steps of Temporal Tower. They were ready to change and rewrite the future. They would not let Darkrai win! They would... come upon the scene of a very overworked Dialga frantically scurrying through mountains of paperwork... What? Blinking to make sure they were not seeing a mirage, the two Loopers still saw the absurd scene.

"Are we in the right place?" Piplup whispered to Chimchar. While everything up to now had *seemed* baseline... this was just strange.

"I think so," Chimchar replied at the same volume.

Then Dialga glanced up for a moment before turning his gaze back to the mounds of paper and said, "OH GOOD. YOU TWO CAN HELP WITH THAT MOUND OVER THERE," with a flick of his head towards one of the *larger* piles. "I SWEAR THIS YEAR, THE AMOUNT IS PLAIN RIDICULOUS! AND EVEN WITH THE

CALENDAR SHIFT I STILL HAVE TO GET IT IN ON THE *OLD* DEADLINE! IT MAKES NO SENSE!"

The two loopers blinked before Chimchar stepped up. "Um... Lord Dialga... er... sir... Uh... What's going on?"

The time deity let out a sigh and with the kind of distracted expertise that can only come from doing things for far, far too long, Dialga didn't even slow down on filling out the forms as he looked at the two Loopers and spoke. "THIS IS THE PAPERWORK FOR THE NEW YEAR. THE STUFF I HAVE TO FILL OUT AND SEND FOR TIME TO KEEP RUNNING. I NEED TO GET IT DONE BEFORE SUNDOWN AT THE END OF THE WEEK OR THIS TOWER BREAKS, THE DAWN NEVER COMES, AND I BASICALLY RAGE AT THE INJUSTICE OF IT ALL. THAT RELIC YOU HAVE THERE MEANS THAT YOU AND ANYONE YOU BRING WITH YOU ARE MY INTERNS FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR... IN THIS CASE, THE REST OF THE WEEK."

"But isn't New Year's in a couple of months?" Piplup exclaimed.

"IT IS NOW," Dialga agreed. "BUT IT USED TO BE AT WEEK'S END AND WHEN THE CALENDAR SHIFTED MY DEADLINES... DIDN'T. SO AS FAIR WARNING, I'M PROBABLY ABOUT TWENTY SECONDS AWAY FROM A MELTDOWN SO IF YOU COULD PLEASE JUST HELP... THAT WOULD BE GREAT."

Not really sure what else to do, Team PokeDance moved toward the mountain of paperwork.

10.31.9 (Crisis)

"I gotta say Pikachu," Ash noted as he hung his proton pack on the hook in his locker, "this whole 'ghostbusting' thing has been pretty fun this Loop."

"Told you it would be," the electric mouse Anchor smirked, "and it's pretty risk-free to–"

"THERE YOU ARE!" a determined voice accused from the firehouse entrance, causing Ash and Pikachu to turn and look.

Standing there was one human male and four females.

The male was a spiky-haired blond and dressed in a black sweater, khaki pants, and a purple headband and scarf combo. The first female was an older woman in a conservative dress holding a wooden cane. The second female was a young girl with big pink flowers in her hair wearing a blue tube top and a flower-print sarong wrapped around her waist. The third female looked like a supermodel in a glittering purple dress, elbow-length white gloves, and purple hair done up in a bizarre quadruple-beehive that stuck out from her head like an 'x'. The final female was wearing a purple and black school uniform (the kind with a short skirt for undiscussed reasons) with bowl-cut purple hair and thick glasses that screamed 'nerd' (an image only enhanced by the fact that she carried a book and pencil).

And around them stood (and floated) a small army of ghosts and ghost-types.

"FOR YOUR CRIMES AGAINST THE NOBLE SPIRITS OF THE HEREAFTER," the male both Ash and Pikachu recognized as Morty from Ecruteak in their home Loop continued, "WE, THE GHOST TRAINERS, SHALL PUNISH YOU!"

The four females; who were also familiar from their home universe: Agatha of the Kanto Elite Four, Phoebe of the Hoenn Elite Four, Fantina of Hearthome, and Shauntal of Unova's Elite Four; nodded in agreement and determination.

"Pikachu..." Ash sweatdropped nervously, "I think this is going to hurt..."

10.31.10 (Gamerex27)

"I got a rock!" Brock said cheerfully.

N raised an eyebrow. "I might not understand this holiday yet, but isn't the point of it to get *candy* ? Not, um, *rocks?"*

Brock laughed at this. "Hey, I never said it was candy for *me!* This looks like a *great* geode! Some of my Pokemon *love* these things!"

10.31.1 - Oh look, a reference to the Contest Pikachu from OR/AS.

10.31.2 - This makes more sense with a certain David Seville song.

10.31.3 - A Horror Cycle of Universal proportions.

10.31.4 - That's a song: The Creature Stole My Surfboard.

10.31.5 - Be it Mon or Man, candy is candy.

10.31.6 - I don't know, Ash, I kind of agree with Gary. Silence can be pretty frightening too. Especially if it falls.

10.31.7 - I have no idea who this is supposed to be. Neither does anyone else.

10.31.8 - Halloween is the Celtic New Year. Funny thing is, the *old* year ends at Dusk. The *new* year begins at dawn. Thus the night between, what we now call Halloween, is the "Time Outside of Time." Which is why the supernatural is so strong then. Besides paperwork is one of the most powerful and terrifying forces known to humans. (Tagline by AbZHz101)

10.31.9 - Looks like they've been ghostbusted.

10.31.10 - Heh...rock candy.

Chapter 19

"Damn it, Hoopa!"

Pikachu couldn't help but snicker as he saw Ash ran rampant trying to get his hat back from the mischievous Psychic/Ghost Legendary. Sure, he had like 5,000 copies by now, but it was the principle of the thing!

As for Hoopa, it snickered before opening yet another of those damnable portals. Ash lost his balance and tumbled headfirst into it. Pikachu immediately grew concerned. "{That didn't send him somewhere dangerous, did it?}" he asked sternly.

Hoopa rolled its eyes. "{Don't be such a worrywart! All I did was shunt him into a parallel universe. That nice girl May will take care of him until I go get him!}" it said in an androgynous voice.

"{Wait, what was that about May?}" Pikachu latched on to that specific part.

"{Hm? Oh, yeah. In a parallel universe, this girl named May stopped a meteor Deoxys was hitching a ride on from crashing into Hoenn with the help of Rayquaza. Even got the giant dragon to Mega Evolve! Guy hasn't done that since he had to deal with Groudon and Kyogre! Anyway, as a reward for saving everybody's rears, I figured I'd reward her by opening random portals to different universes and tossing other Legendaries at her to catch. I just did something similar here,}" Hoopa commented.

Pikachu could only blink at that convoluted explanation. *'I was wondering why I thought I felt a phantom Ping earlier,'* he thought to himself.

18.2 (Saphroneth)

"Okay, Gible!" Ash said. "Use Draco Meteor!"

Dawn glanced over at Piplup, who winked back.

The globe of orange energy materialized overhead. Like a brick coming to earth, it fell, homing in unerringly on Piplup...

Whose feathered skin abruptly flashed silver.

The Draco Meteor bounced off, went flying back into the air, and came screaming down at Gible - who barely got underground in time to avoid a nasty impact.

"That's what it's like!" Piplup said, giving the hole a gimlet stare. *"Work on your aim!"*

18.3 (AbZHz101)

Silver and Gold watched as a wild Nidoqueen with an egg that was obviously hers walked by. The Trader looked at the Hatcher in surprise.

"I thought Nidorina and Nidoqueen were in the Undefined Egg Group?" Silver asked Gold.

Gold scowled in reply. "They get really mad if you ask about it."

18.4 (Saphroneth)

Rainbow Dash woke up, in both senses of the word.

"Ow..." she muttered, shifting her weight. "That was trippy..."

"Hello?" a voice said. "Piplup? Or... that's not you, Oshawott, is it?"

"Osha what?" Dash mumbled, trying to stand up. This turned out to be harder than expected – she kept mixing her forelegs and wings up. "Name's Rainbow Dash."

Looking up, Dash saw that the person talking to her was... some kind of monkey with a tail on fire.

"Wait..." she said, dredging up memories. "Are you a Flimflam?"

" *Chimchar,* " the... *Pokemon* , that was it... corrected. "Okay, you've got to be a looper if you're making that kind of mistake. I did wonder why you were a Pidgey. Same color, though..." he mused.

"A what?"

The monkey pointed.

Dash looked down.

This didn't help her headache.

"Okay," Dash said, for the fourth time. "I'm a pigeon."

"Pidgey!" Chimchar corrected. "Pay attention, *please!* "

"Meh." Dash shrugged her wings awkwardly. "Basically the same thing. Bird, slow, uncool."

Chimchar rolled his eyes, not looking forward to the next few weeks. "Okay – listen, if it'll stop you going on about it... when Pidgey evolve, they become Pidgeotto, which are fast and powerful."

Dash looked moderately interested.

"And when they hit Pidgeot, they can break the sound barrier."

Visiting Looper gave a considering look to Anchor. "Tell me more."

"Finally!" Dash cheered. "Now the spring's open, I can stop being so stupidly small and slow!"

Chimchar shook his head. "Sorry. We need to wait until we completely undistort time."

Dash froze, beak open in surprise, then ruffled her wings. "Fine. Whatever. I've already beaten up a god or whatever as something smaller than his toe, guess there's no reason to break the streak..."

18.5 (crossoverpairinglover)

Red, Pokemon Master∞, stared down the one suing him with a frown, as he discreetly readied the ball in his hands.

His foe was doing so as well. When the Judge banged his gavel, they both threw out their Lawyermons to do battle

"Go, Wright!" Red shouted

"I choose you, Edgeworth!"

WRIGHT USED OPENING STATEMENT!

EDGEWORTH FLINCHED!

EDGEWORTH'S ABILITY 'PROSECUTION' HAS ACTIVATED! SPEED INCREASED!

EDGEWORTH USED EVIDENCE!

IT'S NOT VERY EFFECTIVE!

WRIGHT USED OBJECTION!

CRITICAL HIT!

IT'S SUPER EFFECTIVE!

EDGEWORTH FAINTED!

RED HAS DEFEATED THE PLAINTIFF!

RED IS RIGHT!

"...What just happened?" Corsola questioned of Meowth, who just shrugged.

"Heck should I know? Legal proceedings never make sense."

18.6 (Saphroneth)

With a grinding of gears, Red slammed the truck into motion.

It had been an absolute Ursaring getting the keys. In the end, he'd dismantled the truck last time he'd had a game loop and had a set of keys made from the ignition barrel... but it had paid off, and he drove the vehicle about ten feet forwards in a series of grating jerks.

Pika was off the bonnet - where he'd been replacing the battery - and rummaging under the former location of the truck before it had completely stopped.

"{Got something!}" he reported, holding up a Pokeball.

Red picked it up, and opened it.

Finally! Mew said, paws on hips. *Have you any idea how long I've been under there?*

18.7 (fractalman)

Professor Oak stared at the interior of his Pocket. Absolutely everything was coated with crystals. "Perhaps letting some Unown have a look inside my Pocket wasn't such a good idea after all."

18.8 (Zulaq)

"Crys, are you here?"

The campsite was empty, although there were still embers in the fire-pit and two tents fully set up. The trees around the clearing were rustling in a gentle breeze and there didn't appear to be anything in the underbrush. But all the same, the situation was setting off several of Red's highly trained danger senses, but he just couldn't figure out what was wrong aside from the missing Crystal when she was the one who asked him to meet her there.

Crystal was more Gold's friend than his, and Red honestly had little reason to get to know her aside from being a fellow Pokedex holder, but he did know that she tended to at least be on time to meetings she set the time for herself. She might be running late, but the already set up campground probably indicated she had been here before him. Besides, if she *was* running late she had both her Arcanine and Xatu for transport-

A snapping sound from the trees behind him made Red twist around and his hand twitch towards his pokeballs. Out of the underbrush came a beat up Meganium carrying an almost unconscious girl on his back.

Red recognized the pair right away. "Megaree, what happened? Is Crystal ok?" He asked rushing forward, while releasing Saur.

The Meganium collapsed, fainted dead away, but Saur used his vines to keep him from crushing his passenger.

Red knelt down next to the injured pair while trying to assess their injury levels. "Crystal, what happened? What's going on?"

"Unown… Dex… The tent" the girl passed out before she could get out more.

Red exchanged a confused glance with Saur, before breaking out his medical kit. "Unknown? Do you think this might be a variant loop or something?"

Saur shrugged his massive shoulders before returning to helping Megaree. "Maybe she means the Pokémon?" he suggested.

"Unown beat a trainer like Crystal?" Red snorted, "Yeah right."

Saur shrugged again, "Check the tent then. I can handle helping them." He nodded at the unconscious pair.

Red nodded, and stood up. "I'll be right back." He moved to the other side of the campsite, where the two tents stood. Cautiously, he opened the flap of the one on the right. Nothing out of the ordinary, just a sleeping bag spread out, but otherwise devoid of objects.

Red moved to the next tent. "Nothing in the first tent," he called over his shoulder, "There probably won't be anything in the next either. Once we're done here we can try and track-" His words trailed off as he opened the tent flap.

He then closed the tent flap.

Tents weren't supposed to open up into a void with a couple dozen Unown chanting, and swirling around like a demented alphabet soup, weren't they?

Taking a deep breath Red turned to Saur, eyes deliberately avoiding the tent. "Never mind. I think I can figure out what happened."

Note to self: don't capture more than a dozen Unown at a time.

18.9 (Gamerex27)

"Please tell me that's not what I think it is," Chikorita asked, staring at Squirtle as if he had grown a second head (and she was pretty sure

that was *not* involved in Blastoise's Mega Evolution).

"Relax," the former human said, tapping the staff against the ground. "I reprogrammed it, and it won't work on Pokemon anymore. Unless I flick this switch, anyways."

"I *really* hope you're right," Charmander grumbled, pre-emptively taking a step back. "I remember the *last* time we ran into that thing. I was sore for *weeks* afterwards from all that dancing."

"I figured I'd give the new model a test," Squirtle continued, "and see if Shulk and Isabeau's modifications worked. If they didn't, well, we'd just get a bit of exercise from it."

"Who're you going to use it on?" Charmander asked, as they continued walking down the cave they had Woken up in. "I mean, I can't really tell what Loop we're in."

The unmistakable sound of an explosion sounded, followed by a familiar man in a green tunic and iconic hat walking into the room. He scanned the room, looking to and fro tor traps and monsters, the crystal hearts on his belt jangling as he turned side to side.. When he saw Team Go-Getters, he raised an eyebrow, but continued walking towards the other side of the cavern.

"Well, that answers *that* question," Chikorita commented. "So, if we're going to do that prank, should we wait until *after* he rescues Zelda? Just to make sure no one gets hurt?"

"I don't think we have to worry about that," the Anchor replied. "Did you *see* how many Heart Containers he had? He'll be fine."

A chorus of demonic hisses sounded from all around the carven, as over a dozen Moblins, Wizzrobes, and other assorted minions of Ganon sprung out from behind the stalagmites littered across the cave, to ambush the Hero of Time.

"This seems like a good a time as any!" Ignoring his friends plugging their ears/ear canals behind him, Squirtle flicked the on switch of the Dancing Pokébaton.

Instantly, Link and the monsters froze. Then, looking horribly confused, they walked towards one another, assembling into a box formation of lines and symmetry. As a beat sounded from the baton, Link and the monsters moved in unison, stepping and then jerking their heads to the side in a passable impression of that one dancer from the Hub.

They jumped in the air, their arms swinging up and down. And then, the music started.

"Deru deru, *zeruda* no densetsu! Deru *deru* ***deru deru*** tsui ni deru! Gojasu! Kondo no bouken!"

A massive bird cage lowered from the cavern's ceiling, containing an equally baffled Princess Zelda. She swayed from side to side in time to the music, looking just as bemused as everyone else at what she was doing.

"Please tell me you're recording this. This is the *best thing ever!* " Squirtle declared, waving the baton in time to the foreign rap music.

"Uh, I think so...feed's a bit low quality..." Charmander said, awkwardly holding a camcorder in his claws.

"Riaru, kimi mo sugu ni taiken! Nikui de yansu ne, konchikushou! Kougashitsu nazodoki akushon!"

Swaying along with the music, Link and the monsters suddenly snapped back upwards, holding their hands to their heads. Making a motion like they were trying to snap their own necks, they spun around, then turned in a circle with the Japanese rapper.

"Tomadou koto mo naku, nomerikomou! Mochinoron, S *uupaa Famicom!"*

The monsters finally came to their senses. One of the Lizalfos swung his ball and chain in preparation for an attack, as another of his compatriots roared in fury.

" *Abunai! Deta!* " Zelda screamed, looking confused (she clearly had no idea what she just said).

One of the Wizzrobes flung a fireball at Link, but he was ready. Still in time to the music, he unleashed a Spin Attack, cutting a great deal of monsters to shreds and reflecting the fireball in the process.

"Ike! Rinku!" the baton sang.

Link's sword clanged against the cage as it lowered to the ground, breaking the door open.

"Shirazu shirazu no shinken shoubu! Koyoi mo zeruda wa saikouchou!" the voice sang as the Triforce Bearers embraced. An ear-piercing roar brought them to their senses, as the King of Darkness himself loomed over the carven, in all of his hammy (figurative and literal) glory.

And yet, the music was still not done. The volume suddenly became louder, and every non-Pokemon in the cave, Ganon included, fell back into its thrall.

"Suupaa Famicom zeruda no densetsu! Deru *deru* ***deru deru*** tsui ni deru!" the singer proclaimed, as Hylans and monsters alike fell back into the box dance, moving once again in time to the music.

"Do...any of you guys speak Japanese?" Charmander asked, trying to make himself heard over the loud music and Squirtle's mad laughter.

"I...think it's a commercial," Chikorita said, tilting her head in confusion. "For one of those Yggdrasil backups-like the Pokemon games in the Hub."

Unfortunately, the Hylians took this time to see the strange creatures watching from a distance, one of them holding the baton tormenting them so.

"Uh... *run!"* Charmander screamed, grabbing Squirtle with a use of Strength and hauling tail in the opposite direction.

"When this is over," Chikorita muttered as she followed her team away from the pursuing, disgruntled dancers, "I'm going to bury him in roots for the *rest of the Loop."*

The Pocket Monsters fled across the black cavern, and the dancing fiends followed.

18.10 (Saphroneth)

Giovanni awoke to the sound of buzzing insects.

"What the-?" he said, sitting up and looking around. The movement awoke the Persian at the foot of his bed, who yawned, and then mewled in surprise.

Their bed appeared to have been moved overnight into the middle of a jungle. Combee buzzed lazily by, an Arbok hung from the branches almost overhead, and a pair of Venusaur trundled past conversing in their native tongue.

Giovanni looked around for some explanation. Was this some kind of bizarre dream?

A quick pinch solved that. It wasn't... or, at least, it didn't appear to be.

Persian sniffed at something, and he picked it up. It was an envelope, addressed to 'Boss'.

He opened it.

"Dear Boss," he read aloud. "As a consequence of our terrible pay, we have decided to demonstrate our skills. As such, we have stolen Team Rocket."

That shocked him into silence. Mutely, he read on:

You're somewhere near the equator, we're not quite sure where. Have fun getting back!

-Jessie, James, Meowth (now in charge of Team Rocket).

His hand lowered, dropping the letter. "...oh."

18.1 - Apparently, Hoopa is the one that tosses Legendaries at you in ORAS. If it's not, though, then this is just a variant.

18.2 - Piplup used Mirror Coat!

18.3 - That is one thing that makes no sense. Also, hi, Silver.

18.4 - Wow, Dash, you're not really making a good impression.

18.5 - I had a witty tagline here, but it got Objected to.

18.6 - I KNEW IT! MEW IS UNDER THE TRUCK!

18.7 - I thought you were supposed to be smart, Professor?

18.8 - And this is why you don't play with Unown when they're coming from the Anime.

18.9 - Anyone remember that weird Japanese Zelda commercial?

18.10 - "As such, we have stolen Team Rocket." That line made the whole thing.

Chapter 20

19.1 (zeusdemigod131)

"Brendan! Time to come out, sweetie! We're finally here!"

'Brendan', son of the Hoenn Gym Leader, Norman, stretched before looking around in confusion. "Why am I in a moving truck?" he asked.

As his Loop memories kicked in, he smirked, something that was normally difficult for a species with a beak to do.

"Guess this is a game variant then," he said, jumping out of the truck and walking over to his mother.

Brendan, normally Blaziken, greeted his 'mother', a bit disconcerting, as she was normally May's mother, before entering the house. He walked past the Machoke who were doing the moving, and went upstairs to set his clock. "Suppose it's about noon," he said to himself.

As Blaziken made his way back downstairs, his mother called him over to the TV, saying his father was on. Sighing, he did as he was asked and just missed seeing Norman on the news.

After a little while, his mother told him to go introduce himself to their new neighbors, after he exited the house he walked straight towards Professor Birch's lab, but his assistant said the Pokemon Professor was out in the field.

Slightly annoyed, Blaziken made his way to his neighbor's house, as his mother had suggested he go meet their daughter. He was curious as to why her mother just let him walk into her daughter's room, but pushed the thought from his mind when he saw just who his neighbor was.

"May," he said with a smile.

The girl turned to him, a look of confusion on her face, before smiling and saying. "Hi! I guess you're our new neighbor huh?"

"Yeah, I had to ride in the back of the moving van," Blaziken said with a chuckle. "I had no trouble staying Awake."

May laughed. "I bet not,"

Blaziken frowned, she wasn't Awake. "I'm Brendan."

"May," she smiled before looking at the clock on her desk.

"Oh nuts, I'm suppose to go help my dad catch wild, talk to ya later Brendan!" Blaziken side stepped and let the girl run out of the room.

The usually a Fire-type let out a sigh. "Great," he said, walking down the stairs and out of the house, hands in his pockets as he made his way out of town. "Suppose it'll just be me this Loop."

Blaziken knew what would come next, Professor Birch would get attacked by a Poochyena or something equally not as threatening, and he would be able to pick either Mudkip, Treecko, or Torchic to... "Maybe we switched," Blaziken thought, then he remembered where he would be in a game variant right now. "May!"

May felt... not much, ever since she'd Awoken she'd been in some kind of limbo, at first she thought she was having a weird Loop, then her Loop memories had kicked in and she realized she was in a Pokeball.

I hope whoever's replacing me shows up soon , May thought. *This is starting to get-*

" **Torchic! I choose you!"**

May's world exploded in white and once it faded, she felt solid ground beneath her currently three toes feet. "{Oh thank goodness,}" she said, blinking her eyes. "{I hate it when those things make you feel Craaaah!}"

May jumped back several feet as she found herself face to face with a snarling Poochyena. May looked back and saw the boy she usually shared game variant Loops with... Brendan, standing in front of Professor Birch.

He looked like he wanted to say something, but kept glancing back at the Professor cowering behind him.

May looked back at the Poochyena. "{I don't suppose I could just ask you to go away, could I?}" she asked hopefully.

"{Not a chance,}" the Dark-type replied. "{B-}"

"Use Ember!" Brendan called.

May hadn't spent a lot of time as a Pokemon, but she'd been through a few Mystery Dungeon Loops before, so she did know how to attack.

May opened her beak and shot a thin line of fire at the Poochyena, the attack hit and the dog Pokemon fainted almost instantly. May sighed in relief. "{Glad my level carried over at least a little.}"

Hearing footsteps behind her, May turned to see Brendan smiling down at her, the boy kneeled down and, to May's surprise, picked her up. "May?" he asked quietly.

The Torchic smiled, he was a Looper! And he knew her! And given her current body... "{Blaziken?}" she asked hopefully.

Blaziken smiled and his partner. "Thank Arceus, I thought I was going to have to go through this place alone." Even if it was shaping

up to be a soft-game variant as opposed to a hard one, these kind of Loops were always easier when you had someone by your side.

"That was amazing, Brendan!" Professor Birch said, walking up to him and May, a Pokeball in his hand. "I've never seen anyone battle like that... you should come by my lab later, I'll have a reward waiting for you."

The Professor held up the Pokeball to return May. *Time to see just how far we can go off script.* "Actually, Professor," Blaziken said, turning his body to shield May from the Pokeball. "I was wondering, since I just turned ten not too long ago, if I could keep her as my partner Pokemon?"

Professor Birch blinked. "Oh... well actually I was,"

"Pleeease?" He added, holding May close to him.

"Tor?" May added helpfully, nuzzling Blaziken's chin in an attempt to appear adorable.

Professor Birch stared at the two, then laughed out loud. "Alright, alright," he said, holding up his hands to stop the begging. "I was going to let you have her anyway," he said with a chuckle. "Now come on, we'll explain things to your mother and get you a Pokedex, then," he smiled and placed a hand on the boys shoulder. "You can start your Pokemon journey!"

A few hours and a battle with Unawake May later, Blaziken and May were camped out in front of a fire by the side of the road to Petalburg City.

"Blaziken?" May, currently still a Torchic (but not for much longer), asked, looking up at the currently a Trainer. "Thanks for not letting Professor Birch return me back there."

Blaziken shrugged. "I know you don't like being in a Pokeball," he said nonchalantly. Truthfully most humans found it uncomfortable regardless of what kind of Pokeball it was. On the plus side, it meant they kept their Pokemon, or at least the Looping ones, out more.

May smiled. "So... how do you wanna handle this Loop?" she asked.

"I have a few ideas," Blaziken said. "Including this." He pulled a neckband with a stone set in the center from his Pocket, and slipped it over May's head before she could react.

May looked down at the shining stone hanging from her neck. "Blaziken... this is your Mega Stone," she gaped up at him.

Blaziken shrugged again. "I can't use it right now," he said, looking down at his hands. "Besides, you never know where this kind of Loop will go once you break script," he smiled softly down at her. "So I want you to have it, just in case."

May stared up at him for a few more seconds before smiling. "Thanks," she said. "But you know I can't even use this yet, right?"

Blaziken chuckled. "I know, but I also know you, so I know you won't be a Torchic much longer."

May chuckled. "True enough," she thought for a moment, then grinned. "Then in that case." May reached into her Pocket and pulled out a bracelet with a Keystone set in it. "Tate it," she said, holding it in her beak.

Blaziken hesitated. There was a good chance he'd be getting a Keystone of his own soon enough, but he'd already made May take his Mega Stone.

Taking the bracelet from May, Blaziken slid it onto his wrist and held it, the stone gleamed in the firelight. "Thanks, May," he said with a smile.

"Don't mention it," May said before yawning.

"Aww," Blaziken teased, scratching May under the chin. "Looks like someone's gettin' sleepy, huh?"

May glared at Blaziken. "You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

"I still think you thought I was a girl until I Evolved in Baseline," Blaziken said, crossing his arms. "So yes."

"Just because I wanted you to look your best doesn't mean I thought you were a girl," May defended.

"You tried to make me wear a bow in my feathers as a Combusken," he deadpanned.

May opened her beak, then shut it, looking away sheepishly.

Blaziken smirked. "I knew it!"

19.2 (Zulaq)

"Don't you think I'm a little old for this, Pikachu?" Samuel Oak asked the Pokémon walking next to him.

Pikachu laughed the question off, "Don't be silly, you're never too old for an adventure!" Pikachu then hopped onto the Professor's shoulder. "Besides, Ash does this all the time, and he probably has centuries on you!"

"And you have centuries on him." Oak paused for a moment, then hid a slightly wicked smile, "I guess that's why you hitch a ride all the time. Your old bones can't take the strain."

"Huh, wha-" Pikachu spluttered, not having expected the normally reserved Professor to make an age crack at him, "Take that back! I'm not a day over five hundred!"

Professor Oak raised an eyebrow with a snort, "Five hundred *thousand* , maybe. On the low side."

Pikachu frowned, "What's gotten into you? You're not normally this…" Pikachu trailed off, not quite able to articulate what he meant.

"Bantery?" Oak supplied, "I'll have you know I was an amazing battler in my youth, and combat banter is an important part of my battling style. I'm just getting back into practice."

"Really?" Pikachu asked. "Huh, that actually explains a bit about Gary. Did you use the 'smell you later' line as well?"

"Oh yes," Oak agreed, "It used to drive Agatha nuts whenever I said it. Of course that might have been because I had just beaten her beforehand every time," he shrugged, "It's useful to keep others off balance and not thinking up strategies to beat you."

"You're not going to be doing that this time, are you?" Pikachu implored, "'Cause trash talk from a teen is one thing, but from an old man…"

"Would knock them off balance," Oak nodded with a smile.

Pikachu put his face in his paws, "Why did I agree to do this with you again?"

"Because Ash is unawake, and is also five years old. And I wanted to do something other than the same experiments over and over again," Oak replied without missing a beat, "I thought that going on an adventure for a loop might give me some new ideas to explore in the next loop once I'm back at the lab and you're off with Ash."

"Alright then," Pikachu nodded, "Then let's do this. No trainer in the world stands a chance against my raw power and your age won wisdom!"

"Shouldn't that be *my* raw talent, and *your* age won wisdom, Old Man?"

"Oh come on!"

19.3 (Inkweaver22)

"GIVE ME BACK MY ARM!"

Ash could only watch on as Charizard and Pikachu played keep away with a zombified Infernape's limb. Kingler, also a zombie, had pulled out his smaller claw and was trying to use the extra reach to assist the primate. Deciding not to comment, Ash simply took out a camera and began to take some photos.

19.4 (AbZHz101)

Ash glared at his opponent. It seemed that he had Looped into Red's place and this time around Lance was more hell-bent than normal on eradicating all humans. It hurt because not only did Ash know that Lance had his reasons for this, but because he kept remembering his friend from his own Loops.

With a frown he released his next Pokemon. Charizard's wings stirred up the loose dirt as he flew above the battlefield. "You know, Lance, you're probably the one who would appreciate this the most," Ash said, the shadow from his hat hiding his eyes. Then he pulled out his Mega Ring. "Charizard, we're using both of them!"

The Fire Type's eyes widened for a moment before gleaming. He clenched both his fists before opening his claws to reveal his two Mega Stones. Then the three stones shone in unison.

It almost started out normally, with Charizard enveloped in the red light that signaled Mega Evolution, but then it changed. Suddenly, a pair of Green and Blue lights erupted from the changing form, rose

up and clashed. Once, twice... on the third time they seemed to fuse into a blue-green flame and slammed back into the still Mega-Evolving Pokemon. The flames rushed out, and with them a blinding white light forcing everyone to avert their eyes from the final part of the process.

When they could again look at the Pokemon the results were not what they had expected. Charizard's height had not changed much if at all. But he had seemed to gain a mane of fire that changed from deep sea blue to crimson along the entire back of his neck. It was only at closer inspection that Ash could see that it was in fact a series of... he wasn't sure of the correct word... horns? ...quills? ...spines? whose scale color was what was shifting. Then when Charizard flicked his head a bit, Ash watched as embers the same color as his scales drifted away for a moment before blinking out.

The back of the Pokemon's neck was not the only place those strange scales rested, splashing the top half of his face in a flame like pattern and danced irregularly along his entire tail. His base scales were black. His wings had grown immensely and more of those weird scales covered his alulae. Charizard also seemed to be built slightly different, more emphasis on travel through air...

The Pokemon looked over his opponents: in addition to Lance's usual team he had also gotten a hold of Lugia. Charizard's scales burned emerald. Without even a word from Ash, the Pokemon seemed to vanish, the only thing remaining a swirl of embers. At least it seemed that way until Charizard appeared before Lugia with his tail glowing in purple energy, Dragon Tail. The Legendary bird of Johto had the wind knocked out of it as it was smashed into the ground, back first.

"Outrage!" Lance commanded, putting his all into strengthening his team. Charizard noticed two Dragonite rushing at him from his four thirty and seven thirty. There was also one of Lance's Aerodactyl coming at him from above. The sun seemed to shine just a bit more, and Charizard's tail, the back of his neck, and his alulae ignited into a true mane of fire. He twisted around, preparing his next attack as

he did so. He unleashed what could only be described as a combination of Flamethrower and Dragonbreath at the bigger of the two Dragonite. Then he pushed himself back and upwards on the same line of the Dragonite that he had just barbecued. His fire turned blue.

Charizard then prepared his next attack, one that no one would see coming. He only had one shot to knock both of his foes out in one shot and the best type for the job wasn't one that Charizard could normally learn. How fortunate for him that he had Looped as a Dragonite before, and there were two notable Ice Type moves that Dragonite could learn, Blizzard and Ice Beam. The two Pokemon overshot their target and Charizard unleashed his Blizzard, almost point-blank. Unfortunately, Dragonite and Aerodactyl had already adjusted their courses so that they wouldn't collide mid-air, with Aerodactyl flying closer to Charizard than Dragonite. That led to Aerodactyl unintentionally shielding Dragonite from the Blizzard attack though the rock type fell from the sky like a stone.

Charizard growled as he and the last of Lance's Dragonite jockeyed for position in the sky. The Dragonite used a Thunder Wave to try and cripple the Mega Pokemon. Charizard snorted and shattered the electrical attack with a Thunderbolt. The two twisted for a head on pass, each preparing their own Dragon Claw. The two Pokemon passed each other, and the Dragonite began to fall from the sky.

19.5 (Saphroneth)

"This is going to be hilarious," Ash said.

Pikachu shrugged. "I don't get it."

"Your loss." Ash threw the 'ball.

"What."

Paul gaped at the Pokemon that had used to be his.

"Seriously, what."

Infernape bashed his cymbals together, and did a backflip.

"Whatever. Get him, Electivire!"

Infernape continued playing his cymbals until Electivire was only a few feet away - then bashed him over the head with one cymbal, hit it with the other, and went back to music as the Electric type passed out.

19.6 (fractalman and wildrook)

"Congratulations, Natural." snarked Pikachu, "By fusing the yin-yang dragons back together with Kyurem, you've spawned a whole bunch of Glitch Pokemon. If we're lucky, we'll only be in Eiken for three or four loops."

"Um...oops?"

"Huuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu-maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaan..." an eerie voice said, catching N and Pikachu by surprise.

Pikachu then face-palmed. "Great," he muttered. "Now Ash is possessed. Again. This time, by MISSINGNO, of all things!"

"Is that why we're looking at a town that looks deserted and possessed?" N asked Pikachu.

Before they could ponder on what kind of hell they ended up in, they had looked at the sign and paled.

"Silent Hill," Pikachu muttered. "N, I take it back. After Eiken, I will find you and shock you into submission."

N then gulped. "Duly noted," he muttered. "How the hell does MissingNo relate to THIS place?"

"Funny story," Ash/MissingNo replied. "It involved some guy with a hat and a magic gun made from a little girl...but enough about that...I think it's time you two became devoured."

19.7 (Zulaq)

"I say, young man, are you going to battle me or not?"

Pikachu and Ash had only Awoken thirty seconds ago, and were still sorting out their loop memories. But the old man in front of them, who was apparently the Pewter Gym Leader this loop, was getting impatient.

"I don't have all day and you are the one who challenged me." The old man in a nice suit with a cane held in his hands, but still standing tall, grumbled. "Are you ready?"

"Uh, Yeah, I'm ready," Ash managed to get out, still slightly shocked at who was apparently replacing Brock this loop.

The referee nodded at the two. "This will be a two-on-two single battle between Ash Ketchum from Pallet Town and Gym Leader Doctor of Pewter City. Only the challenger may make substitutions-"

"Yes, yes, get on with it, Chesterton," the Doctor grumbled at the English sounding man, "We both know that already."

Ian Chesterton rolled his eyes at the Doctor, "You may begin."

"Is that a Pikachu?"

Ash and Pikachu turned around at the slightly familiar voice, trying to place it with who they might know who would be in Cerulean City at

this point in time.

"Oh, I just adore Pokemon like your Pikachu, and I daresay he's an excellent example of his kind." The man was wearing a rumpled looking suit, with a messy handkerchief tucked into his pocket, bowl-cut black hair and age lines on his face. "Does he play a recorder?"

Ash and Pikachu recognized him immediately. "Doctor?"

"Oh yes, I am him." The man confirmed cheerfully. "Are you here for a battle?"

Confused, Ash shook his head. "I don't need to lose to you again Doctor, I just want to battle the Cerulean Gym Leader."

"What do you mean 'again'? I *am* the Cerulean Gym Leader."

"But I just fought you in Pewter!"

"What?" the Doctor asked, before thinking on it a moment. Then snapped his fingers in realization, "You mean that old grump who stole my name! Can't stand the man. You've got to fight *me* for the Cascade Badge."

Ash paused before entering the Vermillion Gym and turned to Pikachu. "I don't suppose you know who the Gym Leader is this loop, Pikachu?"

"Nope," Pikachu replied easily, "But I don't think it's the Doctor. Or at least that *this* gym leader isn't the Doctor, we still ran into the Rattata being taken to the Pokémon Center. I don't think the Doctor would do that to someone."

"Ok, good," Ash sighed, "Because battling him once was hard, battling him twice was weird. I don't want to know what would happen on a third try."

Ash opened the Gym door.

He then slammed it shut, for the interior had changed from an electrical themed Gym to a fighting dojo, and at its head was the Third Doctor and Jo Grant.

He turned to Pikachu. "This is going to be a *long* loop."

19.8 (Saphroneth and Me)

"Okay, so... I *think* I've got this down." The Smeargle sat down, toying with her tail idly. "This is the Pokemon world, right?"

"Well, yeah," Pikachu confirmed. "It's kind of obvious."

"Yeah, yeah, I don't play much. So... right. Why am I a Smeargle?"

"Why wouldn't you be?" Ash asked. "Well, you might be a human, I guess..."

"No, I mean... look, I'm a griffin, right? Why aren't I a griffin Pokemon?" Gilda waved her tail around. "I can see where it's coming from, I guess, but..."

Pikachu started to reply... and stopped. He turned to Ash. "Do we even *have* a griffin Pokemon?"

"...now you mention it..." Ash shrugged. "Can't think of one."

"That sucks." Gilda shrugged. "Oh well. Guess I may as well tag along with you butts. What do Smeargle learn, anyway?"

Pikachu grinned. "Good news! Anything they want. They copy moves."

"Really?" Gilda's expression turned contemplative. "Interesting. You guys run into Legendaries, right?"

"This could go either really well, or *really* badly," Pikachu commented to Ash, who nodded his agreement.

"Just to clarify, I get to keep the moves when I leave, right?"

"Yep," Ash confirmed, holding up his hand. A lazily-spinning Shadow Ball formed in his hand, while Pikachu spat out an Ember.

19.9 (Crisis)

Pokestar Studios was always a pretty interesting place in Red's opinion. They produced all sorts of movies and shows that, while they had parallels, just didn't seem to quite exist anywhere else in the multiverse.

And he loved being in the right place right when the directors needed a trainer to help with a problem scene.

Of course, he'd never gotten a request like this one.

He'd been contacted to come in for a music video, which wasn't that out of the ordinary. Being asked to do some of the singing was a little more surprising. The fact that they'd somehow gotten Professor Oak and Delia Ketchum (who replaced Red's own mother more often than he'd ever care to admit to Ash) to not just take part, but also sing in the video was causing him some confusion. Then there was the costume they wanted him to wear...

Apparently they were casting him as some version of Frankenstein's Monster, with Delia as the doctor and Oak as Igor...

It was all very strange, even before he'd gotten to the lyrics that they were now rehearsing.

"Still working in the lab, late these nights, my eyes grown used to eerie sights. I've created a monster who can dance and walk, but I couldn't teach him how to talk," Delia began, well, something

between singing and rapping. And was actually pretty good at it. *"My faithful assistant, that hunchback fool who wastes his time in DJ school Said,"*

And here, Oak in a deliberately raspy, yet eager, voice chimed in. *"Master, get hip! Don't be a sap! Teach the creature to Monster Rap!"*

Delia took over leading the chorus.

"You gotta- shock the body

Shock the body body

Shock the body

Shock the body body

Shock the body

Shock the body body

Shock..."

Red did his best to give an angry growl. *"RRRRRR!"*

"Igor, you idiot!" Delia called out.

"Yes, Master?" Oak replied eagerly.

"Bring me some vocal cords!"

"Yes, Master!"

"'Cause I just want to hear him speak," Delia continued, managing to sound wistful, *"and tonight the storm will reach it's peak! Connect Electrodes, turn on the power! We operate within the hour..."*

Oak ran to plug in the bundled wires connected to Electrodes and Voltorbs that had been hired on for the video.

"The kites went up without a hitch," Delia continued, *"then Igor screamed,"*

"Rotom, pull the switch!" Oak yelled as said electric ghost pulled a large switch.

"The bolt came down, his head went zap," Delia narrated the song, *"Now he's doing the Monster Rap!"*

"Shock the body

Shock the body body

Shock the body

Shock the body body

Shock the body

Shock the body body

Shock..."

"RRRRRR!" Red growled again as he prepared for his real part in the song.

"I've given you a voice," Delia pleaded in Red's direction, *"now rap for Mommy.."*

Red took a breath and began rapping as best he could. *"Well, they shot a million volts into my brain! Now I'm ready to rap like a runaway train. If you get in my way, we're bound to clash, 'Cause I'm the same dude that did the Monster Mash!"*

"That's my boy!" Delia beamed, and Red wasn't sure she was really acting.

"Shock the body body," he continued anyway.

"So we invited the ghosts and pokeghouls," Delia kept her part up as Oak danced in the background, *"and turned them into rapping fools. Majin woke up from his nap and said,"*

"Teach me how to Monster Rap!" An actor in a suit representing Pokestar Studios' original ghost belted out his one line before everyone in the video joined the chorus.

"You gotta- shock the body

Shock the body body

Shock the body

Shock the body body

Shock the body

Shock the body body

Shock...RRRRRR!"

"Igor, you fool!" Delia yelled as Red stepped away from where in the video proper he would be not-quite strapped to a slab.

"Yes, Master?"

"He's breaking loose! We've reached a goal undreamed of by science! Listen, he's going to rap again..."

"I got bolts in my neck, a flattop head, I'm eight feet tall and I'm back from the dead," Red rapped, wondering how they were going to make him look that big. *"Y'see I can break rappers down to tears 'cause I've been monster rappin' for a hundred years! They all light up the torches, chase me through the town. They do everything to try to track me down, but they can't keep up; they can't compete, 'cause I've got the rap with the monster beat! Y'see North, East, West and South, I'm the cat they call 'Monster Mouth'! When I start to rap, I control the room. I can get the werewolves howlin' at the moon!*

Y'see, I'm and big and bad, scarred and mean: I'm the cool brain child Dr. Frankensteen! I said rap, bap, another zap!" Here the Electric Pokemon made an electrical buzz. *"Can't stop the rappin' now..."*

19.10 (Saphroneth)

Red was no stranger to game loops - none of the Pokemon loopers were, though which game could and did differ. (He'd even heard that Chimchar had had a loop where he was the trainer - not as a human, just in a big hat and baggy coat - and Piplup his thoroughly confused starter.)

Professor Oak explaining that the world was inhabited by creatures called Pokemon was a good indicator, so Red tuned it out until he was asked for his gender and name.

"Male. Red."

That done, he got to tuning out again, and tapped his foot until he got freedom to move.

The first sign something had been up had been when they'd started catching new team members. Saur had stunned a Pidgey on Route 1 amply to let Red catch it, but a subsequent attempt at catching a Rattata had resulted in a statistically implausible number of Pokeballs being wasted, before the Rattata finally ran out of PP and knocked itself out on a tree.

After promptly meeting Pika in Viridian, Red had put no more thought into it - until, that is, his Pidgey had been knocked out against Brock.

Saur had won the fight, of course, and Pidgey was fine once healed - but when Red sent him out against the next random trainer on the road, he'd earned a stern look.

"You can't send out fainted Pokemon!" the youngster said. "It's not allowed! It's the rules!"

Red blinked, then looked at Pidgey. It seemed as puzzled as he was.

"But... Pidgey's not fainted," Red pointed out.

"Of course he is!" The youngster was unmoved. "He fainted before!"

"This is ridiculous." Saur stepped forwards, concussed the Youngster's Rattata with one blow, and KO-ed the other one with the backswing.

Pika and Red exchanged a shrug, and then Pika hopped down to console the Pidgey.

Red was getting a headache.

"This is ridiculous," he said, sharing his opinion with all four of his looping Pokemon.

Vee shrugged. "I'm fine," she said.

"Yeah, but now no-one will fight Poli or Saur. I'm kinda having to rely on you for type coverage, Vee – well, you and that Diglett."

Saur frowned. "This seems somehow familiar... like I've read about it."

"Maybe you have," Red agreed. "I-"

He paused.

"Wait a second. What have we noticed so far?"

He ticked the points off. "I seem to only be able to catch the first Pokemon I see on a route. Anyone who faints can't be used in a fight again. Sound familiar?"

"There's no *way* this is a Locke," Poli opined. "Those are much worse."

"What else fits?" Red asked rhetorically. Then he sighed. "Okay, that at least tells us roughly what's going on."

He stood.

"Where are we going?" Pika asked.

"First, to the department store, to buy Repels. Then, to Saffron – Vee, we're going to need to clear Saffron Tower. Then we're heading straight to Seafoam Islands."

Red's expression took on a slightly manic glint. "First Pokemon in a given area, eh? Well, I happen to know where Articuno lives."

"Evil," Vee said, rubbing against his leg. "I approve."

"Pidgey?" Red called.

The tiny bird flitted to his arm. Everyone else grabbed onto his legs.

Then Pidgey used Fly.

Game loops could be bizarre. Especially when there were variant rules in place.

On the other hand, seeing a young, low-level Pidgey carrying an entire party including a Venusaur without strain or effort... it was a sight to behold.

19.1 - *Sniff* Where's a tissue box when you need it?!

19.2 - ...Well, that's not something I expected.

19.3 - ZOMBIE KINGLER USED STRENGTH! ZOMBIE KINGLER CAN MOVE BOULDERS! BRAINS! (Tagline by crossoverpairinglover)

19.4 - Mega Charizard XY

Type: Dragon/Flying

Ability: Blazing Drought (Fusion of Blaze, a Dragon-typed Blaze, and Drought)

And this is the standard version of Mega Charizard XY that will appear. If you're wondering about Mega Mewtwo XY...well, not yet.

19.5 - Cymbal Monkeys!

19.6 - Damn it, N! You can't reform the Great Dragon of Unova in the Loops!

19.7 - I'm pretty sure the Doctor isn't Awake for this, but Zulaq's not exactly finished, so I don't know.

19.8 - And Gilda is now a Smeargle. When she left back to the MLP Loops, I'm pretty sure she had the Creation Trio's signature moves. Fun fact, by the way: If a Ditto copies a Smeargle, then uses Sketch, it can actually learn a move! Of course, it's useless to it because then it loses Transform. I suppose if it was a Ditto with its Hidden Ability of Imposter instead...

19.9 - This was meant to be in Pokeween, but I didn't notice it until after I had already posted. Better late than never, right?

19.10 - I didn't think it was possible to make a Nuzlocke ridiculous, but apparently it was.

Ash vs Tobias

Ash vs. Tobias

By: Saphroneth

Ending Scene by Me

Ash helped Infernape back to the stand. The tough Fire-type was nearly exhausted from his battle with Paul's Electivire, but triumphant - and Ash felt the same.

After all... it seemed like they'd changed Paul's mind as well.

"Nice work!" Brock said, grinning. "You've seen who you're facing next?"

"No, I-" Ash turned, as the match was generated.

"Oh, you've got to be *kidding!* " Barry moaned. "Isn't that the guy with the Darkrai?"

Ash's final companion hid a smile. "I'm sure Ash will do fine."

"Thanks, Leah," Ash said, then frowned. "But... okay, I think I know how I can do this."

"You'd better!" Barry folded his arms seriously. "Or you'll owe me a *lot* of money!"

Leah raised a finger. "We should talk."

"Uh... sure," Ash agreed.

Brock glanced down at Infernape. "You should get him to the Pokémon center first."

"Right." Ash adjusted his grip. "Come on, Infernape."

"What was it, Leah?" Ash asked, some time later.

Pikachu quirked his head in identical confusion.

Leah hid a smile at the sight. She'd met the looping versions of these two before, and enjoyed the company - so when she found herself in place of Dawn, it had been a natural progression to just tag along with the group.

Besides, Brock could be quite... devoted.

"Right," she said, getting to the point. "I found more details about this guy - this Tobias. And... Ash, if you want to win this, pull out *all* the stops."

"I've already got a plan, don't worry!" Ash said.

"Yeah, you've got a plan for his Darkrai," Leah agreed. "But that's not his only Pokémon."

Ash nodded, looking thoughtful.

"I don't know what else he has," the erstwhile werewolf and current Anchor continued. "But I *do* know he's got a Latios."

As she'd half-expected, the news made both Ash and Pikachu do a double-take. "Say what?"

Leah shrugged. "That's about all I know."

"Right. Thanks for the warning, Leah." Ash frowned again, then visibly had an idea. "Where's the nearest PC? I need to call Oak again - and Liza."

As he hurried off, Leah hid a smile.

That was all the help he was getting. But - hopefully it would be enough.

Her Swanna fluttered over from the pond, landing next to her. "He's a good kid."

"Don't talk like that, chief, someone might hear you," Leah replied easily. "Enjoying being a living pun?"

Charlie ruffled his feathers. "More than I was expecting. Still not too much of a fan of the dancing, though."

"Hey, I'm the one who has to wear the outfits."

"Okay, guys, ready?" Ash asked.

The half-dozen Pokémon nodded, enthusiastically, and gave their own cries, roars, squeaks or quiet agreement.

"Now, remember... we don't know what else he has." Ash looked at Charizard, especially. "So don't set me on fire or anything if I don't send you out against the first one..."

Charizard made a hrumph noise, looking ostentatiously away.

"And no matter what..." Ash smiled. "Let's do the best we can."

One by one, red beams of light recalled the five other Pokémon into their Pokéballs.

"Let's go, Pikachu!" he said, to an answering smile from his starter, and they headed out to meet the crowd.

"I hope Ash does well," Brock said.

Leah leaned into him, smiling. "So do I."

She'd run out of degrees to do back home some time ago, and had instead started doing what she called 'popular culture loops'. Pick something, go to university for four years, pretend to study while actually watching TV and playing games to her heart's content, and then turn in one of her Masters' thesis from a previous loop at the end of it all.

The experience had been made all the more interesting – or surreal – by the knowledge that just about everything was a world out there. As real as her own.

And that also meant there were things which struck her as unjust.

Perhaps it was the perspective of the anime, but – well, she didn't like Tobias much. As far as she was concerned, he should have led off with anything *but* the Darkrai. And Charlie was right, Ash *was* a sweet kid. He deserved a better chance.

And if she'd used the opportunity of her loop here to also date the unawake Brock... so what?

"Here we go," she said, as both trainers raised their first Pokéballs.

"A Heracross?" Tobias asked. "Interesting choice! Darkrai, use Dark Void!"

Silently, Darkrai raised his arms and released a pulse of dark energy. It swept over Heracross, who promptly fell asleep.

Ash grinned. "Here goes! Heracross, Sleep Talk!"

Tobias raised an eyebrow.

Heracross muttered something incomprehensible. He stood up, swaying, and began to stumble forwards.

Tobias directed his Darkrai to use a Dark Pulse, which shot out – and missed, as Heracross used Sleep Talk again and tripped over a hunk of turf which happened to result in the attack going wide.

Leah watched, avidly. So far it was *almost* the same, but-

Ash paused a moment, then ordered Heracross to use Sleep Talk.

Yes, she wasn't imagining it. Watching it, without the camera angles of the anime, she could tell – Ash was timing when he gave the orders, so that Heracross was able to keep dodging and weaving without letting Darkrai land a hit.

It was fascinating to watch.

Brock squeezed her hand, and she absently squeezed his right back.

Ash was barely aware of the crowd, focusing all his attention on the positions of his Heracross and the Darkrai he was fighting.

Amazingly, those Megahorns and Focus Punches which had connected had knocked Darkrai about – a lot. In fact, as far as Ash could tell, the Dark type was looking tired.

"Sleep talk!" he called, and Heracross did a peculiar forward roll – then his eyes snapped open.

A light gathered in his mouth.

With a dull, bass sound that seemed to be heard in the chest rather than the ears, a Hyper Beam speared out and clipped Darkrai on the shoulder.

Tobias blinked. Darkrai was taking one hell of a beating.

"Dark Void again!" he ordered. "Then Dream Eater!"

The Pitch-Black Pokémon raised his arms, and Heracross – panting from the effort of the Hyper Beam – was unable to get out of the way of the soporific attack. Then Darkrai pulled energy from the Bug's dreams, finally knocking him out for good.

"You did great," Ash whispered. Then he took out his second Pokéball. "Okay. I know you're tired, but you don't need to do much. Just like what we discussed."

He threw the ball. "Infernape!"

Tobias looked interested. The Infernape... that was a powerful Pokémon.

But, it was plain to see, still tired from the battle from a short while ago. Foolish of Ash Ketchum – he'd thought the boy a more caring trainer than that.

"Dark Void," he instructed.

Infernape's lip curled in a grin.

He knew he was tired. But he also knew – Ash was counting on him.

"Dig!" Ash ordered.

Infernape needed no second instruction, and rapidly tunnelled into the ground. The Dark Void attack pulsed out, but passed over the hole without connecting.

"Okay, Infernape!" Ash called. "Three, two – now!"

Darkrai only had time to look down when the ground under it erupted upwards. Infernape came out with his fist glowing, and volleyed in a powerful Mach Punch.

Infernape landed lightly, expression still full of energy.

This was battling. The kind of situation when you felt that the whole battle turned on your actions – and, today, it did.

The predictable Dark Void attack came again. Infernape tried to dive back underground, but was unable to, and the attack rolled over him.

Chimchar was alone.

Lost, in a forest. Abandoned by the one he'd thought to be a friend.

Forever alone.

Why did people always abandon him?

Ash's fists clenched until his nails made red marks on his skin.

He knew what Darkrai did, knew that his poor Infernape had to be having a nasty nightmare.

And, as Darkrai absorbed the nightmare, it was starting to look healthier.

"Infernape!" Ash called. "You're not alone! You never will be!"

Chimchar heard the words, distantly, in the middle of his dream.

Monferno stood up, drying his tears-

And Infernape woke up.

Blue fire erupted around his form as Darkrai's Dream Eater collapsed.

A glance back at Ash's stand, and Infernape knew just what to do.

Blue fire focussed around him, and he lunged forwards.

Darkrai raised his hands, preparing another Dark Void to put Infernape to asleep again, but the attack had barely formed when an almighty Flare Blitz hit like a bullet train. That was on fire.

"Whoa!" Barry said, shading his eyes.

Leah nodded silent agreement. *That* had been spectacular.

When the smoke and flames cleared, it revealed a circle of scorched grass, and an unconscious Infernape, driven too hard by his powerful attack... and a sight which made the crowd gasp.

Another KOed Pokémon.

Tobias' Darkrai was defeated.

There was a moment of silence. Then Barry stood up, applauding. "Yeah! Nice one, Ash!"

Leah and Brock exchanged a glance, then started clapping as well.

The wave of enthusiasm ran around the stands – perhaps driven in part by people who had wanted to see Tobias at least forced to put in some effort.

Ash recalled Infernape. "That's all I could have asked for," he said softly, and Pikachu nodded next to him.

"Nice work!" Tobias called across the stadium. "You're the first to defeat my Darkrai, which deserves recognition."

Ash smiled for a moment, then the expression was replaced by determination.

This wasn't over yet.

"As both Pokémon were knocked out," the referee went on, "Both trainers must now send out their next Pokémon at the same time. Three, two, one – now!"

Ash scooped up another Pokéball. "Swellow!"

"Latios!"

Murmuring ran around the stands. "He has a Latios *too?* "

Ash heard the commenter giving an explanation for what a Latios was, but tuned it out. "Swellow!" he called. "Quick Attack – into the sky! Then Aerial Ace, and don't slow down for anything!"

Swellow called out his battle-cry, and shot off into the sky.

"Tackle!" Tobias instructed, willing to take a wait-and-see attitude for now.

Latios followed Swellow, almost as fast, and an instant breeze ruffled hair around the stadium.

Squinting into the sky, Ash called out commands.

"Double Team! Now – dodge, and get back down low!"

Swellow shimmered, splitting into a dozen images. His tail flagged in the slipstream, each image moving differently, and the images opened up like a flower.

Latios tried to get one of them, aiming to intercept. Closing in on a Swellow, he came in for a high-speed impact – and passed through.

"Use telepathy to tell which one it is!" Tobias called.

Swellow was already down on the deck, the remaining Double Team images crisscrossing with him over the arena floor.

Latios frowned, then began to move with more purpose – closing in on one of the Swellow in particular.

"Left!" Ash called. "Now down – right to the grass!"

Trusting his trainer, Swellow flew closer still to the arena floor. His wings clipped the grassy surface, blowing up a mess of green grass-tips behind him. The Double Team illusions faded away, no longer needed or convincing with the grassy trail pointing out his position.

"Right!"

Swellow's right tail tip went down, scraping the grass. His left tip went up, his tail as a whole slanted, and he turned a brutally tight corner – making Latios' attack miss, and the Legendary hit the surface of the field with a noticeable *thud* .

Tobias frowned. "Okay, Latios, we'll have to do this the hard way," he said, as the Eon Pokémon rose back up from the floor. "Luster Purge!"

"Right at him!" Ash said, the moment the attack began to charge. "Aim for the nose!"

Swellow screeched, brazenly charging his opponent as the attack built.

Ash watched Latios carefully, remembering Alto-Mare. If he could-

"Down!"

Ash misjudged the moment slightly, and ordered Swellow to change direction a moment too late. The Luster Purge clipped his wing, sending him spiralling out of control into the grass.

"Swellow!" Ash called, heart in his mouth. "Are you-"

The Flying type gave a tired-sounding chirp, waving his wing from next to the scorched grass left by Infernape, and relief washed

through his trainer.

"Finish him off," Tobias instructed. "Tackle again."

Needing no further instruction, Latios bored in at full speed.

"Cancel the Double Team!" Ash called. "And Wing Attack!"

The Swellow that Latios was aiming for vanished, revealing that the real Pokémon was coming to his feet right in the middle of the ash-scar. With a cocky chirp, the Swallow Pokémon raised his wings, facing down the oncoming legendary.

Then brought his wings down. Not at Latios – at the grass.

The burned, scorched, crumbly, powdery grass.

Latios didn't have time to react. He hit Swellow, sending the tired Pokémon flying – and clearly out for the count – but did so flying into a cloud of ash and dust, which got in his eyes and obscured them. Just like a Sand-attack, except on a far larger scale.

Tobias frowned, concerned. That could be worrisome.

Ash caught Swellow as he came down, and lowered him the rest of the way. "You were amazing," he said, then returned him. "Gible!"

Gible took a stance, eying the larger dragon, and growled.

Latios stared back, blinking red-rimmed eyes to try and clear the grit in them.

"Okay, Gible!" Ash called. "Dragon Pulse!"

"Left!" Tobias called, and the handicapped Latios hovered sideways out of the way of the attack.

"Go invisible!" he added. Latios complied, using his feathers to bend light and disappear.

"Great," Ash said, then pointed. "Gible – use Dig!"

Gible nodded and tunnelled into the ground, throwing up spadefuls of dirt. He vanished entirely within seconds, ahead of a return Dragon Pulse by Latios which went a little wide.

Ash frowned, thinking.

Neither Pokémon could hit the other at the moment, and when Gible came out from underground neither would be able to hit very easily. But Latios had the advantage, since his trainer could see Gible.

Wait...

"Gible!" Ash called. "Remember what Latios looks like?"

Gible replied in the affirmative, though his voice was muffled. "Gib gib!"

"Don't you think it's a bit like a giant Piplup?"

Tobias blinked. *Pardon?*

Barry gaped. "He's not going to-"

"He is," Leah confirmed.

Piplup hid under a seat.

"Dig!" Ash commanded.

The ground erupted, revealing the Dragon/Ground type.

"Now, Draco Meteor!"

Gible nodded, and spat out a glowing orb of energy. It rose into the sky, and detonated – then began to fall.

Towards one side of the arena in particular.

"You're kidding," Tobias said, softly. "How does that-? Latios! Light Screen!"

The Eon Pokémon glowed, forming a shield around itself which revealed its position. Just in time, as well, as the hail of meteors crashed home and blew the shield apart again before hitting Latios with incredible force.

Amazingly, the Dragon/Psychic type was still capable of battling. But his opponent was not only perfectly fine... he was better.

The white glow receded from Gabite's rough skin, and he gave Latios an appraising look.

"Dragon Pulse!" Ash ordered.

"Latios – use Giga Impact!" Tobias countered. "Left a bit – there! Now attack!"

Ash gave a second command. "No, wait – use Dig!"

Gabite bashed his claws into the floor. Instead of Dig, however, he produced a shower of rocks from the floor, and sent them flying at Latios.

"That's a Stone Edge!" Brock said, recognizing it.

He winced, as Latios ran straight into it. He still hit Gabite, but was visibly slowing, and the other Dragon-type was largely unharmed by the impact.

"Whatever it was, it certainly handled Latios," Leah pointed out. "What a battle!"

Piplup poked his head out from under the chair, keeping one eye firmly on the sky.

"Well done, Gabite!" Ash called, relief in his voice.

Gabite glanced back at him, and threw what was clearly a thumbs-up.

"Even more impressive," Tobias said. "Your Gabite's Draco Meteor is very strong. I'll have to use my most strongly defensive Pokémon."

Ash watched intently as an Aggron materialized.

"Okay, Gabite, you can do this," he said, then blinked. "Wait, what's-"

The Aggron glowed, light emanating from a small crystal in one big rocky paw.

Tobias adjusted his cape, and the button holding it closed began to glow in response.

When the light died away, Aggron was... different. Steel armour covered every inch, and spikes had grown from its wrists to match the ones on its head.

"What the heck is that?" someone shouted from the stands.

"I've never heard of that before!" Barry said, standing up. "Foul!"

"It's a Mega Evolution," Leah explained. "I've never actually seen one before."

This has got *to be cheating,* she thought to herself.

"What does that mean?" Barry asked, looking back.

"Well... for one thing, it's even tougher than before."

Ash looked the new evolution over. It seemed to be all steel and no rock, now...

"We'll get it anyway!" he called. "Gabite, Dig!"

"Mega Aggron, use Iron Defence!" Tobias ordered.

As Gabite vanished underground again, the giant Steel-type glowed with bluish-silver light.

A tense silence filled the arena for the next few seconds. Then Gabite burst through the ground again directly underneath Mega Aggron, delivering the attack with a *clang.*

"That was a lot less damaging than I was expecting," Brock said. "Even with the Iron Defence, an Aggron would be more damaged than that."

Leah nodded, trying to remember what it was about Mega Aggron she was forgetting...

"Wait!" she said, realizing. "It's not a Rock-type any more, just a Steel-type. And it has an Ability that means its weaknesses aren't as much weaknesses as they normally are." *****

"So Ash is in trouble?" Barry said, wincing.

"Maybe," Leah hedged. "But Aggron are mainly tough physically. I hope Ash remembers that..."

"Rock Smash!"

Gabite jumped over the sweep of an Iron Tail attack, used it as a platform for a jump, and volleyed home a Rock Smash attack into Mega Aggron's front.

Once more, there was a loud *clang* , but very little actual harm done.

"This is taking too long," Ash said to himself. "Gabite's getting tired..."

Nothing had actually connected with Gabite yet, apart from the side-splash of an occasional Mud Slap, but that couldn't last forever.

"Heavy Slam!" Tobias instructed.

Gabite jumped backwards, almost managing to get out of the way of the belly-flop in time. One arm was hit, and he yelped in pain before snarling as Mega Aggron gradually stood again.

"Nothing's working..." Ash said, then brightened. "Gabite! Use Draco Meteor again!"

Gabite nodded, favoring his left arm, and inhaled.

"Get him before the attack fires!" Tobias snapped. "Automize, then Iron Head!"

A series of whirrs and clanks emitted from within Mega Aggron. Then he jumped forwards, much faster now.

Gabite jumped forwards, still charging the Draco Meteor, and kicked down with both feet at Mega Aggron's forehead as it came in. Both Pokémon were visibly injured by the impact, and Gabite went flying high into the air as his much lighter form was knocked about like a toy.

"Gabite!" Ash called out. "Are you-"

Gabite gave his answer. A globe of orange energy shot down from overhead, split just ten feet above the arena, and hammered into Mega Aggron like a shotgun blast.

The Dragon landed on one leg slightly before the other, and stumbled with the impact. He panted heavily, turning to face his opponent.

Mega Aggron was heavily dented, but still ready to battle as well. He shook his head, and advanced in a lumbering run.

Gabite watched the attack coming in, leaning to take the weight off one leg.

"Dragon Pulse and Dig!" Ash called.

A ring of green energy formed, and pulsed outwards. Mega Aggron ran into it, the attack finding better purchase on the dents in his armour, and kept coming.

About ten yards from Gabite, he stumbled and fell. His speed and weight kept him coming in a skidding, blundering rush, until he came to a stop just in front of the hole Gabite had dug.

"Whoo," Barry exhaled. "That was *close!* "

"Does that mean you owe Ash a million dollars?" Leah teased.

"Nope!" the energetic trainer replied, shaking his head. "But Gabite's really tired now. What else does this guy have?"

I'm wondering that myself, Leah agreed silently.

"Well, I *am* surprised!" Tobias congratulated. "Very few Sinnoh trainers have seen a Mega Pokémon, let alone know how to beat them."

"I've never seen one before," Ash replied. "And I'm from Pallet, in Kanto."

"My apologies." Tobias recalled his (now reverted) Aggron. "I can see I will need to handle your Dragon before progressing further. Metagross!"

"Okay, Gabite," Ash said, as soon as his opponents' Pokémon was out. "You're already underground, now use Dig!"

"Magnet Rise," Tobias ordered coolly.

"Great..." Ash winced, as Gabite burst out of the ground and failed to hit anything. "Try a Rock Smash!"

"Meteor Mash."

Gabite's Rock Smash was unable to hit home, as Metagross grabbed him with one claw and then hammered him back into the ground with the other three.

That finally finished off Ash's gallant Gabite, and he recalled him as soon as the dust cleared.

"That was so cool," Ash told Gabite. "Rest now."

He picked up the final Pokéball. "Okay, Charizard, your turn!"

Charizard exploded out of the 'ball before it hit the ground, roaring something which sounded an awful lot like 'finally!'

"Light Screen." Tobias watched the Fire-type, concentrating. "Scary Face – slow him down."

Charizard roared laughter, not intimidated at all, and raked Metagross with a Flamethrower. The Steel/Psychic type endured it stoically, and countered with a Psychic.

"Whoa!" Barry said, on the edge of his seat. "I knew Ash's Pokémon were strong, but this is a whole different league!"

"You should have seen him back in Johto," Brock told them. "At one point, he actually attacked an Entei – and he was winning."

Fire speared across the arena again.

"Light Screen!" Tobias said again, as yet another flame attack broke on the shields – getting a little further into them this time. "Try to catch him in your Psychic!"

Metagross raised all four arms, levitating above the arena floor, and exerted considerable force on a Psychic. Mental force plucked at Charizard's wings, trying to foul them and prevent his soaring flight, and he gave an amused snarl before rolling and accelerating – leaving the psychic attack behind.

It readjusted, rotating smoothly to keep Charizard in its sights, and Charizard accelerated further.

This was honestly a little unsettling. The trainer, Ash, had a strong link with his Pokémon – that much was certain. But this Charizard... it was fighting alone.

Did that mean it was harder to control? Or just that they thought so alike that there was no need for instruction?

Tobias made his mind up to force the issue.

"Metagross! No more Psychic. Use Zen Headbutt!"

A glow built around Metagross' head-shield. It lowered to the floor, pivoting to face the flying Charizard, then kicked off with incredible force and shot skywards.

"Flamethrower!" Ash said, breaking his silence for the first time that match.

Charizard unleashed a burst of flame onto Metagross as it ascended, then spread his arms and took the blow with a grunt.

"Hang on!" Ash added. "Now, mix Flaming Seismic Toss and Skull Bash!"

Charizard blinked for a moment, parsing the complex command, and enveloped himself in flame before carrying Metagross on a trajectory straight back towards the ground. He released the Psychic/Steel type just before reaching the arena floor, and bottomed out so low his tail lit the grass on fire.

"Wasn't that just basically Flare Blitz?" Brock asked.

Leah shrugged. "Like I keep track. That Charizard knows more moves than Pikachu does."

Metagross clambered out of the crater in the ground, noticeably slower now.

"Keep it up," Tobias said. "Hyper Beam!"

"Overheat!" Ash ordered.

Metagross acted first. Its eyes glowed, then the big metal X on its face. Light beams came together from the four points of the cross, and fired.

Charizard's own Overheat was only a fraction of a second behind. It roared out, a great spiralling gout of flame within flame which went on and on and on.

The two attacks met, and formed an unstable ball of energy. Both Pokémon kept feeding in more and more energy, and the ball grew and crackled before exploding into a cloud of smoke that covered the stands.

Ash squinted through the smoke, then raised his voice. "Charizard! Dragon Rage, to the left of where you attacked last!"

The blaze of energy rocketed down through the smoke, blowing it in all directions as it hit.

"Flamethrower! Left a bit – there! Now use Fire Spin around it!"

The tornado of flame sent the last of the smoke away, revealing Metagross trapped inside the curtain of flame.

Ash exhaled. He'd been doing a bit more than guessing, but it had still been a gamble. "Okay, now use the most powerful Fire attack you have!"

Charizard's reply was that his tail blazed up like never before. He briefly stopped the Fire Spin, and then sent a massive spear of red-orange flame directly downwards.

The Eruption attack was too much for Metagross, which finally collapsed, unable to battle further.

"I see you've been saving the best for last," Tobias complimented. "If your Pikachu is stronger than this, I can see how you got this far! But I'm afraid your Charizard will have a little trouble with my next Pokémon."

A fifth Pokéball came off his belt. "Go!"

"Suicune?" Ash asked, watching the blue feline pacing coolly around the arena with an easy gait. "This is getting ridiculous."

Pikachu nodded, flipping an ear. "Pi..."

"Okay, Charizard," Ash added. "I don't need to tell you – stay high, and stay out of trouble."

Charizard roared an affirmative.

"And use Dragon moves if you can."

Putting action to words, Charizard fired down another Dragon Rage ball. It headed straight for Suicune, who blurred into motion and ran ahead of the attack.

Once it hit, blowing a further crater in the abused floor, Suicune slowed once more and resumed the easy pace – casting an occasional glance skywards.

Charizard scowled, and he snarled a challenge.

"Easy, Charizard," Ash called up. "Don't let Suicune provoke you. Stay up there, where it's safe."

"Extremespeed and jump!" Tobias called. "Then Hydro Pump!"

Suicune *moved* . The big blue Pokémon seemed to use the air itself for leverage, coiling and then springing off into an enormous vertical jump, and ascended as high as the surprised Charizard.

She unleashed a colossal rush of water, and Charizard folded in both wings to dive out of the way. Some of the attack clipped his wings, producing a hiss of pain and steam, and then he was below and mostly clear.

Wings hammering, the orange Fire-type fought to regain altitude as Suicune dropped back down, firing more Water attacks after him. Another two hit, both glancing blows, and then he was back above her.

"Higher!" Ash called. "Higher than she can jump!"

Nodding, Charizard climbed to the very limit of the stadium's dome. Any further, and he'd be leaving the arena entirely.

Suicune tried to jump for him again, but the greater distance gave Charizard more warning, and though his Dragonbreath didn't connect it effectively warded her off.

For a few seconds, the two Pokémon circled warily.

"Suicune!" Tobias called. "Rain Dance!"

Suicune accelerated, leaving a shimmering trail of bluish mist behind herself. It wafted skywards, spreading and thickening, until it reached the top of the arena and began to pool into heavy grey clouds.

Charizard had few options, but tried one of them anyway. He unleashed a gout of Flamethrower into the streams of mist, attempting to burn them off, and added to that with a Wing Attack to disperse them.

Despite this, the mist joined up into an unbroken blanket of cloud across the whole top of the stadium.

Drops began to fall. A few at first, then more and more until a torrential rainstorm was hammering down.

"Charizard!" Ash called into the sky. "This isn't working, you'll have to come down!"

A roar answered him.

"Try and hit her with a Steel Wing!" Ash added, squinting into the rainstorm. It was really *very* intense rain, drumming loudly enough that he worried if Charizard could hear him.

For a long moment, he wondered.

Then an orange shape blew past, mouth roaring with Dragonbreath and wings shining with steely light. Ash caught sight of the tail, wrapped up into a coil which kept the flame itself out of the storm.

Probably something he'd learned in the Valley.

Suicune met the attack with one of her own. Blurring out of sight with Extremespeed, she vanished from where Charizard was aiming.

Ash had a brief flash of her running alongside the attack run, then – as Charizard decided to abort and headed skywards again – she jumped, landing on his back.

Charizard reacted nearly instantly. Aborting the abort, he flipped over to try to throw her off.

Clinging on with all four paws, Suicune fired a Hydro Pump at point-blank range.

Amazingly, Charizard managed to turn it into a kind of Seismic Toss. He rammed himself into the ground Suicune-first, and she was forced to let go.

He rolled back upright, climbed a few dozen feet, staggered in the air, and landed with a slithering crash which nearly hit the retaining wall.

"An impressive show!" Tobias said, applauding, as Ash returned Charizard. "I take it he trained in the Charicific Valley?"

"That's right," Ash agreed. "Pikachu!"

Pikachu needed absolutely no instruction whatsoever. He jumped off Ash's shoulder into the arena, landed, and released a huge Thunder attack.

The rain which had helped Suicune defeat Charizard became her undoing. Untainted by mud due to her mystical ability to purify water, the heavy rain saturating the ground offered no resistance whatsoever to the Electric attack, and Pikachu knocked her out in seconds.

"I'll be honest, Ash Ketchum," Tobias said amiably. "That's more or less what I expected to happen. Still, it had to be done."

With Suicune gone, the rain petered out and the clouds dissipated.

"This is my final Pokémon! You were doing better than anyone else so far when you got to my second, but to push me to my last is a truly amazing achievement!"

Tobias picked up his final Pokéball, weighed it for a second, and threw it.

Leah blinked. "Okay, I'm not sure what I expected, but a Blaziken isn't it."

"Those are the Hoenn starters, right? The final form of Torchic?" Barry asked.

"Yeah," Leah confirmed.

Brock touched her arm.

"What?" she asked, turning to him.

"Leah," Brock said urgently. "He's got three legendary Pokémon. *This was his last Pokémon."*

"...and must be how he managed to catch them," Leah agreed, slowly. "That bird must be dynamite."

"Ready, Pikachu..." Ash said.

Pikachu nodded, all his attention on the Blaziken opposite.

"We got stopped by a Blaziken in Johto, we won't let it happen here!" Ash exhorted. "Okay – whoa!"

Blaziken shot forwards, sending up splashes of mud and water from the still soaked ground. His feet flashed into fire as he ran, and he aimed a kick at Pikachu at full sprint.

Pikachu jumped out the way, barely making it clear of the Blaze Kick in time. He landed on a relatively dry patch, and launched a Thunderbolt off at Blaziken.

A great wave of muddy water went flying everywhere as the Blaziken skidded to a halt and lashed out with another kick. It connected with the Thunderbolt in mid-air, dissipating much of the force, and two stray arcs of electricity hit different parts of the stadium floor.

Blaziken slowly lowered the outstretched foot, watching intently. Curls of fire came from the feathers around his elbows, lazily circling his wrists.

Then he darted forward again.

"Agility!" Ash ordered, and Pikachu broke into a run of his own.

Fire and electricity snapped and crashed off one another, too fast to follow, and then mouse and bird came to a halt again.

Ash looked at Pikachu, concerned.

His beloved starter was scorched from the near misses of Fire Punches and Blaze Kicks, and had what looked like at least one bruise from a direct hit. His tail shimmered, as it went back from an Iron Tail to the normal yellow.

Blaziken looked like he'd gotten the better of the exchange overall, but several small injuries on his wrists and ankles showed that Pikachu had been causing a few nicks himself.

After a frozen instant, Pikachu jumped forward again, cheeks flaring.

Tobias and Ash watched, neither needing to give an order, as their highly-experienced starters fenced back and forth across the stadium. Electricity and fire crashed everywhere, with Blaziken always pressing for a closer engagement, and the occasional pulse of displaced air from a Fighting attack being followed by a snapping electrical counterattack.

At first, those in the stands could follow – albeit with difficulty. But both Blaziken and Pikachu kept raising the tempo, until there was

nothing but an invisibly fast blur of red and brown and yellow from which attacks crackled and roared.

After more than three minutes of constant combat, Blaziken landed a body-blow with a Fire Punch.

Pikachu bounced across half the stadium, rolled, and came to a halt.

For once, he was far enough to charge an attack, and a grin formed.

Pikachu fired a Thunderbolt, keeping it high to avoid the now-muddy water, and Blaziken dodged with a prodigious skywards leap.

"Thunder!" Ash said quickly. "While he's in the air!"

Pikachu jumped, cheeks sparkling. "Pika-CHU!"

A bolt of blazing lightning connected the sky with the earth.

"Ow!" Barry said, hands over his ears. "I didn't know Pikachu could do *that!* "

Leah nodded, wincing. That had been one hell of an attack. But-

"Look!" she said, pointing, and the others followed her finger.

Blaziken made a three-point landing, smoke pouring from its feathers, and turned.

Tobias spoke up for the first time in this whole section of the battle. "Sky Uppercut."

Pikachu sent another Thunderbolt forwards, and Blaziken lashed out with a kick so fast it made a blurring *crack* sound. A wash of muddy water came up, and the attack dissipated.

Blaziken ran forwards, dodging another attack with even greater speed than he had shown up to this point. He lunged forward, going into a handstand, and then slammed his feet down on the ground – hard enough that Pikachu bounced a few inches into the air.

Quick as a flash, Blaziken hooked his foot under Pikachu – accepting a zap from Pikachu's hasty Discharge – and flipped him higher, to a little above head height.

Then came the Sky Uppercut, volleying Pikachu high into the air. Blaziken leapt after him, and caught up at the apex of the climb.

"Seismic Toss," Tobias added.

Pikachu tried to kick off in a Quick Attack, but Blaziken moved faster. Taking the Electric-type in both clawed hands, Blaziken began to fall back towards the arena floor.

"Pikachu!" Ash called.

Then an idea came to him.

"Use Volt Tackle! You've seen Charizard do it often enough! Turn this into a Volt Tackle Submission!"

Pikachu's answer was to blaze into electrical life. His elemental power shone forth, cocooning both Pokémon in electrical current.

"Add Flare Blitz to it!" Tobias countered.

For the last few metres of their fall, the two Pokémon shone bright enough to be seen through closed eyelids. Then they hit, with an almighty *boooom* that shook the building.

"Pikachu?" Ash called, wiping splatters of mud off one cheek. "Pikachu!"

Nothing.

Then, tail drooping with exhaustion, Pikachu walked slowly out of the crater. His cheeks sparked once, then went silent, and he dropped to sit on the floor.

The sound of indrawn breath went around the stadium.

Finally, the smoke cleared.

Revealing an unconscious Blaziken in the middle of the crater, electricity still crackling around him.

"...Holy shit," Leah said quietly. "That was incredible."

"I'll say," Brock agreed, equally hushed.

"We... won?" Ash asked, blinking. Then a grin broke across his face. "Yeah! We won!"

He scrambled out of the box, and ran across the ruined field to Pikachu and picked him up with both hands. "I am *so* proud of you, Pikachu!"

Pikachu panted, and smiled. "Pi-ka..." Then he hugged Ash back.

After a few minutes, they became aware that Tobias was looking at them with a slightly stunned expression.

"I... did not expect that," he said, after a moment, and recalled Blaziken. "Well. Congratulations, Ash Ketchum. It seems that at least one trainer from Kanto can see past the might of a Legendary Pokémon, and work intelligently to defeat them."

"Pikachu and the others did all the work," Ash replied, hoisting his partner to his shoulder.

"Perhaps," Tobias said. "Well. I am defeated, Ash Ketchum – good luck in the finals."

Leah watched the little interaction with avid eyes, until Ash turned to walk back to his stand.

Then she stood up. "Okay, chief. We are going to go and get tapes of this battle."

Charlie Swanna emerged from his Pokéball. He gave her a silent, but clearly inquisitive, look.

"Because no-one who wasn't here will believe us when we tell them what just happened," Leah replied. "Heck, I'm not sure *Ash* – or Pikachu – will believe it."

The Water-type took her meaning, and nodded agreement.

"Hey, Brock?" she asked. "Can you let Ash know I'll be a few minutes late?"

Brock nodded, and she set off at a run.

(Me)

Leah and Charlie skidded to a halt as a figure teleported in front of them. *"Well, I did wonder who the Anchor was this time. I guess it was a late Awakening for you then?"* they said.

Leah narrowed her eyes. "You're Mewtwo," she noted.

"I am indeed. Nice job back there, by the way," the Genetic Pokemon complimented.

Leah shook her head. "That wasn't me, that was all Ash," she denied.

"Maybe so, but if you hadn't told him about Tobias's Latios, he wouldn't have planned accordingly," Mewtwo pointed out.

"What do you want anyway?" Charlie wondered.

"You were looking for this, right?" Mewtwo asked, tossing them the recording of the battle. *"Although, I do have a request of you,"* he continued.

"Which is?" Leah asked suspiciously.

"I like to think of myself as a bit of a scholar. I'm currently putting together an informed history of the Loops. Of course, to do so, I need sources of information of different subjects. As such, I'd like to request an interview about your Looping experiences," the clone of Mew explained.

"And others have agreed to this?" Leah questioned.

"Yes, including one of the O7. Of course, that may have something to do with the fact that we tend to get a lot of Fused Loops with her," Mewtwo affirmed.

"Sorry, pass. I don't particularly like thinking about my early experiences," Leah refused.

Mewtwo shrugged. *"Alright, it's your choice. Now go and celebrate, why don't you? Ash is going to be in high spirits, especially since he'll probably win the whole League,"* he said wryly.

Leah gave him a look, but she and Charlie ran back towards the group. Mewtwo sighed. He had a distinct feeling he knew why she didn't particularly like him. Sharing a Loop with people like the Volturi probably made her distrustful of psychics in general. Regardless, it was certainly a surprise to him to Awaken in his tank and get no Pings back. He decided to dispense with the plans he had made for the Loop and shadow Ash instead, since he hadn't seen how a true baseline run for him usually went. Imagine his surprise when instead of Dawn, there was a replacement who Awakened just upon meeting Ash.

Mewtwo had to smile at what her very slight interference had done though. Ash and his Pokemon had beaten Tobias using nothing but their baseline skills. That was something they were sure to be shocked about when he told the Looping versions about it as well as something they were sure to treasure.

...Do I really need to say anything about this? Also, I'd like to clarify that nobody on Ash's team, let alone Ash himself, was Awake.

And if Gible ever starts Looping, this is what he'll remember.

Chapter 20

The Guest Reviewer on the Ash vs. Tobias battle: Leah is Twilight ' s Anchor. You didn't notice the fact that the only one who seemed to be Awake was the random person who hadn't shown up in the PokeLoops beforehand?

All that's needed is AN Anchor, not necessarily the LOCAL one, be present. This is how Pikachu can be the only Anchor in a loop not his own (Thank you, Saph).

"Must. Resist. Urges..."

"Pikachu, come on!" Ash complained.

"I can't help it! You're made out of ketchup this Loop!"

20.2 (Saphroneth)

"Stop this madness, father!" N shouted. "Reshiram won't listen to you, and neither will I!"

"That doesn't matter," the true boss of Team Plasma said, shaking his head. "Reshiram may not, but Kyurem *will* - and since I have the DNA Splicers, so will your Reshiram once they are one Pokemon!"

"Father!" N pleaded. "Don't do this!"

Ghetsis snatched the Pokeball from N's belt. "Silence!"

The ball opened, releasing the huge white Pokemon.

"Now, Kyurem! Absorb Reshiram! Use Absofusion!"

As Kyurem started to glow, N noticed Ash, off in the distance.

Pikachu waved his tail, almost invisible at this distance - asking if N needed help.

N spread his arms, continuing to remonstrate with Ghetsis - also signalling Ash *not* to pull out the Zekrom he'd obtained earlier in the loop and come to help.

"Father, this won't work how you think it will," N implored.

"I think it will! Now, Kyurem!"

Kyurem roared - then made a puzzled sound.

Reshiram started to snigger.

"What's going on?" Ghetsis asked. "Why is this-"

Reshiram laughed harder.

"Father, dear me," N said, starting to chuckle himself. "Just because it may happen to *look* like a Reshiram..."

With a cloud of sparkling light, Reshiram vanished - replaced by a small black fox.

"Zorua," it said, waving.

"But - but - " Ghetsis gaped. "You've... ruined everything!"

He pointed at N. "Kyurem! Kill him!"

Kyurem roared, and then there was a low *boom* and the dragon of ice went hurtling off into the distance.

"What?" Ghetsis looked into the distance at the vanishing grey dragon, then down at the unassuming little Zorua. "How-"

"Father..." N sighed. "All Pokemon are part of my team, because I am on theirs. And Zorua knows Beat Up."

"...grrrAAAH!" Ghetsis snapped, grabbing at his belt. "Hydreigon! Get them!"

Quick as a Servine, N threw his own Pokeball. Reshiram emerged, and pile-drove the three-headed dragon into the ground with one blow.

"I still *have* Reshiram, though," N pointed out. "I know I don't like Pokeballs, but these two insisted..."

20.3 (Scorntex)

It had been a very slow afternoon one Loop when the idea had occurred to Red for the first time. Since he had been enjoying that Loop otherwise, he had decided to file it away for later, and promptly went back to more-or-less going along with his baseline.

Several Loops later, when he got another baseline run again, he remembered the idea early enough to ask Professor Oak for advice on the matter. Mercifully, getting to Route 47 was easy enough. What the rest required was a small amount of patience to find the Pokémon he was after.

He also, during the exciting wandering around Route 47, took a note to try it in one of the variants one time. Maybe even more than once, in fact.

Eventually, he found the target, with the exact ability he was looking for.

Some months later, when the Elite Four attacked him, they were in for the surprise of their life. But in a way, Red was glad. Bruno was always a difficult opponent, not least because of the whole "brainwashed into compliance" thing. Red's only problem with the plan was he was unlikely to see the look on Agatha's face when Bruno's Onix went down with one hit

On one side, there were the Elite Four, the original, the most dangerous of the lot. All experts, who believed they had the element of surprise, with teams specially trained to handle any known Pokémon out there, and no notion of holding back against their enemies.

While all Red had was foreknowledge, and one humble Miltank with Scrappy as its ability. And amazingly equipped with just the right moves to counter each of the Elite Four's Pokémon.

20.4 (crossoverpairinglover)

Ruby just stared at the ritual he had just witnessed in horror.

What...what in the name of May's still-a-crime-against-reality (Okay, being fair, it was just that one batch. But he wasn't going to leave it alone.) Pokeblocks just happened.

Those weird Mauville residents just...somehow *fused* with the poor sap he had unwittingly given them.

How...how did that even happen?!

Ruby swore their reality got more and more bizarre each new game variant that popped up.

"It's bonding time!" the new fused entity known as Mr. Bonding grinned. Ruby shivered at that.

Arceus have mercy on him for his crime against everything.

20.5 (Saphroneth)

"{Well, this is unusual,}" Ash's Charmander commented.

"{You're telling me.}" Gary's Squirtle looked over at their Anchor, who shrugged.

"{Best I can tell is, this is basically Origins. Ash is Red, Gary's Blue, and I'm Bored.}"

"Alright, Charmander!" Ash called. "Use Scratch!"

"Dodge and hit him with Bubble!" Gary instructed.

The two Kanto Starters exchanged looks.

And grinned.

"{Wonder twin powers activate!}" Charmander called, running forwards with his claws glowing for a Scratch.

"{Form of…}" Squirtle continued, taking a breath and running forwards himself.

Squirtle caught Charmander's punching fist.

Both Pokemon erupted in light.

"{Oh, what are you chuckleheads up to now?}" Pikachu asked, as the light faded – revealing Charmeleon and Wartortle.

"{An evolved Pokemon!}" they chorused.

Misty blinked. "What the-?"

Her fellow gym leader gaped. "The heck? How did that-?"

"{Hm,}" Wartortle added, inspecting himself. "{It's not enough!}"

"{No!}" Charmeleon agreed, barely avoiding a giggle. "{Haaaaaaaa-}"

"{Haaaaaa-!}" Wartortle countered.

"Use Rage!" Ash shouted, which made both mid-state starters nearly lose it. Holding in their mirth, they ran towards one another, and

punched forwards again.

This time, there was a loud explosion.

When the two young boys from Pallet got up, they had to look a lot further up at their Pokemon than they were expecting.

"{It's still not enough!}" Charizard began.

Pikachu raised his voice. "{Can you two idiots get back to the actual battle now? Do rock-paper-scissors or something, I don't know!}"

"{Spoilsport,}" Blastoise said very quietly.

"Hold it," Gary interrupted. "Mega Stones?"

"Mega What?" both Misty and Brock asked him as they revealed bracelets and Blastoise and Charizard showed marble-like objects on their person.

Ash rolled his eyes. "Charizard, let's use X this time!" he yelled, Charizard nodding as he and Blastoise got ready.

"{Son of a…}" Pikachu muttered. "{You realize we're going to be on the news, right?}"

"{So what?}" both Pokemon asked, then went Mega.

Pikachu hopped down from Ash's shoulder as the steam explosions started, and wondered whether to go get something to eat.

This could take a while.

20.6

Terra Branford just didn't know what was going on anymore. It had all started when she had suddenly started repeating her life over and over again from when she woke up in Narshe to the defeat of Kefka.

Nothing she did seemed to put an end to this. She had initially thought of it being some last laugh of Kefka's, but had discarded that theory for two reasons. First, Kefka wanted the destruction of everything, so he certainly wouldn't have made the whole world loop in time so that it could never be destroyed. She had witnessed that firsthand when she had slipped up during one of these loops and had gotten killed by the mad clown. The next instant, she was in Narshe again.

The second reason it couldn't have been Kefka was that Terra could use every one of the spells she had learned, even after a reset. Why would Kefka want her to get stronger and stronger? She'd already been able to maintain her Esper form for a few hours now, and who knew how long she'd be able to keep it up in the future.

But that didn't really matter right now. No, for some reason, she was 11 again. Or at least, she was pretty sure this was how she looked when she was 11. Her memories from before Kefka had plopped the Slave Crown on her head had always been fuzzy, but for whatever reason, they'd been fluctuating every time time reset.

And now her brain was playing tricks on her, insisting that she'd always lived in this small town known as Pallet. But she'd never heard of a town named Pallet before! It was a small town, with only a few houses and a lab run by a friendly professor. She was a bit uncomfortable with his granddaughter, who her memories claimed had been her rival ever since they were little. What made her uncomfortable was that said granddaughter was a dead ringer for an 11-year-old Celes, with a rather icy personality to boot.

And now the professor had called her to his lab to give her one of his three "Pokemon", creatures which ran all over the planet and could control the elements. She had never heard of these Pokemon before, or the technology used to capture them. She knew that the Empire would have delighted having control of them, so where did they come from? Wasn't magic supposed to be gone? Just what was going on?!

"Ah, Terra, there you are!" the Professor greeted as she walked in.

"H-Hello, Professor Oak," Terra greeted distractedly, trying to reconcile everything in her head. Oak frowned at the look on her face.

"Is everything alright?" he asked in concern.

"Yes, it's just...No, I'm not alright," Terra sighed in defeat. "I don't know what's going on anymore. Everything about this can't be real, but my mind keeps insisting it is. What am I supposed to believe?!"

A dawning look formed on Oak's face. "Terra, I think I know what's going on." At that, Terra turned to look at him with a pleading look on her face. Oak pressed forward. "Tell me, before you Awoke in Pallet, were you living the same life over and over again?" he asked.

Terra blinked in surprise. "Y-Yes! How did you-?"

"Because the same thing is happening to me too. I've been repeating my life over and over again for a while now," Oak confided.

"Then tell me! Just what is going on? Why am I reliving my life?!" Terra demanded. Unconsciously, a Fire spell crackled over her clenched fist. Professor Oak noted that, but pressed forward regardless.

"You see, a long time ago, something destabilized and damaged every single universe out there. The people who run the multiverse found that they could stabilize and start repairing the damage by causing each universe to loop in time. They started with seven, and have continued to activate Loops ever since then."

"So then, it wasn't anything that I did, or anyone else?" Terra wondered, digesting the information. The Fire spell over her fist quietly died down.

"No. Nobody knows what did it. In each universe, there is someone who serves as the Anchor, the person stabilizing their universe. They're the one who remembers every single Loop," Oak told her.

"I see. I suppose that makes me my universe's Anchor. Are you one as well, Professor?" Terra questioned. Oak shook his head.

"No, I'm just an ordinary Looper. Other people will start Looping as well, but you're the only one who's going to remember every Loop," he said.

"Oh. Then-?" Terra was interrupted from asking what she had wanted to when the door to the Lab was slammed open, causing both of them to jump.

"Gh...Terra, w-what's going on?" It was Celes, who had stumbled in clutching her head.

"Celes? What's wrong?" Terra wondered.

"Oh...my head. I feel like I'm caught between a dream and reality, and I can't tell which one is which. What happened to the Falcon? Where is everyone? And why are we 11?" Celes gasped out in pain.

Professor Oak blinked as something struck him. "Terra, do you remember what I said about other people joining you in the Loops?" he questioned.

"Yes. Why?" Terra wondered, torn between him and Celes.

"I think Celes might have started to join you. It looks like I'm going to have to explain things to both of you," Oak surmised.

"You know what's going on, Gramps?" Celes queried in pain. "Wait, no...why did I call you-?"

Samuel Oak sighed. "I'll try to explain, Celes. You see-"

20.7 (Jcogginsa)

" *The cold never bothered me anyway.* "

With that, Elsa turned and slammed the door, ready to begin her new life in solitude.

"That was a beautiful song," said a smooth masculine voice.

Elsa's head snapped to the side, and she saw a strange, floating cat creature.

"You need to leave. It's dangerous around me," Elsa warned the...odd creature.

"I'm in no danger. You would not hurt me."

"That's not up to me. My powers...I can't control them," Elsa insisted.

The creature looked around, and spread his arms. *"This beauty says differently."*

"That's...it's..." Elsa struggled, but she couldn't find the words to rebuke him. "Who are you anyway?"

"My name is Mewtwo. I am a creature known as a Pokemon. I saw your palace being created, and wanted to see its creator. Your power is wonderful, Elsa."

"It's dangerous. I nearly killed my own sister!"

"Beauty often comes with danger. But I can tell from looking at you. You are a kind, compassionate person, Elsa. When you use your power, you do not harm others. You create beauty. You create life."

"I've never created life before."

Mewtwo waved his hand, and the surroundings changed. Elsa was standing on a transparent blue platform, looking down on a snowing

forest. She could see something, a snowman, walking through the snow.

"Olaf..." she whispered to herself.

"Yes, I'm to understand he likes warm hugs," Mewtwo stated warmly. *"He was the first thing you created after you began using your powers. A living snow man."*

"I didn't even notice." Elsa said, as she continued to watch Olaf, enraptured. Soon, the kind Snowman ran into Anna and Kristoff.

"Wait, what is Anna doing out in the wilderness? She should be back in Arendelle."

"Your sister is looking for you, Elsa. She wants you to come back."

"I can't. It's safer for Arendelle if I'm alone. It's safer for her if she stays away."

"I'm afraid that's not true, Elsa."

The view changed once again, now showing Arendelle, blanketed in snow. Frozen.

"When you fled, Elsa, you left a winter in your wake. And only you can undo it."

"I can't! I can't control my powers!" Elsa said in anguish.

"Yes, you can, Elsa. Remember back, when you and Anna played together. You could control your powers fine then. It was only when you began to fear them that you lost control. Fear is your enemy. Happiness and love are your allies. Think of Anna. What do you feel for her."

"I love her," Elsa said. There was no hesitation in her voice.

"That is the key, Elsa. Love is the key."

A realization came over Elsa. And for the first time in forever, she smiled a true, happy smile.

Elsa moved the icy wand away from her head, and returned the memory to the Pensieve.

"That was a beautiful memory, Mewtwo."

20.8 (Saphroneth, wildrook, and myself)

"Greetings," the rival said, waving a hand somewhat uncertainly. "I am human girl, and this is my starter Pokemon, Latios."

The blue Pokemon next to her waggled his wings. " *Next time, you get to be the starter."*

"Hi, Latias," Ash and Pikachu replied with wry looks.

"We can never fool you two," Latias sighed.

" *Well, if you didn't introduce yourself as 'Human Girl,'"* Latios snarked.

"You probably should have just used Bianca's name," Pikachu pointed out. "By the way, soon after this, Magma and Aqua are coming in a certain variant way, and you know what that means."

Latias and Latios gave each other looks, before Latias relented.

"Oh fine," Latias sighed, "I'll go with them this time. I've been meaning to test my Mega Form anyway."

" *It's the exact same thing as mine…"* Latios snarked again.

"Quiet you!"

20.9 (Zulaq)

"Squirtle, use Water Gun/Tackle!"

"What-/You-"

"We're battling with Squirtle, that means that *I* give the orders!" A human kid with blue hair berated his red haired companion, while a green haired girl facepalmed behind them. Across the battlefield an unawake Ash was encouraging his pokemon.

"We're fighting a Charmander, so *I* give the orders! I know all his weak points!" the redhead shouted back.

"Well so do I, and I know a Squirtle's strength better than anyone! Taking a Charmander out with one is *easy* ."

"What!" the redhead obviously took that personally. "Take that back, beating Charmander is *not* easy! Charmander can take out Squirtle with one hit!"

"No, he can't!" the blue haired boy got in the red's face.

"Yes, he can!"

"Can't!"

"Can!"

"Can't!"

"Can!"

"Can't!"

"Can't!"

The blue haired boy stuck his tongue out. "Ha, you agree with me! A Squirtle can't be beaten by a Charmander, so *I* can beat you easy!"

"Why you! That's not fair!"

"So?" The blue boy, who was normally a Squirtle, asked. He then proceeded to assume a victory pose while the red boy, who was normally a Charmander, fumed.

"Oh, boys."

"Huh?" the pair turned their third companion in confusion.

The green haired girl, Chikorita, was standing there with the local Squirtle at her side tapping her foot impatiently. "The battle's over. I won by the way."

"What."

20.10 (Hvulpes)

The four Piplups looked at each other. "Kowalski, options?"

"We appear to be some kind of strange penguins, Skipper" started the brains, before one of the Pokemon blasted out a stream of water gun. Without a beat, he continued, "Apparently with superpowers!"

"Finally, I can use my powers over water... to splash some hippies. Quick, Private, find me some hippies!"

Pikachu looked at the foursome and thought, *'What the fu...?!'*

20.11 (katfairy)

Well, this was one Loop he wouldn't be forgetting for a while.

Tracey Sketchit, Pokémon Watcher, assistant to Professor Oak, Looper, etc. was used to finding himself in strange situations. He had been even before the Loops; he'd traveled with Ash and Pikachu. But in this Loop, he was the son of Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock.

Holmes. Arranged marriage, wife died in childbirth, baby taken to be raised by wife's parents… not an uncommon story in Victorian England, even if it sounded a bit soap opera to him. But his grandparents had decided he needed to get to know his father, so here he was, on the doorstep of 221B Baker Street, London, England, 1891, and only 16 years old. He took a deep breath and rang the bell.

Minutes later, he was in the famous drawing room, being studied intently by both Holmes and Watson. This wasn't the bumbling idiot Watson of so many painfully awful Hub movies; this Watson, while not the genius that Holmes was, was still a very intelligent man, and one that any experienced Looper would recognize as a good fighter. Tracey had devoured the Conan Doyle books he'd found in the more Hub-like Loops and had a great deal of respect for Watson; he knew what it was like to be overshadowed by a brilliant friend.

"You are Awake, I perceive," Holmes said after a moment. "You are Tracey Sketchit, from the Pokémon Loop with Pikachu as the Anchor. I Looped in there once, but you were not Awake then. It is a pleasure to meet you properly, although the circumstances are not quite what either of us could have wished. Tell me, by what name are you known in this Loop?"

"Tracey. It's short for something long and embarrassing that I'd really rather not admit to, if you don't mind."

"I can well imagine; your grandparents did name their daughter Ethelinda, after all. I had wanted you to be named Benedict, although your mother preferred Jeremy. Still, I have no doubt that their intentions were good." Holmes' tone was dry enough to sand a floor. "What are your plans, if any, now that you are Awake?"

"Well, usually I try to find somebody to study under. I like a fairly quiet life."

"And you traveled with Ash Ketchum?" Watson laughed. Tracey grinned back.

"I didn't know what I was getting myself into, but I can't say I have any regrets. Living and working with Professor Oak is mostly quiet, but with enough activity that I don't stagnate."

"A good balance, if you can find it," Holmes nodded. "I see a small sketchbook in your pocket; you are still an artist. If you like, I can arrange meetings with some of London's artists, and in a few years there will be some Americans that you might care to meet. It's a bit early for Gibson, and Richardson won't be until after the turn of the century, so you've got some time before you'd want to go there. I'm afraid you're a few decades too late for the Pre-Raphaelites; perhaps one day you'll Loop in earlier. You can meet Beardsley, however, and be here for the flowering of Art Nouveau. You look surprised."

That was an understatement if there ever was one. Tracey was… he couldn't even think of a word for what he was, but he definitely was whatever the missing word was. He'd expected Holmes to insist on his studying detection, and possibly even making him some sort of apprentice. Then again, Holmes mentioned in at least one of the stories that one side of his family was descended from a noted French artist, so maybe he knew something about it. And watching Holmes might not be his first choice, but it would be interesting, not to mention useful.

"Holmes, be fair," Watson chided. "The lad could hardly know you've spent a few Loops as an artist instead of a detective. It's one of his methods of dealing with the aftermath of an aggravating Loop, and usually an excuse to be even more eccentric and abrasive. The last one was after a Loop with that talking Great Dane and his young companions, I believe."

"Please do not remind me. What they consider a mystery does not bear thinking about, and then there is what they do to the language; I would honestly rather find myself in Eiken rather than deal with them again."

"Uh, you do know that your Admin may decide to make that your own personal punishment Loop now, don't you?" Tracey asked, then

tried not to laugh at the pained expression on his "father's" face. Watson didn't bother trying; he just laughed. Tracey continued, "I would like to meet some of these artists, but I'd also like to study some of your methods. A Pokémon Watcher has to be a detective of sorts, and deductive reasoning is a useful skill in most fields."

"True. I would mention the various criminal organizations in your Loop, but detective skills aren't as helpful against them as they should be, because those skills rely on logic."

"Holmes is still peeved that I did better against Team Flare than he did," Watson said. "I did try to warn him that they were more of a doomsday cult than a criminal conspiracy, but he was in the middle of a snit."

"I do not have snits," Holmes said with great dignity. Watson snorted in response.

"Holmes, that was a full-blown adolescent strop, as Miss Smith would put it. Come now, just confess that you were peeved at learning that in one Loop our exploits were fictionalized retellings of the efforts of a lizard-woman from the dawn of time and her wife."

"I will do no such thing," Holmes replied so forcefully that Tracey knew it had to be the truth. Watching the two bicker took a lot of the intimidation factor out of the situation; even for experienced Loopers, there were some people whose names carried a lot of weight, either because they were so old/powerful or simply because of who they were. Sherlock Holmes, whose name was known throughout many universes, was one of the latter. Even Batman had smiled faintly on learning Holmes was Looping, which for him was pretty close to a squee.

"At any rate, Holmes, you should at least warn him about some of these people, and some of the other problems he's likely to run into in this Loop," Watson said with some asperity, bringing Tracey's attention back to the two.

"As the Anchor, that should be your responsibility."

"As his father, it should be yours."

"I would point out that I am only his father for the duration of this Loop, but… very well, I shall explain. You have arrived at a rather awkward juncture, I'm afraid. You clearly have some degree of familiarity with this Loop beyond Loop memories; what do you know about my interactions with Moriarty?"

"I've read the Hub books, and seen a bunch of different movies. Uh, for research, of course." Tracey could feel himself blushing; it was almost as bad as when he'd finally shown Professor Oak his drawings. He could see Watson trying not to grin, and Holmes' eyebrows were undergoing some interesting contortions. "If this is close to baseline, other than, well, me, then he's a professor of… Maths, I think it was? Called the Napoleon of Crime, and the two of you eventually face off at Reichenbach Falls. He dies, and you pretend to so you can draw Moriarty's followers away from London."

"Well done," Holmes nodded. "I'd hardly expect you to know more than that, as Watson was careful not to reveal any more than necessary, and changed quite a bit of the facts in order to obscure certain delicate realities. Moriarty is truly a criminal mastermind and a very dangerous man. Most importantly, he is *not* Irene Adler."

"Why would he be?" Tracey blinked.

"A Variant," Watson replied. "I am not sure if The Crash knocked something loose or not, but in most Variants her baseline career as an opera singer seems to be forgotten. She has been a spy, an assassin, a thief—but rarely an opera singer. It's just as well she is not Awake, nor likely to be, as I suspect that she would be quite annoyed at that. It's quite odd, you know; before the Loops, we simply thought of her as a woman who had bested Holmes, and an object lesson in not making assumptions about the so-called weaker sex. We only had the one encounter, after all. I'm not sure why she has such a prominent role in so many Loops and Variants, but it

would seem that Yggdrasil finds her to be interesting. Still, we should be addressing the problem of Moriarty. Tracey, we are within weeks of the events leading up to Reichenbach Falls, and if you are here for that, we'll need to take you with us."

"Because as Holmes' son, I'd be a target. That makes sense. And maybe it's because she was the only woman who beat you at your own game."

"Oh, no, hardly that," Holmes said. "In fact, she was not even the first. An acquaintance's sister located the letter he'd asked me to retrieve by going to their library and extracting the book he had just finished; he'd used it as a bookmark and left it there. We both felt quite foolish, I assure you, and that was how I learned to pay attention to trifles. Now, I also feel I should warn you about the artists you might meet. There are some immensely talented men and women running about London in this era, and you may learn a great deal from them, but some of what you may learn you may not wish to know. Beardsley, for example; to use an anachronistic phrase, the man has issues. He is part of Oscar Wilde's crowd, and they have tastes that may not be suitable for a young man. In baseline, had I had a son your age, I would not have let him within a mile of them, although I have seen enough now that I hope I am less judgmental."

"To be fair, some of Wilde's crowd are not to be trusted," Watson said. "Like Holmes, I have learned to be less judgmental, but there are one or two of that lot I would not care to be alone with unless I had a weapon at hand, nor would I take any refreshment while in the same building as them. Should it seem likely that you are to encounter them, I will make sure you can identify those individuals. Forewarned is forearmed and all that. Most of them are likable enough chaps, though."

"Thanks, but Beardsley's style isn't really my thing. It's beautiful, but my style is more realistic than stylized, possibly because I'm as much a scientist as I am an artist. That was actually part of my reason for becoming a Pokémon Watcher; it gave me the best of both worlds. Although if the Loop lasts long enough, I would like to

meet Gibson and Richardson, and maybe Alphonse Lucha. Lucha's also pretty stylized, but he had some interesting techniques that would help in drawing some of the odder-shaped Pokémon. And… well, this is going to sound strange, but I'd like to meet Beatrix Potter if I could."

"Of course," Holmes said. "Her tales may be for children, but her drawings of animals are quite well-done. In one Loop, I brought her a copy of *Watership Down* , and her illustrations for it were well worth seeing. I shall have to show you some time. Of course, she will not begin to reveal her work to anyone for a few years yet, but assuming we all survive the next few months, there should be time enough to meet her. John Tenniel is a possibility, but you look a bit Irish, which he might hold against you; like many Englishmen of our time, he holds the Irish to be barely human. Arthur Rackham's career is also a few years away; at this point he is working as well as attending Lambeth School of Art part-time, so perhaps an early meeting would be possible. Kate Greenaway is currently popular, although not perhaps as much as she was a few years ago. I find her drawings of people to border on the twee at times, but her illustrations of plant-life are quite commendable."

Tracey nodded, and finally realized why Holmes was focusing on art; he was trying to be a good host. While Watson was the Anchor, Tracey had Looped in as Holmes' son; it made sense that Holmes would feel responsible for Tracey and would wish to be sure that Tracey had a good Loop. Studying science in this world wouldn't be much help back home, and the Victorian manner of observing wildlife usually involved shooting it, which left only one aspect of Tracey's calling on which to focus: art. He wasn't about to complain, since he'd long since created a list of which artists he'd like to talk to in various Loops. He was more than happy to keep talking about that, but there was one thing he wanted to learn first.

"Um, sorry, not to get sidetracked, but where am I staying? I Awoke on the train from Cornwall, and my Loop memories only told me where I was going. The Penhaligons didn't tell me much beyond 'be

a good boy and listen to your father.' They acted like everything was arranged, but I think they're the type to expect everybody to somehow magically know what they want and have it done before they say anything about it."

"They are." Holmes was too much the Victorian gentleman to roll his eyes, but the tone of voice did it for him. "We do have a spare room, fortunately, and we cleared it and aired it when they sent the letter stating that you would be arriving today. I did write to tell them that their timing was unfortunate, but they do tend not to hear what they do not wish to. No, do not apologize; the fault is theirs, and you did not at the time have the wherewithal to argue a case that they would have accepted. We must simply adjust our plans to include you, and I do not expect that to be any hardship. After all, while you may prefer a quiet life, you are a Looper of considerable experience and are noticeably less… shall we say, eccentric than some of our colleagues? I daresay between the three of us we can derail Moriarty without the need for faking my death. After which you may be free to study as much as you could wish."

"Thank you. I am looking forward to this Loop, and I promise not to get involved in any investigations unless you want me too." Tracey meant what he said, and hoped he'd be able to spend most of the Loop studying quietly; it would make a nice change from the craziness of most Fused Loops. He probably would; after all, who would connect a young art student from Cornwall with the world's first and most famous consulting detective?

20.12 (Saphroneth)

"{I don't know,}" Vee said. "{You know my powers don't work like that.}"

"But you can turn into all Eeveelutions!" Max insisted. "That means we just need to find some other form which you can take, and we'll have discovered another Eeveelution early!"

"{I refuse to eat a Toxic Orb on the off-chance it will turn me into some kind of Venomeon or something!}"

20.1 - Ash Ketchup...Heheheh.

20.2 - Now that's a great use for Zorua's Illusion Ability.

20.3 - ...I don't believe it. Miltank, used for the powers of good?! Say it ain't so!

20.4 - Mr. Bonding is truly an Eldritch Abomination, now that ORAS has revealed his true origins to us.

20.5 - You guys want some Cheese to go with that Ham?

20.6 - The Final Fantasy Loops have their own thread and compilation now, hosted by yours truly! Give them a look, if you want.

20.7 - Well done, Mewtwo. ...Crap, I just remembered I haven't started on his Reunion with a certain Digimon!

20.8 - Some kind of bizarre Anime/Rescue Team/ORAS fused Loop.

20.9 - And this is why you don't stop in the middle of a fight to argue.

20.10 - The Piplups of Madagascar.

20.11 - Part of one of three big story arcs katfairy is working on (when does she sleep?). Tracey in Sherlock Holmes.

20.12 - You know, that's something a lot of people think about. When's Game Freak going to make the Eeveelutions for the other Types? And is there a Normal-type one?

Chapter 21

21.1 (Saphroneth)

Togepi felt the warmth around her, as she began to come to awareness.

Loop starts were kind of... bleh, sometimes. Especially for her - waking up unhatched wasn't very pleasant..

Oh, well. The last loop had been fun, but it would be nice to be home again.

There was a faint *crack* , as the shell parted.

Huh. Slightly unusual way of hatching eggs?

Then it fell away, and Togepi took her first-look-this-loop upon the world.

And saw a very familiar face.

"{Misty!}" she said, beaming. "{It's been too long!}"

There was a flash of light.

Toge *tic* looked down at herself. "{Whoops. Guess I was *too* happy to be home...}"

21.2 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

Doritos Bandit Strikes Again:

Over the last several weeks, Grocery stores have been the target of a mysterious thief, tagged the Doritos Bandit. The thief enters the store wearing an orange jacket with a hoodie on

back, same colored t-shirt underneath, blue jeans, and a dragon mask of some kind. He loudly announces that he will steal all the doritos in the building and proceeds straight for the chips aisle. Using an as of yet unknown method, he causes the entire aisle of doritos to disappear upon physical contact with the bag. Then, the bandit disappears a moment later. Today, the bandit broke into Frito Lay Headquarters and cleaned out their entire supply. Guards at the scene attempted to subdue the suspect, however he proved well versed in martial arts, subduing the guards without any trouble. The Bandit's location is currently unknown, but police are saying they are following a number of leads.

The blonde haired adult known in another universe as Pikachu set down the newspaper and asked, "Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

Charizard threw another chip into his mouth and asked, "Do you know how few hub world visits I get every million loops? I'm lucky to get one, and I'm going to stock up for later loops."

21.3 (Jcogginsa)

Pikachu had been waiting for this fused loop for some time now, specifically since Infernape began looping. He knew from a quick glance at his loop memories that he was replacing a man named Robert E. O. Speedwagon, though in-loop his name was Modest Mouse. Standing across from him was the local Anchor, Jonathan Joestar.

Adopted brother and arch enemy of Dio Brando.

Jonathan was Awake, that much Pikachu knew as he'd received a ping from him earlier and responded in kind. They were alone, as he'd told his gang to leave it to him this time around.

"Hello there. My name is Jonathan Joestar. May I ask whom you are?" Jonathan asked politely.

"In this loop I'm known as Modest Mouse, but you can call me Pikachu," Pikachu replied in a friendly enough matter.

"Oh. I was hoping Speedwagon was awake, I always enjoy spending time with him. Still, pleased to meet you, Mr. Pikachu."

"Likewise. Tell me, you know what the Hub is, correct? I'm not sure you've ever had a loop there before."

"I do. I actually replaced my own author, which made it worse than it might have been, I think. It's very disconcerting, seeing yourself and all the people you know treated as fiction. That's partially why I try and avoid looking into other looper's stories when I visit the Hub. Though it did put me on to some rather enjoyable music."

"I can understand that," Pikachu shrugged. Then he reached into his subspace pocket and pulled out two things. One was a manga volume of Phantom Blood. The other was an unconscious body. "Anyway, the reason I asked is because I've read your baseline, so I took care of capturing the poison seller before you got here. Saved time."

"Excellent, did you also get the antidote for my father?" Jonathan asked, his mood picking up.

"The Manga didn't really go into too much detail about it, so I just grabbed his entire stock of antidotes and put them in my Pocket. I assume you can identify the proper one?"

"I can, but I carry a large reservoir of the antidote in my Pocket, just in case. Under a stasis spell, of course."

"Good, I'll just hold onto this myself, it'll probably come in handy later," Pikachu said with a smile. Then he turned serious.

"Now that the introductions are taken care of, I need to ask: Is Dio Awake? I only got your ping earlier, but I doubt he's the type to respond to those."

"Truthfully, I don't know. He's very good at hiding when he's Awake, so I always need to be on guard. Though he does usually reveal himself at the moment he first becomes a Vampire."

"Good. I've got a little surprise for him, and I was hoping to use it on him when he's Awake," Pikachu said, a malicious eagerness in his voice.

Jonathan thought to himself for a moment, then said "You hate him, don't you." It was not a question, just a statement of fact.

"Of course I do, he killed people in my family. Even if one of them was unawake I can't forgive that. I'd expect you to hate him too, considering everything he did in the baseline, and no doubt everything he did in the loops since he started," the Pokémon Anime Anchor pointed out.

"I'm sorry about your family. However, as much as I know I should hate Dio...I just can't. We were raised together, and that sticks with me," Jonathan admitted.

"Yeah, but he was always planning on taking everything for himself, right?"

"Yes, in the baseline. But every so often, I have loops where Dio isn't evil, and he truly acts like a brother. And once, even his Awake self was like that."

"Wait, really?" Pikachu asked, taken totally by surprise.

"Yes. One loop, things seemed normal, until Dio arrived. He didn't do his usual jump, he just stepped out of the carriage normally. He looked sullen, almost shell shocked. Initially, I assumed it was just that variant again. But when I greeted him, he said, in a stutter I'd

never heard out of any Dio, that he wanted to just be brothers for the loop. I still don't know the exact details, but I can only guess that his previous loop was incredibly traumatic. That's the only thing that could explain it."

"Hmm... Makes sense. I recently had a fused loop with Ranma and a couple others. We killed time with a race around the world, but afterwards I asked around, to see if anyone else had encountered him yet. Ranma said he had met him a while ago, and did something to him so bad Ranma got stuck in Eiken his next loop," Pikachu reminisced.

"Is Ranma really strong enough to traumatize Dio that much?" Jonathan asked skeptically.

Pikachu shrugged. "Way I hear it, Ranma's the oldest guy in all the loops. I figure that makes him the strongest, and the only reason it's even a question is that the other people in the Original 7 are nearly as old. Anyway, what happened the rest of that loop?"

"Slowly, he became more lively. He was healing his mind, I think. Even then, he never became evil for the entire loop. He was even my best man. The next time he Awoke, he said the same thing. Then after I'd agreed, and bent down to pick up his bag for him, he stabbed me in the throat."

Pikachu began to say something, but Jonathan waved it off and said, "It's unimportant. For now, let's get the Poison Seller to the police, and then get my father the antidote, okay?"

Pikachu nodded, and they were off.

Pikachu and Jonathan walked into the police precinct, and were promptly fired upon by every cop in the building. Jonathan began to dodge, but noticed Pikachu step in front of him whilst reaching into his Pocket, so he decided to let him handle it.

As it turned out, Pikachu was retrieving an Urumi, a type of Whip-like sword. Pikachu twirled it in front of him, whilst channeling electricity through it, creating an electromagnetic current which repelled the bullets back in the cops who fired them.

"Guess we know Dio's awake now," Pikachu said, as the bullet ridden cops began to get up. They could now see them better, and it was clear Dio had made them into Zombies.

"Indeed I am, Jonathan, and Rodent," proclaimed Dio, as he revealed himself by striding out to the second floor railing. Jonathan began to notice something odd about the precinct, something that had been gradually building up throughout the Loops.

"Why does the police precinct have the same layout as my home, but smaller?"

"Good question. I don't particularly care," Dio said haughtily. "All that matters is that this is where my victory shall commence," he finished, as The World appeared behind him

"Arrogant bastard," Pikachu said under his breath. Then he turned to Jonathan "Listen, keep The World busy whilst I fight Dio, okay?"

"Are you sure about that? He'll just heal from anything less than my Ripple, and I can't exactly teach it to you," Jonathan replied.

"Don't worry, I've been a fire type, I know Solarbeam." Pikachu replied, somewhat dismissively.

"That won't work, a while ago he gained fire abilities, and the sun stopped hurting him. I had to invent a new style of Ripple just to defeat him."

"Oh, crap. I think that was our fault. He must have become part Fire-type when Infernape got his Stand."

"Wait, what was that?"

"I'll explain later. I still think I can handle him!" Pikachu said, as he activated the lightning aura obtained from his Naruto loop as the Raikage, then jumped up at Dio with a shout of "Elbow!"

"Wait!" Jonathan shouted at him, but it was too late to stop him. So, Jonathan simply sent his own Stand to intercept Dio's, and began getting rid of the police zombies with his Nanto Seiken Ripple.

Dio leapt back, avoiding the Elbow attack and crashing through a wall, into a surprisingly large evidence room. Pikachu, in a single smooth motion, sent out his electrified Urumi, using the charge to direct it as if it were his own limb. Naturally, it was aimed at Dio's throat, but again he dodged, only taking a small cut near the back of his jaw.

"This Urumi is pretty handy. I knew one of these days I'd need my Iron Tail when I didn't have a tail, so I got a substitute," Pikachu explained as he tried to cut Dio's legs off at the knees, an attempt which Dio simply jumped over.

"You sound so proud of yourself..." Dio said, as he closed the distance between them, dodging attacks the entire time. When he was close enough, he finished his sentence whilst stabbing at Pikachu with his right arm, "but I assure you, I don't care!"

Pikachu simply smirked at that, at which Dio suddenly felt his arm go limp and numb. Not a moment later, Pikachu brought up his Urumi, slicing Dio's right arm of at the armpit. Dio hissed and jumped back, leaving behind his arm.

As he did so, a mouse made of crackling electricity emerged from his arm and flew into Pikachu's Urumi. It took Dio only a moment to figure out what happened. The mouse-like creature could only be a Stand. One which had to get inside his body to function. It was made of electricity, so he must have channeled it through his blade, and put it into Dio with that cut on his chin. Then, he followed up with a series of lackadaisical attacks, to mask his original attack's purpose.

Dio could surmise all of that based on Pikachu's attack pattern. He could even guess its ability based on how the Stand emerged from his arm. The stand's power was to block off signals from his nervous system, so none of his commands could make it through to his arm, and he received no sensory feedback either. Since the Rodent hadn't just disabled him immediately, it must only work for the area the Stand inhabited, his arm.

Dio began his counter attack by firing his Space Ripper Stingy Eyes. As he'd anticipated, Pikachu tossed forward his bladed hat to counter them, resulting in an explosion. Dio knew the Space Ripper Stingy Eyes required a brief period between shots, and he knew his opponent would know that, as would Jonathan. That was the reason he'd begun to hide a second pair of eyes behind the ones he showed the world. Thus, by using his secondary eyes to fire the Space Ripper Stingy Eyes directly through his primary ones, he was able to take Pikachu by surprise. One of them struck him in the elbow of the arm he held his Urumi in, the other went straight through his spine, paralyzing him from the waist down. Dio grinned maliciously, and the moment his primary eyes healed, he fired off a Mach Punch directly at Pikachu's face, breaking his nose. Then he let loose a gout of flames from his mouth, melting the Urumi where it lay.

Burns began to appear all over Pikachu's body as his stand was damaged inside the Urumi. Dio chuckled as he retrieved a particle beam weapon from his subspace pocket, and said, "Useless, Useless, Useless. That is what each and every attempt to oppose me is, Rodent."

Dio stomped down on Pikachu's spinal injury, and pointed the weapon at his face. "Hopefully, you now know the folly of your struggle against I, Dio. Unfortunately for you, I will not deign to let you live in your enlightenme-"

Suddenly, Pikachu screamed in Dio's face, breaking his nose. He recoiled back in pain, and dropped the weapon. He realized to his horror that the injury wasn't healing. Speaking of healing, Pikachu then used recover. It wasn't enough to fully heal him, but his spine

was at least repaired. He stood, and pink energy began swirling in his remaining Palm.

"Thank you, Dio. That Mach Punch of yours made me realize something. Infernape isn't just a Fire-type, he's also a Fighting-type, meaning YOU are a Fighting-type as well. There are three types that can deal Super Effective Damage to a Fighting-type. Those are Psychic, Flying, and Fairy. What I just hit you with was Disarming Voice, the only Fairy-type move a Pikachu can naturally learn, least the only one that does damage."

' *Of course, your Fire-type would normally counter that. I'll admit, I was gambling on this. If the Fire-type neutralizing your weakness to Fairy allowed your healing factor to work, it'd be bad. That's why I didn't use my fairy moves from the start. Of course,* you *don't need to know that.* '

"You, you RAT! You think an attack as pitiful as that can defeat the mighty DIO!?"

"No, I really don't, but there's one thing you don't know!"

"And what is that?" Dio demanded.

"I'm dating an Eevee! Eat this, MOONBLAST RASENSHURIKEN!"

The resulting explosion leveled the entire precinct.

"What the heck did you do?!" Jonathan asked as he dug himself out of the rubble. Pikachu had already used Recover several times to heal most of his injuries, and reattached his arm.

"I figured out Dio was part Fighting-type, and took him out with a Moonblast."

"Wait, you mean Dio's now vulnerable to the Moon?" Jonathan asked.

"Eh, probably only the moon from my loop. Maybe if a Pokémon used Moonlight, that'd also work. The point is Fighting types are weak to Fairy attacks, like Moonblast."

"I see. Perhaps I can develop the Ripple to imitate them?" Jonathan inquired

"It might not be necessary," Pikachu said. "Tell me, since Dio got his Fire-type abilities, how often have you struck him with your Stand? I mean, physically struck him."

"Not often, he's usually too crafty for that. Mostly I use it to counter his own stand and defeat him with the Ripple," Jonathan answered.

Pikachu grinned. "Thought so. From what I've gathered, these Stands of yours are basically psychic powers, right?"

"More or less, why?"

"Fighting types are weak to two other kinds of attacks. Flying...and Psychic."

Now Jonathan shared his grin. "So, what your telling me is, what made Dio immune to the sun has now made him as vulnerable to Stands as he was to any previous attack from the Ripple?"

"Theoretically," Pikachu said, starting to, for lack of a better term, laugh his ass off.

Jonathan joined him with his own hearty laugh, before noticing several of the Townsfolk gather around the building.

"You know, something just occurred to me," he said to Pikachu.

"What?"

"We just destroyed the precinct building and all the cops within, vampires though they were. And now we're both laughing in the middle of the rubble."

After a moment of silence, both broke into a run back to the Joester mansion.

Three weeks later, at Scotland Yard, a case was being assigned.

"These two demolished an entire police precinct in London. We searched, and couldn't find a single body inside, and all the policemen have been missing ever since. Since then, they were spotted at the Joestar mansion, where one of them was identified as the heir, Jonathan Joestar. The other was identified as the gang leader Modest Mouse by several of our informants. Your job is to find them and bring them in, understood?"

"Yes sir, we'll protect England from their devastation." Detective Jessie Musashi said with a salute

"We'll get them caught on the double!" said her partner James Kojiro.

"Meowth, that's right!" said the third detective, a talking cat named only Meowth. Let it never be said that Scotland Yard was prejudiced, if you got the perp as often as the cat did, you could consider yourself hired.

"JUST GET OUTTA HERE AND FIND THEM!"

21.4 (Lord Circe)

Ash rubbed his forehead. "You seriously just followed a trail of ketchup packets into the woods?"

Pikachu shrugged before eating another packet in his rubber cage. "I'm not going to let them go to waste. Laying out there, all alone." Pikachu gently patted the packet in his hands.

Ash sighed as Jessie, James, Meowth all rolled on the ground laughing. "We just, pffheehee, just did it to fill, haha, to fill some time

after, hoahaha, after James grabbed too many packets with lunch." Meowth gasped out between breaths. "We didn't think it would work!"

Pikachu just shrugged. "Too many packets... Blasphemy..."

21.5 (ToaMataNui5000)

All four animatronics just stared at the small, yellow mouse that was generating infinite electricity to keep the doors indefinitely shut.

'Come on, that's just plain unfair,' the now Freddy Ursaring said via his sign.

"Considering all five of you run on infinite batteries, and one of you can teleport, I'd say I'm just evening the odds," Pikachu retorted. "You should be happier that I didn't just immediately destroy the joint."

~Touche, but still~

The Pokémon sighed, "Alright, I'll play your little game the 'right' way. Just promise me that you won't stuff a tiny endoskeleton in me or something if you catch me."

'We can't make promises for my golden counterpart, but the rest of us agree.'

~Yes~ The gender-flipped (again…) Bonnie Lopunny answered.

Foxy Ninetails tapped in agreement.

"Pizza!" cheered Chika Combusken.

21.6 (MuEpsilon)

As he reached the top of Victory Road, Red suddenly stopped and stared when the Unova Pokémon League came into view. The

building was...spiky...for lack of a better term. It seemed the builders had abandoned all semblance of sanity and practicality and had crammed as many spikes, sharp edges, skulls, and banners as they could onto the structure without it collapsing.

Gingerly stepping inside the building while being careful to avoid anything that looked sharp, he took a look around the building's interior. In addition to the changes apparent from outside, the lighting was a lot dimmer than usual and the central statue had been replaced with that of a man in heavy armor with a wolf pelt draped across his shoulders wielding a claw in hand and a mace in the other.

"Well, might as well get on with it," Red muttered, walking towards Marshal's room while fervently hoping the Elite Four had simply developed a very strange sense of humor.

When he reached the top of the tower, the man that awaited him...was not Marshal. Instead, there was a considerably taller-than-average man clad in red armor of similar make to the one on the statue downstairs.

"Go, Sigilyph!" Red cried, sending out the Pokémon in question.

As the dual Psychic/Flying-type materialized, Red's opponent wordlessly sent out a Conkeldurr...wielding a pair of chain axes in place of its usual concrete pillars.

" *BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD!"* the crazed-looking Fighting-type screamed, revving its weapons.

Red stared.

"Sigilyph, use Psychic!" he called after snapping out his shock.

The opposing Pokémon showed no response to what by all means should have been a super-effective move.

As Red tried to process this illogical sequence of events, his opponent spoke up for the first time.

"CLOSE COMBAT!" he yelled.

" *SKULLS FOR THE SKULL THRONE!"* the Conkeldurr screamed, gladly obliging .

As the Fighting-type proceeded to give Sigilyph a savage beating, Red quickly backed off to what he felt was a safe distance.

" *LET THE GALAXY BURN!"* Conkeldurr screamed as Sigilyph hit the floor unconscious.

As he recalled Sigilyph and quietly sent out Poli, Red prayed that the rest of the Elite Four would be less insane. Deep down, he knew that prayer would not be answered.

21.7 (readerboy7)

"Hey, Professor Oak." said Ash.

"I'm very busy right now," said Professor Oak, as he barricaded the barn door to prevent one of Ash's Tauros from escaping. "Can it wait until later?"

"It's nothing big," said Ash. "I was just wondering why shiny Pokémon exist in the first place."

A long time ago, in the Hall of Origin…

" **{Making alcohol was the bes..the bess hic the best idea idea everszz ima hic gunna hic make different coloured Pokémon hic..hic.}"**

"No-one's really sure. There are some theories, but nothing concrete. I spent a few years researching it in baseline, actually. I can show you my notes later, if you want."

"No, no. Don't worry about it. I was just wondering. By the way, why are you doing that to the door?"

21.8 (Gamer A)

N was sitting on a small wooden pier jutting out from a cliffside, the metal door built into the rock the only clue as to what was inside.

Of course, he already knew. It was the remains of a research facility once owned by Cipher - the very antithesis to his ideals. He should be grateful that they didn't seem to exist in most of the loops. Except, was that really the case? Orre was closer to his home region of Unova than the island nation that most of the other Pokémon loopers hailed from, but it was still quite far away. He almost never got word of what happened in this region, and Team Plasma's reach never extended this far.

But even that wasn't what really troubled him.

His current Pokémon companion - the looper Mewtwo - exited the base and rejoined him, cradling his forehead. Whatever he had seen, it couldn't have been good.

"You were down there for a long time. I was starting to worry," N began, the words coming clearly to him. Although this loop had lasted far longer than most "game variants" (he grimaced inwardly), there still seemed to be a script for him to follow if he needed it. "What's wrong? You're shaking."

" *The emotional resonance... even after all these years, I can't overcome my type's inherent weaknesses* ." Mewtwo sat down. " *I tried to read this place's aura to reconstruct what happened here. The results... are difficult to decipher. One thing I am sure of is that*

XD002 is a Dark type - I couldn't perceive it in all of my reconstructions, but it blocked my vision of the surrounding scene. "

The Genetic Pokémon seemed to sigh. " *This loop was light on me for so long. It took years before I found out that Squirtle was anchoring it from that Nature reserve. But now it's growing more serious. Or rather - the implications are taking center stage.* " Mewtwo finally calmed down enough to notice something odd with N's feelings. " *You seem distracted* ."

"I suppose so," N said. "You see, I'm troubled by... the other loopers and their disregard for my homeworld."

" *Ah... Of course. This world is a merger of the Mystery branch and the Game variant... a very robust one at that. Not enough emphasis on mechanics to get in the way of logic, or life. A living changing world instead of... what sticks out in our minds the most,"* Mewtwo admitted. Small wonder that it brought these feelings to the surface in N.

"Yes. This has happened several times. My home loop and it's timeline of events *can work* as a reality just as well as theirs can, perhaps more so. But it feels like they're all ignoring that. Treating it as a joke even when it shouldn't be." N's frustrations were clear. "And if they don't accept my world's validity, then... what about me?"

That struck a chord. " *N, no one is denying your validity as a being, and they never meant to* ." *Strange that* I'd *need to tell someone that.*

"Are you sure, Mewtwo?"

N stepped away to calm down. "We need to get back on the topic of dealing with the situation we find ourselves in presently. I'll try again to locate Lovrina..."

21.9 (SeasideCharizard)

Every once in a while, Oshawott came up with a new idea.

Oftentimes, it wasn't a particularly moral or good idea. In fact, his ideas were typically unhelpful for anyone involved.

But, this time, as he watched a golden flicker of light sail into the sky, he *had an idea.*

"Pikachu!" Oshawott called, running up to said Pikachu in a Pleasant Plain area of Pokémon Paradise, apparently doing something to a Pure Seed field.

Pikachu was a bit startled by the sudden yell, but she turned without indicating her surprise. "Yes?"

"I've got an idea for this Loop. It'll probably be really interesting," Oshawott quickly said.

"What is it? It sounds more interesting than the usual interesting."

"I was thinking we could try to actively foil the whole systematic human extermination thing."

Pikachu just stood still and blinked.

It only lasted for a second before she burst into joy.

"Yeeesss, that would be all of fun for us, annoying for them, conducive to saving the world, *and* sort of pragmatic!" she cheerfully agreed, even doing some small hops in place.

However, this didn't last long either; she stopped after three hops and quickly reverted to a more neutral mood.

"Although, 'systematic human extermination' is a...weird way of wording it," she noted.

Oshawott shrugged. "Well, that's what it is, isn't it?"

"I guess," Pikachu offhandedly responded. "So, how are you going to intercept Kyurem? I'm guessing what you did at the Hill was a one-time thing?"

Oshawott briefly showed a flicker of confusion, taking a moment to remember what exactly Pikachu was talking about. It was something he hadn't done in the longest time, and he had to admit, he probably should have been using it more often considering it was at least somewhat available to him.

"You mean the fourth wall thing?"

Somehow, Oshawott had managed to completely baffle Pikachu with that response. "Fourth...wall... wait, *what?* "

"Ah, never mind," Oshawott muttered, waving away what he'd just said. "But yeah, I know what you're talking about, and while I *can* do it, the two problems are that I'd have to jump back and forth between worlds a lot, which is sort of annoying, and that I can't exactly choose what I see, so I can't do something like locking onto Kyurem and following his every move, which is also kinda creepy. Not that I would've cared, but there you have it."

"I...see," Pikachu uncertainly said. "Then how—"

"What I *was* planning on doing was tracking Munna down in the dreamscape, checking on who she's been calling, and following Kyurem whenever he goes out, since apparently his precognition is very inaccurate when we're Awake," Oshawott quickly interrupted.

Hearing that, a mischievous grin was now spread across Pikachu's face. "That definitely works. And by the way, did you pick up dreamwalking just to mess with Munna?"

"Yes, but also because of a couple of variants in the Poképals' Loop." Oshawott started frowning, and added, "Which reminds me, at some point I need to get tons of Whatevers of Protection from Evil,

because apparently, their Loop also loves the Enemy Controller card."

Pikachu opened her mouth to reply, but then stopped.

Instead of saying what she was going to say, her face twisted into a strange look of amusement, and she instead said, "Wait, is *that* why you were pretending to be a sapient puppet a couple of Loops ago?"

"...Maybe," Oshawott vaguely replied.

"Well, it worked, because that was the creepiest thing I'd ever seen." Pikachu was still smiling; in fact, she was trying to stifle a chuckle and not doing a good job of it. "Forget uncanny valley, that just went straight underground!"

"I was trying to see how much I could control my emotions, actually..."

Pikachu was suddenly neutral again.

"Oshawott, you managed to blank all emotion from your face and completely monotone your voice. And then that wasn't enough, so you started looking really sad and depressed...except every time you talked, it sounded like Victini when he has an actual line in front of his V-Wheel. What level of emotional control were you aiming for again?"

"Enough to taunt Happy Fun Flake. But I guess that's probably enough."

"You guess."

"...Right," Oshawott mumbled. "Anyway."

Mysteriously, Pikachu gave off a light giggle. "Yeah, anyway, what should we call ourselves when we show up in front of Kyurem and possibly Munna's gang? Because I actually don't know if they'd recognize you at this point in the Loop."

"...Well, about being recognized, do you know Electroweb, by any chance?"

Pikachu jabbed a paw at the ground, and at once, there was a dull flash and a crackling noise.

Oshawott looked where she pointed, and saw, in silk shining with electricity, a big "YES".

"Probably one of the most useful moves I have! Also useful for makeshift wires," Pikachu merrily stated.

"Right. Well, I was wondering if you could make obscuring uniforms out of the silk," Oshawott continued.

Pikachu looked at her Electroweb for a bit, and nodded. "Yep, that's possible."

Then, unusually, she frowned and turned to stare at Oshawott.

"Buuut, if you suggest that we try to learn Infestation, or Attack Order, or Defense Order, or—"

"Yes, I get it," Oshawott grumbled, looking away.

Unfortunately for him, Pikachu only continued to stare. "Good. Because then we'd just be asking for Kyogre to show up or something stupid like that, and that would be bad, right?"

Oshawott sighed. "Yes, yes, bad, bad. So, about the name?"

"...The Sweetwarm Squad?" Pikachu suggested.

"I was thinking the Unhopefuls, but yeah, yours is better."

"Why—"

Oshawott held up a paw. "It's probably in your best interest to never find out."

Pikachu seemed a bit annoyed, but that was quickly replaced with indifference. "Never mind then. Sweetwarm Squad it is!"

"And maybe we could add on, say... the Team Rocket motto?"

Then Pikachu tilted her head, as if a bit confused.

"...I thought that was a given."

Consider the following situation: you are a sapient pig with incredible powers over fire and earth. You are currently fleeing from a poisonous, somewhat humanoid frog that knows martial arts, living bulldozers that are chasing you underground so you don't really know where they are, and most importantly, an ice dragon god who is sure to swiftly kill you if you are in its line of sight.

You cannot beg for mercy or otherwise verbally con them. They are completely implacable, highly intelligent, and quite genre savvy. Your powers include creating clouds of poison, cloaking yourself in fire and body checking anyone in your way, which makes you move faster for a limited time afterwards (currently the only reason you're still alive), curling yourself into an improbable ball to build defense, and attacking in said ball form multiple times while imbued with the energy of stones; your most powerful attack.

Given this scenario, the Tepig currently living it knew that chances were pretty good he was doomed.

Still, he'd used his moves cleverly. As it turned out, Flame Charge's speed boost was huge, especially stacked, and Rollout was actually capable of quickly taking out most Pokémon.

Unfortunately, this does not include the angry ice dragon god named Kyurem. Even if it's super-effective and, were the Tepig about double his level, possibly capable of defeating it in one set of attacks.

And, of course, this doesn't stop misfortune, like running into a cliff rising from the ground with escape to the sides blocked off by trees. Surprise, surprise.

The Tepig's pupils seemed to shrink to small dots in that instant, as he turned around and found that, despite his speed boost, Toxicroak had already caught up to him, and Excadrill from whatever gang was chasing him were already popping out of the ground.

They weren't the problem. His convenient knowledge of a Fire-type and Rock-type attack could handle them.

No, the problem was the roaring thing approaching at an ungodly speed.

The roaring thing slamming into the ground right in front of him.

At first, the Tepig was paralyzed with fear, as Kyurem began to charge forward—

—and then a row of cut roses stabbed into the earth, doing nothing to block his way, but stopping him regardless.

Kyurem glared at the ground with his pupiless eyes, and bellowed, "WHAT IS THIS!?"

Unexpectedly, he was actually answered, by two of the most horribly arrogant voices he'd ever known carried on the wind.

" *I heard the question, 'what is this'...*"

" *But don't you think there's something amiss?*"

All of the Pokémon looked around, and as far as they could see, the voices were coming from nowhere.

" *The Boundary Pokémon, who sees all...*"

" *Didn't he see us up on this wall?*"

Everyone looked up, and atop the cliff they did indeed see, as shadows against the sunlight, mysterious figures in silk robes that did well to hide what Pokémon they were.

" *Prepare for trouble from the skies!"*

" *From beyond the stars, a nasty surprise!"*

Someone ought to have been doing something about this, but no.

At least one Pokémon was wondering if this was how the Bittercold commenced the end of the world.

" *An evil older than the universe..."*

" *First begun with a thousand-year curse..."*

The figures leapt off the cliff and, somehow, smoothly landed on the ground, in front of Tepig and behind the roses.

If that weren't enough to confound their enemies into submission, they then started *posing* like the entire thing was choreographed—which it was.

" *To protect the world from devastation!"*

" *To unite all peoples within our nation."*

" *To denounce the evils of truth and love!"*

" *To extend our reach to the stars above!"*

The left figure crossed her arms.

" *Chu!"*

The right one did the same.

" *Wott!"*

And suddenly they both placed a foot back, as their arms flung in their respective directions.

" *Sweetwarm Squad, blast off in a sphere of light!"*

" *Surrender now or prepare for plight!"*

They finished.

All was silent.

Then Kyurem roared, and the roses lit up with unimaginable power, and something happened in a flash of light, and by the time anyone could see again, Kyurem was blasting off into the sky, until he was a sparkle in the blue.

The mysterious figures continued, not particularly caring about sending an ice dragon god flying.

" *Our terror reaches beyond the galaxy..."*

" *All corners of space know our song of malady."*

" *If you're not a twerp, you would be right to fear our might—"*

"— *So once more, surrender now or prepare to fight!"*

This time, they listened.

There was a panicked stampede of Pokémon fleeing the scene, and in that moment, the Sweetwarm Squad had won the battle and the war.

"...Good thing those three have a pretty intimidating motto, right?" Oshawott said, looking over at his partner in not-crime.

"Yeah, we should probably thank them later," Pikachu agreed.

In the meanwhile, the Tepig behind them decided his mind couldn't take this anymore, and promptly just fainted.

21.10 (jxz)

In a dark mountain, a female Eevee in a puffed dress was chained to a metal bar. "Help me! Please, someone who hears my plea, come to help me!"

On the road, clad in silver armor and with an Aegislash who wasn't the controlling type, a Pikachu appeared, mounted on a Virizion. "Oh, fair maiden! I will save you from the claws of the black knight!"

Just then, a Mewtwo, dressed in black armor and wielding a sword that looked like a spoon, appeared from nowhere, between the two Pokémon. *"You shall not go anywhere with her, or alive! I, the Black Knight, will stop you from taking her from my grasp!"*

"Electric Knight! Help me, please!" the princess Eevee yelled, crying.

The Pikachu took the Aegislash from his back, and pointed it at the Psychic-Type. "Evil knight, prepare yourself to suffer the justice of the Electric Knight!"

"So let it be, rodent!" the Black Knight declared, brandishing his spoon-sword. The two Pokémon clashed swords, neither wanting to give up terrain. After a while, however, tthe Electric Knight was soon found in disadvantage, as the Black Knight was stronger than him.

Then the four Awoke, as Mewtwo swung his blade-spoon, crashing at one side of Pikachu.

After a few seconds of silence, Vee spoke. "Well, either we are going to continue with this, or my boyfriend releases me from this chains!"

"Alright, alright..." Pikachu said, and infused the Aegislash with a Brick Break. In a swing of the blade, Vee was free. Pikachu turned to

Mewtwo. "Now what?"

"Well, my memories say that I'd use Vee to awaken the lord of ruin, Yveltal... But I won't," he said, taking a necklace in his neck and throwing it away, then destroying it with a Psywave. *"Not in the mood this loop. But there's something else I can't quite remember..."*

"What?" Pikachu asked. But before Mewtwo could answer, a puff of smoke appeared in front of them.

"Finally, the princess is-" The voice of the Pokémon there, a Buneary wearing a cute little witch outfit, was cut short when she saw that Vee was still alive. "What?! You were supposed to kill her so I could be the Electric Knight's main love interest!"

Realization dawned in Mewtwo's face, as Pikachu and Vee facepawed. *"Oh, yeah. The Buneary you know is, how do they say, Coocoo for Pikachu Puffs this loop."*

"This doesn't happen in my branch, I swear it." Virizion said, looking at the entire event with confusion, as did the Aegislash.

21.1 - Now if only there was a Shiny Stone right next to her Egg when it hatched, then it would have been like Ashes of the Past all over again.

21.2 - Random fact: "Doritos Bandit" contains the letters that spell "Dio Brando".

21.3 - Pikachu vs. Dio - Round 2. Also, since I know this may confuse people, I'm going to explain Jcogginsa's reasoning.

Basically, back in the Loop where the yet-to-be-Looping Infernape wrapped the Red Chain around Dio, a feedback loop happened. Infernape got Dio's Stand (and was bumped up the Looper Queue), while Dio got Infernape's typing and some of his moves.

This means that Dio has become a Fire/Fighting-type. Now, as we all know, Fire-types are more powerful in the sunlight, and are tied to it. Practically every Fire-type can learn Sunny Day. Dio's Fire- *typing* is tied up in neutralizing his vampiric weakness to the Sun. Leaving him a pure Fighting-type that has an affinity for fire moves.

That's why it was a super-effective hit, as ordinarily, a Fairy-type move used on a Fire/Fighting-type does normal damage because Fire resists Fairy.

21.4 - You'd think Pikachu wouldn't fall for such an obvious trap, but then this happens...

21.5 - Is this where you want to be? I just don't get it. Why do you want to stay Five Nights at Freddy's?

21.6 - ...Well, facing the 4 Chaos Gods of WH40K is definitely a challenge, right, Red?

Red: -gives the finger-

21.7 - I don't see what's so confusing. Lots of species have aesthetic color differences, like humans.

21.8 - I'd peg this as early for N. We know that all five of the Pokémon Loops were active when he started Looping, and Mewtwo and the MD guys are Crash Generation.

21.9 - WARNING: SPOILERS FOR GATES TO INFINITY!

The Fourth Wall thing Oshawott was mentioning? Basically, in GtI, the player character is sent back to the human world after the main game, and somehow sees the post-game events unfold from there. At least until they return to the Mystery Dungeon World.

21.10 - The classic tale of a brave knight rescuing a Damsel in Distress...turned on its ear by Loopers having common sense.

Chapter 22

Strange liquid of an unusual color. A certain groggy feeling as he Awoke. Mewtwo knew these all too well.

'I've Awoken in the damn tank again,' he thought to himself. Out of habit, he quashed the readings they were getting from the tank so that his Awakening just looked like a solitary spike of dreaming, rather than someone coming into consciousness. Surreptitiously, he opened his eyes slightly to see what was going on. Scientists milling around hard at work, that looked baseline enough. But the machinery was far more advanced than what was usually used in his creation, and the uniformed guards around were new. They looked like Team Rocket, but they wore green instead. And then there was their insignia plastered right on the wall opposite his tank.

A spear with a green jeweled tip. Mewtwo didn't recognize it, meaning that it must have been a new Variant of some kind. And if that was the case, then who knew what was meant to happen to him once he was 'complete'? His lip curled up in a sneer that only someone looking straight at him would notice. Like hell he'd be someone's pawn again. He cautiously built up power so that he could shatter the glass with his usual dramatic flair, but just as he was about to do so, the entire left wall exploded, causing everybody in the building to leap in surprise, including Mewtwo. Fortunately, nobody was watching his tank at the time, so they couldn't see him jerk in surprise. That would have been embarrassing.

'Almost as bad as the time Cresselia and I got into that argument about how to put the Millennium Comet in orbit of the Moon,' he remembered wearily. But that was beside the point.

"TEAM SPEAR! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP, BY ORDER OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE AND THE MAVERICK HUNTERS!" a voice on a megaphone bellowed into the room.

Mewtwo was intrigued. Interpol catching wind of his creation wasn't anything too out of the ordinary for Variants, but who were these Maverick Hunters? And the ones who created him were called Team *Spear* ? ...Spear...and the green...something about this seemed familiar to Mewtwo.

"Go to hell, you damn machine and freak lovers!" the one who seemed to be in charge growled in response. He hefted a gun (A gun? That was rare...) and was about to fire it off, when what looked like his second-in-command kicked him into the destroyed wall, where police officers tackled him. Then, the no-doubt ex-second-in-command brought out a Pokéball.

"Croagunk, use Icy Wind!" he commanded, sending out the Toxic Mouth Pokémon. Croagunk immediately followed through with the tactic, blasting the glacial air all over. Although the move couldn't freeze completely, it did do the job of slowing down all of the Team Spear members, giving ample time for the officers and the people in armor to come in and arrest all of them.

'A fine operation. Still, I should find out just what is going on,' Mewtwo thought. Just as the 'Maverick Hunters' and the Interpol officers had found his capsule, Mewtwo immediately shattered it with his psychic powers, causing the other people in the room to cover their faces as the glass flew out.

As they noticed Mewtwo floating out of the tank with wide eyes, Mewtwo went to let off a Ping...and froze when he couldn't seem to access the eclectic mix of powers necessary for it. He immediately tried to bring out an Oran Berry from his Pocket (from the Oran Tree he kept in there, courtesy of Red and that hobby of his), and silently sighed in relief as he was able to bring it out. He put it back before any of the others could notice.

'So, Loop Powers are disabled, but the Pocket isn't. This may be challenging, depending on what happens.'

"W-Who are you?!" one of the Maverick Hunters demanded.

"Who am I? I am Mewtwo," he said stoically, watching ever warily to see what happened next. He would have to leave quickly if they proved to be hostile.

"The reports we received did indicate that the goal of this sect of Team Spear was to clone Mew," a new voice mused, walking in through the hole in the wall. Mewtwo couldn't help but blink when he saw who walked in. He was taller and more heavily armored, his eyes were a different color, but it looked a lot like...

"Rock?" Mewtwo said in surprise. The new figure paused, before coming up to him.

"No actually. I'm X. Rock is my older brother," the man said. "Anyway, I'd love to talk more about how you know him, but we need to take you into custody," he said.

Mewtwo was immediately on guard. Channeling the version of himself from Red's Loop, he formed a giant spoon from a Psywave and held it in a guard position. *"And why should I do that?"* he asked. Upon his forming it, the Maverick Hunters immediately formed Buster Cannons on their arms, but didn't point them at him. Yet.

"Just to talk. You've just been created. We just want to explain things to you and find out what you want to do," said X. Mewtwo was still somewhat suspicious, but he could see no fault in the other's argument. He lowered the spoon, but didn't dismiss it just yet.

"With all due respect, Commander X," the inside man within Team Spear's ranks began, removing his hat and sunglasses. This revealed him to be Looker, much to Mewtwo's not-really surprise. "But this 'Mewtwo' is a Pokémon, regardless of origin. In that vein, attempting to reason with him is a task to be done by Interpol and the Pokémon League," he pointed out.

"But he was also created by Team Spear, which means the Maverick Hunters have an equal right," X countered. The two stared at each other for a long while.

"If I may interject, seeing as though you're talking about me," Mewtwo interrupted. Upon the two turning to him, he continued. *"But if you both need to speak with me, then why not simply do it at the same time?"*

X and Looker both considered it for a moment. X then turned to the Interpol officer. "Interpol has an office in Abel City, doesn't it?"

"It does, yes. Very well. Seeing as how this was a joint investigation to begin with, it makes sense for both parties to do the debriefing." Looker nodded.

"If you'd come with us," X motioned to Mewtwo. Wordlessly, the Genetic Pokémon dismissed his spoon and followed both X and Looker outside.

'This looks to be an interesting Variant...or rather Fused Loop, if this X really is Rock's brother. Still though, I should probably find the Anchor. If X is Rock's brother, then Rock or Roll might be the one Anchoring. But if that's not the case, it'll be tricky without access to the Ping,' he mused.

Abel City. The place Maverick Hunters called HQ. Abel City was smack dab in the middle of Orre, near the oasis that Phenac City had been built around. Due to this, the amount of Pokémon Trainers that called the place home were few in number. No, the beings that chiefly called it home were Reploids, those mechanical lifeforms based on the design of one X Light.

The Interpol Office in Abel City was small, but comfortable enough, Mewtwo decided. Of course, being 2 meters tall and having a tail meant that sitting was not really an option in his case. ...The carpeting felt comfortable at any rate.

"So, you mean no harm to anyone? In fact, you wish to help people?" Looker repeated for the record.

"I do. I'm not entirely sure why this Team Spear created me, but it can't have been for anything good. So I will carve out my own path, and live life the way I desire it," Mewtwo stated. Dimly, he remembered the Loop that Mew had come from, but placed it aside from now. That didn't really have anything to do with things right now, did it?

"It still doesn't make much sense to me," Looker noted. "Why would Team Spear create a Pokémon; more specifically, why clone one and make it stronger than the original? Assuming you are stronger than Mew," he added.

"In terms of raw power, I believe I am, yes. But I don't think I have quite the versatility that a regular Mew has." At least, not without access to Loop powers, he privately added. While his movepool was still rather large, Mew had him beat in that they could learn *any* move. And Mewtwo hadn't invested time into trying to learn every single move naturally accessible to him. Why would he when he was already powerful enough from the start?

'A poor decision in hindsight. But then, that is what they say, isn't it?' But then, he wasn't really a serious battler. Oh, sure, he'd fight, but he'd much rather prefer to try to reason things out, especially these days.

While Mewtwo was thinking about this, Looker stood up. "Right, I need to go find the restroom. Commander X, you no doubt have some questions to ask him yourself, I'm sure," he said, before departing.

That just left X, who was looking at Mewtwo with a look of someone who saw something familiar. "I wasn't really sure at first, but when you mentioned Rock, I knew it. You're a Looper, aren't you?" he asked.

Mewtwo was not surprised in the least, having already suspected X. *"I am. I suspected that you might have been one, but I couldn't be too sure. Out-of-Loop powers aren't working,"* he mentioned.

X blinked. "They're not?" he asked in confusion. "Huh. I didn't even notice."

Now it was Mewtwo's turn to be confused. *"Do you not use the Ping?"* he questioned.

X shook his head. "Not usually. Zero and I usually prearrange a signal so we know when the other's Awake. Oh, Zero's my best friend, and technically the Anchor for the next segment of our Loop. I'm technically just a regular Looper for that one, and vice versa for him," he added upon Mewtwo's questioning look.

"Ah, I see. Sort of like Anakin Skywalker," Mewtwo noted, bringing out a notebook and pen from his pocket. He jotted a few notes down, before putting it away.

"Err, what was that about?" X questioned.

"My apologies. You see, I like to think of myself as something of a scholar, specifically about the Loops. So when I note something interesting about them, I note it down," Mewtwo explained.

"Ah, I see. Was that how you met Rock, then?" X guessed.

Mewtwo was silent for a moment, remembering back to that time when he had just been so *angry* . *"...No, actually. Rock is the one who put me on the path to doing so. He helped me come to terms with my anger against a certain individual from my home Loop."*

X was curious, but he saw *that* look on Mewtwo's face and decided not to pry. "You probably have some questions about the Loop. I can take a guess and say that because of your creation, you don't have any Loop Memories, right?" he guessed.

Mewtwo shook his head. *"I do have some questions, yes, and I in fact do not have Loop Memories. Team Spear...they seemed very familiar,"* he mused.

"Well, if you've met Rock, then I'm not surprised," X said wryly. "They seem to be this Loop's version of the Emerald Spears, those fanatics who hate artificial life. But in this Loop, that doesn't stop there. Team Spear despise Pokémon just as much."

The entire notion confused Mewtwo tremendously. *"How can they do that? Pokémon are practically a fact of life, and helped make the world what it is today,"* he pointed out.

X shrugged. He didn't really have a good answer either. "So, did you have any more questions?" he wondered.

"Yes, actually. Just what are *the Maverick Hunters?"* Mewtwo questioned.

X leaned back in his chair and sighed. "In order to know what they are, you need to know what a Maverick *is* . And in order to know what a Maverick is, you need to know what a Reploid is."

"Then I suppose the best place to start is there. What is a Reploid?" Mewtwo prodded.

X sighed again and stood up, going over to the window. He stared out over Abel City, before answering. "In baseline, I was Dr. Light's last and finest creation, no offense meant to Rock, Roll, Blues, or any of the Robot Masters. Unlike all other robots of the time, I didn't have the 3 Laws of Robotics. I was fully capable of choosing, of adapting...of evolving past my directives."

"Sentience, in the context the word is often misused in," Mewtwo realized.

"Yeah," X muttered, looking more *at* the glass of the window than through it. "Anyway, not being beholden to the Laws of Robotics, that was something never seen before. And I had no experiences at all. Dr. Light wasn't sure if I was ready to go out into the world. And between that, and the advanced mechanics used in my construction, he wasn't sure the world was ready for *me* . So he sealed me away

in a capsule to undergo thirty years of ethical testing, to make sure that I could understand the differences between right and wrong, and so that the world could acclimate to the idea of a sentient robot."

"It seems a bit excessive, thirty years," Mewtwo noted.

X shrugged. "Dr. Light is a scientist. He probably just wanted to be very thorough. Only, something happened. Instead of being sealed for thirty years, I was sealed for one hundred. When I was awoken, it was by an archeologist by the name of Dr. Cain. He awoke me and introduced me to the world, and I lived with him for a few years," X said with closed eyes, remembering those peaceful times before everything had changed for the worse.

As for Mewtwo, he wasn't quite sure why X was talking about his backstory when he had asked about Reploids. *"X, I'm sure this all means a lot to you, but what does this have to do with Reploids?"* Mewtwo questioned.

"I'm getting there," X reassured him. "Anyway, when it comes to robotics, Dr. Cain is really at best a hobbyist. But he was so *fascinated* by how I worked, that I couldn't see anything wrong with trying to replicate it." While he spoke, X couldn't help but remember those days, studying blueprints and designs, trying to find the most stable one.

"Replicate..." Mewtwo repeated in thought. Could X seriously mean what he thought he meant?

"It took us a while, but eventually we managed. Using what little of my design we could understand and extrapolating certain things about it, we created a second artificial lifeform with the ability to choose. Based on my designs, he was the first Reploid," X said.

Mewtwo reacted, although not in shock. No, it was more of a surprise than anything. *"I see. Like how Mew was for all common Pokémon, you are for Reploids. The father of an entire race."*

"Yeah. In a sense, anyway," X agreed sheepishly.

" *Considering the number of Reploids that had appeared earlier when you apprehended Team Spear, I can assume that a lot more were created?"* Mewtwo queried.

"Yeah. A lot more. Not quite as much in this Loop, since Pokémon exist, but still a lot. Still, now I need to get to what a Maverick is," X said, his mood doing an abrupt 180. "Originally…well, nobody really knows a lot about how my systems work, so when it came to replicating them, there tended to be problems. Circuits not hooked up properly, a personality matrix out of alignment, things like that. Some Reploids went insane and started attacking everyone. And then there was the fact that since Reploids have free will, some turned to a life of crime. They were dubbed Mavericks, due to their rebellion against peace. The Maverick Hunters were created to stop them."

"I see. And you didn't immediately join up at first, did you?" Mewtwo guessed. At X's surprised look, he let a small smile grow on his face. *"I have met Rock, you know. I can't imagine any family of his being gung-ho about fighting."*

"Err, no, I didn't at first. I was certainly *capable* , but I didn't join the Maverick Hunters until after an attack by an ancient Mechaniloid, which we later found out was an invention of Dr. Wily's. But before we get to that, I need to explain more about the Mavericks," X stated.

From there, he covered the cliff-notes. How Zero was found, the Virus that infected Sigma, and the large-scale rebellion sparked by what was called the Maverick Virus. Sigma's fusion with the virus and the second attack spearheaded by the X-Hunters.

Mewtwo was silent for a while, taking in everything X told him. It was hard to believe that a simple computer virus could cause this much damage to an entire civilization, but why would X lie. Just as he was about to say something, Looker finally returned from the bathroom.

"Sorry it took me so long. They ran out of soap in there, so I had to go find another bathroom," he said sheepishly.

"It's fine. I was just telling Mewtwo about how things are," X explained.

"I see. Well, it seems there's not much else to do other than ask. What are you going to do now, Mewtwo?" Looker questioned.

Mewtwo continued to be silent. It was probably a very very bad idea, that thing he was thinking. ...But why not?

There was a buzz going around in Maverick Hunter HQ. Word was, Commander X had personally recruited someone for the Maverick Hunters. Considering his pacifistic tendencies, this was rather intriguing. But not only that, the new recruit was apparently a Pokémon!

They'd tried to find a way to get Pokémon to help them out in the past, but most Pokémon seemed on edge around Reploids for whatever reason. And even without that, it was a sad truth that due to the way Reploid technology had advanced, most of the modern models were a league above all but the most skilled and powerful Pokémon. That one was accepted into the Hunters just like that...everyone was wondering what it could do.

Course, even though Mewtwo knew that, he ignored it. He was used to being an object of intrigue after all. Course, it was usually from more unsavory elements, but intrigue is intrigue. Right now, he was more concerned with speaking to his conversational partner, who he had bumped into upon arrival.

"So, you're Mewtwo, huh?" the red mechanical lifeform in front of him said.

"I am. And you must be Zero," Mewtwo said in return.

Zero nodded, giving the other a quick glance over. He wanted to make sure that he could take Mewtwo if it came to a fight. Wasn't likely that it would, but you never knew how things might play out. "Right. Don't worry about explanations, X already sent me the information. So, what made you decide to join the Maverick Hunters, Mewtwo?" Zero couldn't help but ask.

"Your goal is to help people, and I do not take kindly to those who would commit genocide. Should I need another reason?"

"I'm not saying that. But you didn't have to join the Hunters if you wanted to do that. You're more than powerful enough from what X has told me," Zero pointed out.

Mewtwo paused for a second, before answering. *"Why does any Looper do what they do?"* he said rhetorically.

Regardless of that, Zero answered anyway. "Boredom. Or just because they want to," he shrugged.

"Right. In my case, while I certainly could fight by myself, I feel that it wouldn't be right in this case. I owe Rock a lot for what he did for me, and this is simply part of paying him back by helping you and X. In addition, I would like to collect notes on your Loop sections in particular. What X has divulged to me so far seems rather intriguing."

"Right then. Course, don't expect any preferential treatment just because you're a Looper and a Legendary. You're going to have to start at E-Rank just like all of us did. Have you found out what Unit you've been assigned to?" Zero wondered.

Mewtwo shook his head. *"Not formally, no. X said he had to get the paperwork ready. He did say that for now I should consider myself attached to the 0th Unit though,"* he stated with a minor amount of confusion.

Zero raised an eyebrow at that. "0th Unit, huh? That's the guys I command, the Shinobi Unit."

There was a brief pause as Mewtwo looked askance at him. *"No offense, but when I typically think of Shinobi..."*

"You don't think someone like me, right?" Zero said with a wry smile. "It's actually pretty simple. See..."

Zero was cut off when the HQ's alarm started blaring. in addition, his com-link started chirping for his attention. He held a hand up to pause the conversation, then activated the link. "Zero here, go ahead."

"Commander Zero, Maverick attack on Saffron City," the Navigator on shift immediately said. *"They seem to be attacking Silph Co. All other Units are stretched thin at the moment . You're the only one we can ask.* "

"Got it. Don't worry, I'll handle it," Zero stated, before shutting the link. He then turned back to Mewtwo. "Well, Mewtwo, looks like our conversation will have to be put on hold. I've got a mission for you, since you're currently attached to my Unit."

Mewtwo immediately grew serious...well, more serious. *"I see. What is it?"*

"Mavericks are attacking Silph Co.'s headquarters in Saffron. We're to head over there and put a stop to them. Think you're up for it?"

A small smirk grew on Mewtwo's face. *"There's a reason I was once called the World's Strongest Pokémon, even if I'm not actually the strongest. Yes, I think I am up to it."*

"Right then, let's go. Care to do the honors?" Zero asked.

"Hmph. Of course," Mewtwo said, before his eyes started glowing blue, signifying his use of his psychic powers. *"Teleport,"* he stated, sending both him and Zero off to Saffron.

When Mewtwo and Zero arrived in Saffron, it was chaos. The portion of the city that Silph Co. resided in was locked out from the rest of it by the Psychic powers of the Pokémon and Trainers from the Gym, including Sabrina herself. But inside? Mavericks and Hunters alike were shooting back and forth, and it was becoming clear that the Hunters were losing. As the two Loopers scrambled forward, the leader of the Hunters there noticed their approach.

"Commander Zero, sir!" he said in relief, unaware of the wolf-like Mechaniloid about to bite his head off. That is, until the Z-Saber bisected its head from its body in less than a second.

"Sit-Rep, captain, now," Zero ordered, ignoring the panic attack the Reploid in front of him almost suffered.

"Y-Yes, sir! The Mavericks are overrunning the entire building. Containment is all but impossible!" the Hunter captain reported.

"Do we know what they're after?" Mewtwo questioned, casually throwing a Psycho Cut forward to destroy a platoon of Mets that were attempting to sneak up on them.

To his credit, the captain didn't blink an eye on seeing what was obviously a Pokémon here in the midst of battle asking said question. "We think they might be after one of the projects that Silph Co. was working on," he explained.

"Hm...Have any idea what?" Zero asked of Mewtwo. However, Mewtwo shook his head.

"The only one I know about is the Master Ball project, but since Mavericks are already stronger than most common Pokémon, there would be little gain for them in stealing its data."

'Translation,' Zero thought, reading between the lines, *'That's the only one that's reliably baseline, and you're not prepared to speculate on any variant possibilities without any more data.'* A subtle nod from Mewtwo told him that the Psychic Legendary had

heard that thought and was agreeing with his analysis. Zero idly wondered how he was able to read machine-life, before filing it away for after combat.

"Captain, you have any ideas?" he questioned. Looping or not Looping, everyone's opinion counted, especially in a situation like this.

"Well...I heard that they were working on some kind of artificial Pokémon..." the captain said hesitantly. Mewtwo's eyes immediately lit up at that...not literally, though.

"Porygon! That has to be it!" he realized.

"Porygon?" Zero questioned.

"Porygon are a first among Pokémon species. Namely, the fact that they're digital Pokémon. Made of data," Mewtwo explained.

"Made of data..." Zero repeated slowly, the pieces flying together in his mind. The Mavericks were after data constructs of Pokémon. And Dr. Doppler had yet to go Maverick. That meant...

He whipped around to the Hunter captain. "Captain! Return to HQ at once and inform Commander X of the 17th Unit that there is likely an imminent attack on the Mother Computer!" he ordered.

The captain paled. With that knowledge in place, he could see the logic that the Commander had followed. The Mavericks were going to try to use the Porygon to hack the Computer and send the entire world into chaos. "Yes sir!" he declared, teleporting back to Abel City.

"We've got to stop them before they get their hands on those Porygon. Mewtwo, you ready for this?" Zero demanded.

"Always. Let's go," Mewtwo stated, his eyes glowing blue with his tremendous and awesome power. The two Loopers then proceeded

to throw themselves into the Maverick horde, destroying the corrupt machines like a bolt of lightning on a tree.

Silph Co. - 2nd Floor

"All units, concentrate fire on the elevator!" the Maverick commander shouted at his troops. "We have reports that Zero is in the building!"

"Really? I never would have guessed!"

"Wha-GAH!" the Maverick commander groaned in pain as a familiar beam saber exited his power core. This, of course, caused him to shut down, causing his troops to realize that Zero *was behind them.*

"Open fire!" someone yelled. Buster shots, missiles, even the odd flamethrower lanced out at where Zero was. Emphasis on *was* .

Faster than they could process, Zero leaped into the middle of them, and swung his Z-Saber with practiced grace. Most fell within the first five seconds. The remaining few Mavericks were about to try to leap back for range, but found something disturbing out.

Namely, the fact that they couldn't move. "Wh-What is this?!" one roared, trying to get free. That was when they found out how they were caught like that. Mewtwo teleported in front of them, his eyes glowing ominously.

"Begone," he stated, before firing a barrage of Shadow Balls at the group, ripping them to shreds. With a careless wave, Mewtwo ceased his psychic hold on them. Or rather, what few parts of them remained.

"Hmph. Trash," he spat.

Zero felt this a bit at odds with how he had behaved earlier. He needed to find out what was up, not just out of decency, but also for the sake of the mission. "What's up?"

Mewtwo let out an angry sigh from his rarely-used mouth. *"When we split up in the lobby, I immediately went searching for the people and Pokémon who worked here. I found out two things. The first is that attempting to read the mind of a Maverick gives me a splitting headache, worse than the times I've tried reading a Dark-type's mind in variants.'* Zero became vaguely uncomfortable at that. If that was the case, how could Mewtwo read *his* mind?

"And the second?" Zero prodded. At that, he felt an uncomfortable sensation brush across his sensors. Some of the scrap started shifting, and Mewtwo's eyes glowed brighter and more ominous. It was clear that he was on the verge of losing control.

"They killed *them. No, not killed.* Massacred them. *Mercilessly. Bloodily. Even after they had surrendered.* They mounted their heads on pikes! *The psychic echo of their anguish reverberates throughout my entire being! 'What's up?' indeed,"* Mewtwo said in disgust, balling up his hands. Even after all he'd seen, it was still appalling.

Zero frowned in thought. Mavericks weren't usually so grotesque. Either it was the variant nature of the Fused Loop messing with them, or this was an outlier. Regardless...

"Calm down. Getting enraged won't help you. They likely did that on purpose so that whoever came in and discovered it would become sloppy. Sloppy Hunters are dead Hunters," he said sternly. "Right now, we need to stop them from getting the Porygon data, and fast. And I need you to keep a lid on it, because if you throw a temper tantrum, then the whole building will likely explode. And while I may be good at defying death, I've never done it with a psychic explosion, and I'm not about to tempt fate today."

Mewtwo took deep calming breathes. Three of them in fact. Once he was done, he had appeared to calm down. *"Of course. I'll save my anger for the one responsible for this atrocity,"* he said stoically, before floating off.

But Zero wasn't done yet. He dashed forward after the Genetic Pokémon. "Do you have any idea where the data would be? This is part of your neck of the woods," he reasoned.

Mewtwo thought about it for a second. Anything to get his mind off what he had witnessed. *"Likely the labs on Floor 4, or the President's Office on Floor 5. There are usually teleporter pads to act as security, but they shouldn't cause us any problems. Worst comes to worst, we'll simply blow through the walls."*

"Right. I'll check Floor 5, you check Floor 4," Zero ordered.

"Of course." And with that, Mewtwo teleported to said floor. Meanwhile, Zero dashed up the stairs, bisecting any Mavericks in his way. When he made it to the top, he found where the President's Office was supposed to be. Not seeing a door, and not wanted to deal with the supposed teleporter pads, he removed one of his spare Z-Buster charge units from his Pocket and installed it into his Z-Saber. Then, he proceeded to charge said Saber, and blew the wall to smithereens.

"Well well, talk about flashy entrances, eh, Zero?" a voice rang out through the smoke. Zero recognized it instantly, and narrowed his eyes in frustration.

"I might have guessed it was you," he said in anger. "Of course, you'd have enough of a macabre sense of humor to pull that stunt downstairs. Heads on pikes, really?!"

"Well, a bit medieval, true. But effective," the voice chuckled sadistically. He walked forward as the dust cleared, his purple armor becoming visible. He casually adjusted his shoulder cannon that was over his right shoulder, even as he gestured towards Zero with a bourbon glass that was in his hand.

"I'm in no mood for your games! What are you doing here, Vile?!" Zero demanded of his former comrade.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Vile's visor gleamed enigmatically.

"Hmph. I can tell you this much, though. Your little plan to use the Porygon to hack the Mother Computer isn't going to work," Zero said dismissively.

"HA! As if we'd need to use Porygon for that! I don't know how you found out, Zero, but you're already too late to stop us!" Vile crowed. As he did, Zero's comm link started insisting for his attention. "You should probably get that," Vile said casually.

Zero pointedly didn't take his eyes off the Maverick in front of him as he activated the link. "Zero here, go."

"Zero?" X's voice came through with some small static.

"X? What is it?"

"Sorry to say, the warning came too late. The Mother Computer has already *been hacked. I have to go into the system to repair it. ...Zero, you know what that means."*

'I do. There's a good chance that we may not be able to remove Techno's CPU from the Computer safely, meaning that he and Middy will, once again...'

"...I understand, X. Just do the best job you can," Zero said softly.

"Of course. Oh, and Zero? With me dealing with this, this leaves you *in charge of the Hunters."*

Zero froze at this. With all of the upheavals in the Hunter chain of command recently, he had in fact forgotten that. Nominal command had fallen to X, and if X was busy...

"Try to not go all 'deer in the headlights', alright? X out." And with that, communications ceased.

Vile started laughing at the gobsmacked expression on the Red Raider's face. "Hah! Who'd put *you* in charge of the Hunters, girly-bot?!" he mocked.

Zero's anger quickly neared a steady simmer. "We'll see who's laughing after I cleave your head from your body," he threatened, bringing his Saber back into its ready position.

"Feeling's mutual!" Vile roared, before firing a rocket out of his cannon. Zero dashed forward, cleaving the rocket in two as he passed, and lashed out with his Saber. The fight was on!

Meanwhile, a floor below, Mewtwo was looking throughout the labs. All he found were a few Mavericks, which he took a certain delight in ripping to shreds. But no Porygon at all.

'Perhaps I was wrong? Either that, or Zero will have found them. I should have obtained a communicator so I could check in,' he thought to himself in reproach. Recognizing that directly connecting to Zero's mind would probably upset the red Reploid, he was about to teleport up when he felt a certain familiar sensation.

He immediately turned around and raised a Protect barrier in the nick of time to block a Hyper Beam that would have blasted him directly in his secondary spinal cord. His assailant?

"...Porygon-Z?!" he exclaimed in shock. And indeed, the quirky upgrade of Porygon-2 created via the Dubious Disc was floating in front of him. But there were differences. For one, the rich magenta color of Porygon-Z's main body was faded, with strands of sickly purple all over it. While still disconnected, its head was in a more normal position, making it resemble its pre-evolution. And its eyes had a Sigma symbol floating within rather than the usual rings.

Oh, and there was also the certain matter of the fact that it was *the size of Mewtwo himself!*

-Download Complete. Analyzation Complete. Trace On: Pressure- Porygon-Z's blue parts abruptly turned into Mewtwo's own lavender. **-Death to all who oppose Lord Sigma-** the corrupted Virtual Pokémon intoned in a monotone baritone.

At those words, Mewtwo clenched his teeth and balled up his fists. Even now, he could feel the waves of Pressure impact him and causing moves to exert more energy to use. He promptly responded with his own Pressure to even things up.

"So," he seethed, *"they would go so far as to corrupt an innocent Pokémon with that blasted virus? To control them to do its bidding? As if I didn't already have enough reason to hate them!"* he exploded. Even then, his intellect raced. Porygon-Z was a Normal-type, but that could change fast thanks to Conversion and Conversion-2. He needed to get the first volley off.

While he had never learned every single move available to him, there was one that Ash had insisted on him learning. One that the Porygon line couldn't detect most of the time. If he was lucky, that would hold true here.

Without warning, quick as one of Pikachu's Thunderbolts, Mewtwo lanced out his right hand, firing an Aura Sphere at Porygon-Z. The never-miss move immediately impacted the corrupted Pokémon before it could react, sending it reeling in the air.

-Error: Super-effective Damage Detected. Beginning Conversion- it droned.

'Excellent,' thought Mewtwo. Conversion would turn Porygon-Z into his own Psychic-type, leaving it vulnerable to his favored Shadow Ball. He had a number of strategies in mind from there, depending on what it did.

"Whatever is left of the Pokémon you once were, Porygon, I swear this: I will free you from this torment," Mewtwo declared, his eyes glowing blue in anger and determination.

Zero and Vile collided with one another in mid-air, beam saber to cannon, before leaping back to opposite sides of the room. Both mechanical life forms were dented and scratched all over their armor, and grime covered Zero's ponytail. Still, the Red Raider didn't let that stop him. "What's your game, Vile?! If the Porygon weren't for the Mother Computer, then what?!" he demanded.

"Hmph. I'm not supposed to tell you, but I've never really liked following orders," Vile scoffed. "Alright, you wanna know? It's simple. You and I both know that it takes a lot of resources to build a Reploid. You know, since we're sapient and everything. And without Reploids, there can be no Mavericks."

"Why don't you tell me something I *don't* know," Zero mocked, much to the irritation of the purple Maverick across from him.

"Alright, wise guy! Consider this: those Porygon? Apparently, they have the potential to travel between dimensions. If we can use that power, we'll never run out of Mavericks! The world will be ours!" Vile proclaimed, much to Zero's shock.

'Dimensional travel?! But Rock told us that Yggdrasil had blocked that off during the Loops! ...Then again, Vile wouldn't know that. So, really, there's nothing to worry about from that angle,' Zero realized.

"Like that'll actually work!" he scoffed.

"Well, I don't exactly care what you think! Even now, the very Porygon you came to rescue has likely breached into another dimension!" Vile yelled, shocking Zero once again.

"Don't tell me...you infected it with the Virus?!" he exclaimed.

"I've said too much. Adios, Zero!" Vile declared, shooting him a one-fingered salute and teleporting out, irritating Zero all over again.

"Tch. Asshole," Zero said disparagingly. He still had yet to get back at him for the "heads on pikes" thing. Regardless, he needed to get downstairs and do something about that Porygon if Mewtwo hadn't. He charged up his Saber, then blew a hole in the floor. He then proceeded to leap down.

-Locking On. Zap Cannon- Porygon-Z announced, firing off the highly erratic balls of electricity directly at Mewtwo. The Genetic Pokémon leaped forward, smoothly dodging the attacks and tanking them with a Light Screen he projected with his left hand.

*" **Thunderbolt** !"* he declared, snapping off the Electric-type move that Pikachu so loved off at the corrupted Virtual Pokémon. The electric bolts stunned Porygon-Z, disrupting its program slightly. Mewtwo charged up a Shadow Ball, then fired it off at the dazed data lifeform. However, just before it hit...

-Conversion 2- it announced, the pink parts of it turning deep black. Porygon-Z had shifted to the Dark-type. This, of course, dampened the power of the Shadow Ball, and also made Mewtwo's psychic abilities useless against it. Then, faster than Mewtwo could react, Porygon-Z shot off a Signal Beam at him. He quickly raised his Light Screen once again, and there was a stalemate for a while.

...However, the Light Screen was immediately bypassed when some black... *substance* crept up through the Bug-type energy beam, and went right *through* the Light Screen.

"Gah!" Mewtwo unconsciously blurted out with his actual voice as the corrupted Signal Beam blasted into him, knocking him into the wall. But Porygon-Z was relentless, a combination of the Maverick Virus's reprogramming, and its own nature as an efficient program. ...Not something that usually applies to Porygon-Z, I agree, but still. It's still a program.

-Tri Attack- it announced, shooting off beams of fire, electricity, and ice off at where it calculated Mewtwo's position to be. ...All for

naught, for it detected that nothing contacted the beams except for the wall.

That was when Mewtwo Teleported directly above it, a large blue energy sphere in his hands. *" **Focus Blast** !"* he yelled, sending the unusually special-type Fighting-type move down on Porygon-Z's head. Focus Blast is normally notorious for having a dodgy hit rate, but when tossed on top of your head? That's going to leave a mark for sure.

And leave a mark it did. Not only was Porygon-Z slammed into the floor, leaving a crater that almost hit the Third Floor, Porygon-Z's physical from started glitching out. It seemed to be loosing its program cohesion. **-Error. EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEError-** it droned, gaining a more electronic tone to its voice.

That was when Mewtwo made a mistake. He relaxed, thinking this was as good as done. He really should have known better, because while Porygon-Z started convulsing, it now had a lock on him.

-ConverERRRORsion 2. Shock Wave- the corrupted Pokémon announced. Due to its errors, it reverted back into its original Normal-type, but was still able to fire off the Shock Wave. Mewtwo quickly raised a Protect shield to block it, but he got a rude awakening when he lowered it.

-Hyper Beeeeeeam- Porygon-Z declared, firing off the massive energy beam at Mewtwo, which hit him directly in the midsection and sent him through the wall.

CRASH

BANG

...Uh, make that three walls.

-Recharging- Porygon-Z announced. Hyper Beam is a fairly intensive attack after all, and any Pokémon that uses it typically has

a cool-down period immediately after its use.

-Charged. Hyper Be-

*" **Disable** !"* Mewtwo interrupted, Teleporting directly in front of the Porygon and stopping it from firing it again. Then, he pivoted on his right foot, slamming his tail into the data life form and smacking it into the wall, near one a computer that was surprisingly untouched by the fight.

-Cri-Critical System F-Failure- Porygon-Z stuttered. **-R-Retreat N-N-N-Necessary-** it decided. Its form flashed, and started breaking apart into data. Data that started flying into the computer, causing its screen to glow an eerie purple.

"NO!" Mewtwo reacted in horror. If it got away, then things were likely to go pear-shaped. ...Mewtwo had hoped it wouldn't end up like this, but it seemed he had no choice.

A large psychic energy field started building up around Mewtwo. He poured almost all of his remaining power into it, the energy continuing to grow. When he was all but spent, that was when he knew it had reached its peak. *" **PSYSTRIIIIKE** !"* he roared, blasting the energy out around him. It rocketed towards the Porygon-Z, and hit both it and the computer. The bizarre energy of the Psystrike, combined with Porygon-Z's desire to flee and its data being both in and out of the computer caused a chain reaction.

...Said reaction was a giant explosion that knocked Mewtwo back onto his back, too tired to support himself psychically. When he could raise himself back off the floor with his arms, he saw that that the computer had been blown to smithereens, while an odd fog of sorts surrounded its remains, sparks of electricity flashing.

Mewtwo was severely exhausted. But one thing kept niggling at his mind after that fight. *"I...I don't believe it. I'm out of practice fighting.* Me *,"* he said in disbelief.

"Mewtwo!" Just then, Zero dashed up, his Z-Saber drawn and ready. When he saw the devastation, and also no signs of any more enemies, he relaxed, but didn't sheath it. "What happened?" he demanded.

"Gh...The Mavericks infected a Porygon with the Virus. I was forced to terminate it," Mewtwo said uncomfortably, finally managing to exert his psychic powers again, enough that he could get to his feet. Tapping into the remains of his energy, he fired off a Recover to at least fix his physical exhaustion as well as the odd few injuries he had obtained.

Zero gave him a sympathetic look. "I'm sorry," he said. "It never really does get easier. Truthfully, I hope it never does, because if it ever starts, that's when you know you've lost it. X flirted with that line for a while in baseline, but he managed to recognize it and step away from it," he mentioned. He then sighed. "Still, we managed to stop the Mavericks, so I guess the mission was a success on paper."

"But that won't bring back the people and Pokémon whose lives were lost here," Mewtwo added solemnly.

"Yeah," Zero admitted. The two were silent for a few minutes, thinking back on what had happened here, before Zero started to speak again. "Come on, let's back to HQ. You look like you could use some rest."

"Rest...and training. I'm out of practice," Mewtwo admitted, before transporting both back to Abel City.

However, unbeknownst to them, Porygon-Z was not quite as gone as they thought. Its program was fragmented, and it had lost almost everything. But it still remembered the last action it had been attempting.

Escape.

And escape it did, although what remained of its AI had no idea where it was. Porygon-Z were originally created in the thoughts of exploring other dimensions, but it had never been able to work out. But the corrupt power of the Maverick Virus, combined with Mewtwo's psychic abilities and the computer, had managed to weaken the barriers between Earth and one particular dimension. Enough that Porygon-Z's fragmented data could burst through, but at the cost of everything.

What coding remained drifted throughout the strange, new, *digital* realm it found itself, where almost everything was constructed out of data.

There, a creature of sorts noted the data. It saw what had happened to Porygon, and felt sorry for it on an instinctual level. So it decided to send it on its way to the same place the native life forms went to be reborn. The reincarnation program accepted the data readily enough. It struggled to remove the remnants of the Maverick Virus, but it had never encountered anything like it before, and it had incorporated itself into Porygon's own base coding.

Accepting this, the program gave up and attempted to adapt everything. It was a short time later that it managed to rework the data into a usable form.

And that was how a small black and grey Digi-egg arrived in Primary Village this Loop, containing what would soon be one of the most powerful Virus-type Digimon of them all.

...But also one of the most honorable.

22.2 (Harosata)

FAT PLUMBER GUY

Mario looked up and then down at himself.

AND, UH, FAIRY BOY

Link frowned at the nickname.

AND, UH, MUTATED RAT THING

Pikachu's cheeks sparked with anger.

AND, UH, MARSHMALLOW

Kirby looked around before realizing that was him.

WHATEVER

The four waited for the voice to say something, but after a moment of silence and realizing that word was the signal to fight, Pikachu was the first to speak. "Did Master Hand get replaced by another announcer?"

Link shrugged. "At least it wasn't Stanley's Narrator this time."

22.3 (Saphroneth)

"Grovyle?"

"Yes?" Grovyle asked, trying to look unimportant.

"Explain."

"Well..." Grovyle adjusted his gigantic penguin hat. "I thought it would improve his confidence."

"And how," Chimchar asked, slowly, "does *this* improve Piplup's confidence?"

"Being the focal point of a religion is a very uplifting experience," Grovyle said.

"And where did you get that idea, exactly?"

Grovyle ticked off points on his claws. "Celebi, Mew, Mewtwo, and Ash."

"...Ash?" Chimchar waved his hand. "No, don't tell me, I don't want to know..."

"Pikachu proclaimed him the saviour and master of Legendaries-"

"I said I didn't want to know! Anyway, let's see if we can try and stop this before it spreads..."

"Define 'before'," Grovyle requested.

"...how bad is it?"

"Wigglytuff *may* now be a priest."

22.4 (Gamerex27)

"Squirtle..."

"Just a second!" the Water-type Pokémon said, staring in the mirror. "...hat fits alright...don't need the bubble pipe, I *am* the bubble pipe...tweed jacket's waterproof *enough* ..."

"...why Sherlock Holmes?" Charmander asked. "I *know* it's some kind of joke, but I don't get the punchline."

Chikorita suddenly groaned, facevining.

"I just got it," Chikorita said. "That's a *really* bad joke. No Pokémon is going to *get* that!"

"They don't have to *get* it for me to mess with them," Squirtle retorted, turning back to them with a swish of his overcoat. "Now, the game's afoot. Let's go investigate some *Mystery Dungeons!* "

Charmander hissed in pain, clutching at his chest. "Ow. *Ow* . That *actually hurt* . And at *least* let *us* get into costume, too, if you're going through with this!"

"...Oh, okay! There should be a few more Sherlock suits in the corner. I bought some extra last Hub Loop, just in case they got too waterlogged for me to wear."

"That's not what I...never mind."

22.5 (MuEpsilon)

"Heracross, I choose you!"

At Ash's call, the Single Horn Pokémon emerged from his Pokéball...wearing a coat of still-dripping crimson paint.

Behind Ash, Pikachu facepawed. This was definitely one of the more bizarre variants of his Trainer and best friend.

Across the field, Tobias froze, an order on his lips, before rubbing his eyes and blinking several times.

"Uhm..." he finally said, "I really have to ask: Why did you paint your Pokémon red?"

Ash looked at his opponent as if he had just asked whether or not the sky was blue.

"Because red goes faster!" he responded.

"...How do you figure that?"

"Well, Pokéballs are red, yes?"

Tobias blinked at the non sequitur.

"...I...suppose..."

"And Pokéballs are used to catch things."

"...Right..."

"You have to be fast to catch things."

"...I'm...not sure I follow your logic."

"Therefore, red must be fast!"

Tobias tried for several moments to process Ash's logic. Eventually, he gave up and simply ordered Darkrai to attack: his opponent was clearly insane.

None were more surprised than he when Darkrai took a Megahorn at Mach 3.

After the tournament...

"Ash," said Dawn, "Do you seriously believe Pokéballs can catch things only because they're red?" Secretly, she was thinking the same as Pikachu. This was a very bizarre version of Ash.

"Of course!" was the response. "Why else would they be that color?"

"Oh? How do you explain Great Balls then?"

"Blue is lucky."

Dawn blinked.

"Uhm...Ultra Balls?"

"Yellow means more dakka."

"More what now?"

Ash ignored the question.

"Therefore, throwing one is equivalent to throwing *two* Pokéballs."

Dawn was growing desperate.

"Oh...well...what about Master Balls?"

"Purple is the sneakiest color."

Dawn sagged, defeated. Slowly raising her head, she looked up at Ash's newest Pokémon.

Arceus had the decency to look ashamed.

22.6 (Lord Circe)

Charizard banked to the left as he circled around the large tower at the center of Lumiose City. He beat his wings to slow to a hover next to the tower platform and twisted his neck to study the small sheet of paper clutched (gently) in his claw.

You are cordially invited to the

First Annual Meeting

of

The Flying Type Warriors of Ash Ketchum

To be hosted in

The Crobat Bar

in

Lumiose City

Sincerely, Your Host

Pidgeot

Charizard was somewhat curious how Pidgeot had managed to make the handwritten invitation, but he was currently studying the aerial map that had been helpfully provided on the bottom of the invitation.

' *That street is heading north, so that is that street on the map. There are those parallel side streets, so it should be... there.* '

Charizard nodded, then tucked his wings in and dive down towards the roof he thought matched the marking on the map. He shifted slightly to avoid a Vivillon that was drifting at rooftop height, then landed with a dull thud on the street. Glancing up, a large sign with a faded picture of a Crobat confirmed that he had the right place.

On his back, Gliscor let go of the small neck harness Charizard had been wearing. "{Thanks for the ride. I'm just not made for long distance flight like that.}"

"{No problem,}" Charizard snorted, then stepped forward and pushed into the bar.

"{I say, boy, I say! What are y'all doing here now?}"

Charizard blinked twice as Staraptor came blustering up to them the moment they entered the bar. Wordlessly, he lifted his invitation, then stretched his wings behind him. "{This does say Flying Type, not Bird Type.}"

Staraptor raised his wing, his beak open to argue, only to pause. After a good, three seconds of silence, he simply jabbed his wing forward, punctuating his declaration that, "{That is, I say, that is a point.}" The bombastic bird then strutted off towards where Swellow and Unfezant were chatting over a bowl of nuts.

Charizard snorted, sending a small flare into the air after Staraptor, before turning to examine the room. Gliscor had moved over to chat with Noctowl, Pidgeot was having an animated discussion with Fletchinder over wing positions, given the way Pidgeot was flexing her wings, and, for some reason, Heracross was sitting at the bar with a bottle of honey.

Charizard spotted two small figures sitting next to Heracross and grinned, carefully making his way over while weaving between wooden chairs and tables, minding where he swung his tail.

"{So, you're the new meat…}"

At his statement, Hawlucha leapt up, silently shifting into a defensive stance, one of his wings slightly extended to cover Noibat, who was simply staring up at Charizard with rapidly watering eyes. Charizard internally grimaced, as he had forgotten how sensitive the young dragon/bat was. He typically didn't have a chance to interact with the Kalos team during most Loops. He quickly waved his claw. "{I just wanted to greet you, and give you an idea of how far you'll be able to go working with Ash.}"

Slowly, Hawlucha lowered his guard, nodding, while Noibat sniffled a couple of times, eyes still gleaming wetly. However, before Charizard could say anything else, a series of loud thuds behind him cut him off. Charizard turned slightly to see what the commotion was about.

Apparently, Staraptor had wandered over to Pidgeot and Fletchinder's discussion, and he and Pidgeot had quite obviously gotten into an argument about wing positioning. Staraptor was holding his wings straight, then performing a broad sweeping motion, while Pidgeot's wings were curved, making shallow scooping motions in the air. As Charizard watched, both birds pulled their wings further back, and his eyes widened as he realized what was about to happen. He quickly shifted, turning his back on the impending disaster and spread his wings to shield the two smaller Pokémon. Seconds later, the wind of the two arguing birds' wings collided with a tremendous boom.

Chairs and tables went flying, colliding in midair with crashes and cracks. Charizard winced as a table leg banged into the edge of his wing, but otherwise weathered the wind with no trouble. Heracross, who had been oblivious to the danger, was flipped horn first over the bar, colliding with the wine rack across from him.

"OK, look, if you are going to have a wing force contest, go do it in an open-air bar!" The bartender snapped as he straightened up from where he had ducked behind his bar. One of the windswept human patrons looked at him incredulously, and the bartender shrugged. "I've owned this bar for forty years. This is a typical Thursday."

"Is *this* a typical Thursday?" The same patron asked, having just exited next to the bartender to find Lugia, the Guardian of the Sea perched on the roof across the street and psychically apologizing to the Pidgeot for being late.

Numbly, the bartender shook his head, while behind them, Charizard smirked.

22.7 (fractalman)

"Pokétech support," said Ash.

"It's broken."

"What's broken?"

"It's broken."

"Sir, I can't help you unless you tell me what's broken."

"…My Pokédex."

"Broken as in smashed to pieces by a Pokémon attack or broken as in won't turn on?"

"It's broken."

Ash clenched and unclenched his fist. "Sir, if you do not clarify, we won't be able to help you."

"I dunno, it just doesn't work."

Ash gritted his teeth. "Sir, I want you to open your Pokédex."

There was a long pause. "How do I do that?"

Ash hit the mute button. "ARRRRRRGGG!"

(Me)

' *Was I ever* this *stupid?! Because if I was, I deserve all those jokes the others have made about my lack of intelligence!'*

22.8 (Saphroneth)

Latias blinked. "Wait, run that by me again?"

Pikachu duly ran it by her again.

"That's stupid," she said, shaking her head. "Why do people think I have a crush on Ash?"

"Your in-Loop self from this branch actually kind of does," Pikachu informed her, and got a wince in return.

"My in-Loop self has strange tastes..."

"Hey, it's not so bad," Togepi said, walking over. "At least you only have to deal with AltoShipping."

There was a pause, during which Pikachu looked at Togepi as though she'd disappointed him.

"You actually use those terms?" Pikachu asked. "Really?"

"What terms?" Latias began, plaintively.

"I'd like to see you come up with a better term!" Togepi said firmly. "It's also a bit easier to say AltoShipping than it is to say that-idea-where-Ash-has-a-relationship-with-Latias..."

"This is just-"

"Wait," Latios said, coming into the conversation with a smirk. "If this AltoShipping is a term, there must be others. Let's hear them."

Pikachu sighed, got out a music player, stuck the headphones in his ears, and started to power it with his cheeks. "Let me know when you're done."

Togepi grinned. "Right!" she said, firmly. "Let's start alphabetically. There's AbilityShipping, which is Ash and Anabel-"

"Who?"

"Not important right now. Then there's AccordShipping, which is Tonio and Alice. There's-"

Latias blinked. "I don't know either of those!"

"This is why I said it'd take forever!" Pikachu said loudly.

22.9 (Jcogginsa)

"You know, I really should have seen this coming," Misty said as she laid eyes on a very blond ten year old, who most certainly wasn't Ash Ketchum.

"How peculiar. I can't see why though. All I can say is that little electric mouse sent me your way. Said we'd have a lot in common," the blond boy with a beard, which was weird, said sincerely.

"Well I am a Water-type gym leader, so that makes sense, Arthur. Or is it Orin?" Misty asked.

"Arthur," the youth replied. "So, what's a Gym Leader?" Arthur asked

"They're special trainers who use teams made up of a single type. Trainers battle them to prove their strength. They also have some legal authority, depending on where they live."

"Sounds like something worth trying. How do I become one?"

"Varies, depending on the loop. This loop, you have to get letter's of recommendation from each gym leader, then battle the Elite 4 with a monotype team. It's not easy."

Arthur grinned roguishly. "Well, let's get started."

22.10 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

Chatot was unsure what to expect from this new exploration team Wigglytuff let inside, but this was not what he expected. They were three, Charmander, Squirtle and Chikorita. Originally, they arrived asking to join the ranks of a "rescue" team, but there were no Pokémon that needed rescuing right then. Wigglytuff offered to let them join as an exploration team then asked what their skills were. The three shared a smirk and replied, "Glad you asked. We'll show you at the evening meal after everyone eats."

Well that came and went. When the last person finished eating, the lights in the room dimmed, even though no one touched the candles. Spotlights appeared and shone on the stage...where there had been no stage or spotlight...upon the curtains. Speakers started blaring as the curtain slid back, revealing Charmander and Chikorita winking at the audience. Squirtle ran from the back onto the stage just as the music finished building up. The song took a bouncy tone as Charmander and Squirtle waved their hands and bodies back and

forth, along with Chikorita who was bounding her front legs from side to side while her leaf mimicked the waving motions.

Squirtle pulled out a mic from nowhere and started singing,

"Women are you ready to join us now?

Hands in the air, we will show you how,

Come and try, Caramell will be your guide.

Come and move your hips sing Oaa-aa-a

Look at you two hips singing La-La-La.

You and me, can sing this melody."

It was by this point that Wigglytuff jumped up and started dancing too, which brought everyone else from the guild into the dance.

Oaa-Oaa-Oaa

Dance to the beat, raise your hands together

come feel the heat, forever and forever,

Listen and learn, it is time for prancing

Now we are here, with Caramelldansing,

O-O-Oaa

O-O-Oaa

O-O-Oaa

O-O-Oaa

Chatot watched as the gathered Pokémon danced without reservation, shrugged his wings and joined in with the rest.

22.1 - Part 1 of **Mega Mon X: Reunion of Partners** , the Prologue. Next time, look out as we tackle the plots of Xtreme 1, X3, and maybe Xtreme 2 and X4. Anyway, I've stuffed a bunch of references to Ashes of the Past in here. Which is probably the only way it'll show up in the Loops, as Saph himself has said it's incompatible.

22.2 - Link has some kind of beef with The Stanley Parable's Narrator. Not sure why, he seems alright enough.

22.3 - I'm not sure what this has to do with exploring, Grovyle, unless you're exploring just how much you can get away with.

22.4 - ...Yeah, is it bad that I don't get the joke either?

22.5 - Basically, everything Ash said was WH40K Ork logic. Also, amusingly enough, the catch rate of an Ultra Ball is roughly two times that of a regular Pokéball. Well, 2.5x to be exact...I suppose that was what MuEpsilon was going for now that I think about it...Yep, I'm an idiot.

22.6 - Of course Lugia counts, why wouldn't he?

22.7 - Feel the pain, Ash. FEEL IT!

22.8 - Oh, god, shipping! Keep it away!

22.9 - The OUTRAGEOUS Aquaman, now on a quest to become a Water-type Gym Leader.

22.10 - Carmelldansen Pokémon? ...Yeah, I don't get it either.

Chapter 23

23.1

Ash laughed as Pikachu leaped up onto his shoulder. "Well, looks like another Loop together, huh, buddy?" he asked his best friend and Anchor.

"Looks like. So, what do you want to do this time?" Pikachu questioned.

"I just figured a regular baseline run. See if we can find a few Mega Stones. We hardly ever run into any," Ash commented.

Pikachu thought about it. Mega Stones seemed to avoid them like the plague, true. "Sure. But let's try to avoid letting anyone go for strange reasons."

"And honor promises that were meant to be kept," Ash added, nodding in agreement, thinking about Pidgeot. He was definitely coming back this time, he swore it.

Later, in Hoenn...

"This is patently ridiculous," Pikachu sighed.

"It's not *that* bad," Ash said hesitantly.

"Oh really? Explain that, then," Pikachu said, pointing at the ridiculous thing. Specifically, Noctowl and Swellow fighting over Pidgeot, who was looking quite unamused.

"Swellow I can somewhat see..." Ash ventured out.

"Really?" Pikachu interrupted with a smug grin.

"Shut up. Anyway, I can somewhat see Swellow doing this, but why's Noctowl?!" he asked incredulously. The answer, sadly, would never be found out.

"{THAT'S IT!}" Pidgeot screeched out, a familiar red aura covering her body. "{ **HURRICANE** !}" she declared, sending gale-force winds at the fighting birds and sending them flying off into the sky.

As she huffed and preened at her much longer head feathers, Ash felt his jaw drop.

"Did...Did Pidgeot just Mega Evolve through *sheer rage?* " he said faintly.

"Huh. Guess it's true what they say, you know, about women and rage," Pikachu commented.

"Really?"

"I don't know. I'm a Pokémon, not a librarian."

23.2 (fractalman, See Mohn, Gamerex27, Evilhumour, wildrook)

"Pokétech support, how can I help you".

"Hi," said Ash, "my Pokéball is stuck shut, with a Pokémon inside."

"Have you tried unplugging it?"

"It's a *Pokéball* . It doesn't *have* a plug."

"Have you tried turning it on and off again?"

"It's. A. *Pokéball* . You *can't* turn it on or off!"

"...Sir, have you tried pushing the reset button?"

"IT'S A POKÉBALL! THE BUTTON LETS THE POKÉMON *OUT* OF THE ARCEUS-DANGED BALL!"

"Sir, please do not swear at me. I am trying to help you by going over all the troubleshooting steps. If you continue to use this language, I will be forced to terminate your contact with us."

Ash then growled. ' *I had less trouble with Snorlax than this,* ' he thought.

"Ash," Pikachu said, climbing on his shoulder, "put the call on speaker."

"Uh...alright."

Ask clicked the corresponding button, and Pikachu leaned into the phone.

"Oh, *that's* not swearing," Pikachu said. " *THIS* is swearing." He took a deep breath. "Pikachu. Pika. Pi *ka* chu. Pikapikapika. Pi. Ka. *Chu* . PIKACHU!"

"Hey, *that's* a bit far!" Ash said, blushing. "I mean, his mom didn't do any of this!"

"Sir, please ask your Pokémon to get off the line. The Pokéspeak is distracting, and it may short circuit the call."

"C'mon," Pikachu muttered as Ash took the call off speaker, "I've got more self control than that. And I'm *obviously* a he, not an it! Do you *see* this tail?!" he asked, pointing at his angled and edged appendage.

" *If you could hurry up,"* Mewtwo muttered from inside the ball, " *it would be greatly appreciated. I have Team Rocket goons to torment this Loop, and being stuck in this accursed ball is not helping."*

23.3 (See Mohn)

"May, I really don't think this is a good idea," Norman said with concern as his daughter stepped onto the Gym floor.

She grinned. "I told you, Dad, I've been practicing! Now send him out." Behind her, Blaziken put his head in his talons.

Norman hesitantly brought out a ball. "I'm not having Slaking battle you. If you really want to try this, here's a Spinda – *go easy on her* ," he finished in a whisper that was directed at Spinda.

May got in a fighting stance. "Okay, Blaziken, let's do it!"

Norman gaped as light engulfed May. When it dissipated, she was now – "What the..."

Fire streamed from May's wrists. "I'm *Mega May* now- ACK MY CLOTHES ARE ON FIRE PUT IT OUT PUT IT OUT!"

Blaziken snickered as his trainer frantically rolled on the sand floor to put out the fire. "{This is why Fire-types don't wear clothes.}"

23.4 (readerboy7)

My name is Tobias. I don't really need to hide my surname these days, but I'm doing so anyway. It's tradition.

I Awoke on a beach, with my feathers soaked through, probably by the waves. Great. It'd take hours for me to dry out enough to be able to fly again, and that was assuming the red monkey in front of me wasn't hostile. If it was, I'd have to retrieve my escafil device from my subspace pocket, and hope I acquired the monkey – which I just now noticed had a flaming tail – in time.

Then the monkey talked. Well, not exactly talked, per se. What came out of its mouth was 'Chim. Chimchar', but what I heard was, "Hey.

Are you Piplup in some variant body, or a visiting looper?"

I jumped back. I've seen some pretty strange things in my time as a looper, especially that time when I'd replaced my father, but I hadn't yet lost the capacity for surprise that some of the more experienced loopers had. This was unfortunate, as I fell directly onto a wave, which carried me back to shore, right in front of the monkey.

Were I still human, I would have groaned. Instead, I just chose to act as though nothing had happened. «Visiting looper. I'm Tobias, Anchor for the Animorphs loops. Pleased to meet you.»

"Huh. A psychic Starly. Never seen that before."

«What do you mean, Starly? I'm a red-tailed hawk.»

"Huh? You're a hawk? But you look like a normal Starly in every way."

I had no idea what a Starly was, but I was definitely a hawk. I moved my wing to gesture to him that I was... what the? My wing was supposed to be brown and red, not grey and black!

I tried to look for my reflection in the sea, but there were too many waves to make out anything. The bubbles, pretty as they were, didn't provide much of a reflection either. So I retrieved dad's old TV – from back when he was human – from my subspace pocket, and looked at my reflection.

I looked like a pigeon. Not only was I waterlogged and unable to fly, I was a prey animal, the type of food no self-respecting hawk would turn down. Well, I'd just have to make the best of it. «So I guess I am a Starly, whatever that is. Would you mind introducing yourself, and telling me where I am?»

"I'm Chimchar, and this is the Mystery Dungeon branch of the Pokémon loops (well, one of the Loops in it, anyway)."

«Pokémon? You mean like those trading cards I've seen kids play with?»

"Seriously? You only know about Pokémon from the trading cards? What year is your loop set in?"

«The late nineties.»

"You have a lot of media to catch up on, Tobias. Unfortunately, I can't start showing you what you've missed out on right now. Team Skull is going to try and steal my Relic Fragment in a few minutes, and it's more convenient when I let them."

«Fine. But you're going to start by explaining how this loop works. I know some loopers like going in blind, but I'm not one of them.»

As soon as I said that, a bat, accompanied by a purple cratered sphere – Wheezing, I think it was called – knocked into Chimchar and sent a rock flying off of him from who-knows-where. Some insults and a theft later, they raced off into a cave.

«Before we enter the cave, can I please take some of your fur?»

"You've got it. Although, could you start speaking normally? A lot of people around here are going to be weirded out if you keep imitating a Psychic-type."

"Yeah right. Li..." I said. I actually vocalised words, using a beak. That shouldn't be possible. A beak is not capable of producing audible words. And yet, it did so anyway. Deciding to put off thinking about this impossibility for later, I bit off a small patch of fur from Chimchar's thigh, and stored it in my subspace pocket.

"I can morph into any animal I acquire the DNA of once I get an escafil device out of my subspace pocket," I said, retrieving one as I did so. I then pressed my talon against it, and head-butted it to Chimchar. "Keep it. I've got spares."

As we started walking – not flying, much to my annoyance – towards the cave, Chimchar began talking. "Right. The first thing you should know is that evolution doesn't work at the moment, because time is malfunctioning. It'll come back after we beat up Dialga, so don't worry."

"Question," I said. "What's evolution?"

In response, Chimchar buried his face in his hands and groaned.

23.5 (Saphroneth)

"Et voila!" Cilan said, sliding the bowls across the table to Red, Blue and Green. "My speciality!"

"Isn't this guy that Gym Leader from Unova?" Green asked Red quietly as the chef went off to start preparing dessert. "And why's he cooking for us?"

"Well, you know Pikachu's branch?" Red asked. "Ash and Pikachu befriend Cilan pretty often, and I was in their place recently."

He shrugged. "It just occurred to me it might be nice to eat out, that's all. Push the boat out a bit... and he was the first person I thought of."

"Right," Blue said, looking down at the soup. He picked up a bit of it in the spoon, sipped, and made a face.

"...Red?"

"Yeah?" Red asked, sprinkling more pepper on his bowl.

"This isn't soup. It's a letter off."

Red, Green and Pika all blinked at him.

"It's soap."

"Really?" Red asked, sipping his own, then taking some from Blue's bowl. "No, pretty normal cilantro soup."

"...so *that's* where his name comes from!" Green said triumphantly.

"What's that?" Cilan asked.

"Uh, nothing!" she called back. "Thanks for the meal!"

"No problem!" Cilan assured them. "Any friend of Red's is a friend of mine!"

"I gave him help with his Lillipup," Red explained quietly. "Sorry, Blue, no idea what's wrong with your soup, it tastes fine to me..."

23.6 (crossoverpairinglover)

"When the world is plunged into eternal darkness, I shall be the only source of light and hope in the world! For I shall become the new god of this world! Arceus himself will have no choice but to acknowledge me!"

Piplup and Chimchar exchanged 'really' looks as they discovered that Darkrai had been replaced this loop.

Not by another legendary Pokémon.

Not by a villain from some other universe.

But a nightlight.

A giant, sentient, evil, nightlight.

How did that even work?!

23.7 (readerboy7)

"I'm Max," said the voice on the television. On the screen were two children in a laboratory. Sid wondered what they were doing there. There weren't many Pokémon in laboratories other than Voltorbs, and the two had already done those.

"And I'm Tracey Sketchit. And this is PokéMyth Busters."

"After filming last week's episode in Lavender City, we saw an unusual Pokémon, with an unusual Pokédex entry." Said Max. "Tracey, please bring out the newest edition of the Kanto Pokédex."

Tracey brought out a Pokédex, more advanced than the one he had. Sid had always planned to buy that version, but he kept getting distracted at camping stores. How anyone could resist a Magikarp sleeping bag, Sid didn't know.

Cubone. The lonely Pokémon.

It wears the skull of its dead mother on its head. When it becomes lonesome, it is said to cry loudly.

"Here, at the Cinnabar Pokémon Lab," said Tracey, "Home of the first Pokémon Resurrection Machine, with the help of our Pokémon/Human translator Meowth, we shall test that myth."

Sid frowned. It wasn't as if captured Pokémon died of anything but old age, so why use a Resurrection Machine?

"For those not in the know," said Max, while Tracey released a Cubone and a Meowth from her Pokéballs, "Pokémon Resurrection Machines can be used to restore fossils back to life. But more importantly, they can restore Pokémon from skeletons. Even if all the machine has is a single skull."

As Sid watched, the Cubone finished speaking with the Meowth. Then, with utmost reverence, it turned its head away from the screen. Lifting the skull helmet from its head, the Cubone walked

towards the machine in front of it. It then pressed a button, and—the TV cut to a commercial break.

After Sid forced himself to wait until the end of the show to buy himself a new lightweight tent (less than two Kg!), the TV cut back to the programme. The Cubone, now with aluminium foil covering its head, stood in front of the machine. The whirring stopped. The door of the machine opened. Smoke flew out, and the Cubone rushed in. Sid's ears were filled with the joyful sounds of "Bone. Cu. Cubone" and "Wak. Marowak. Rowak."

Max shouted over the noise. "Well, that Myth was true! Tracey! Did you see the Cubone's face?!" at the shake of Tracey's head, he continued. "Cameramen?! Well, seems like last edition's entry of people never seeing a Cubone's face is also true!

"Well, that's it for this Episode! Tune in next time for the next myth!"

Then the credits rolled. Blinking the tears out of his eyes, Sid turned off the TV, and then rushed out of the house. He had to buy that tent before it sold out.

23.8 (Lord Circe)

Elsa sighed as she rubbed her forehead. "OK, run it by me one more time?"

Off to the side, Anna giggled, while Pikachu, or rather Helen this Loop, let out a long breath. "All right, we are all shrine maidens at Shamouti Island, one for each legendary elemental bird. You have been pestering Anna and I for weeks about going out on an adventure and seeing the world with Articuno, while Anna and I, responsible sisters that we are, have been standing firm on the idea that you have responsibilities here that you can't just abandon for a flight of fancy. You decided to sneak out today, and the two of us just caught you, when we all Woke Up."

Elsa nodded slowly, before shaking her head. "Yes, that's what I thought you said and what I remembered, but I still just can't picture Anna being the responsible one."

"Hey!" Anna put her hands on her hips of her decorative kimono. "I can be plenty responsible." She maintained her scowl for all of three seconds, before breaking down in giggles again.

Elsa smiled at her, before turning around. "Right, well, I'm going to change out of these tight pants and make myself a proper ice dress, and then we can discuss what we will do this Loop."

23.9 (Saphroneth)

Hot and cold air swirled around, fed by hot-tempered confidence and cool-minded dispassion.

"Hiryu Shoten Ha!" Ranma called, triggering the spiral of heated and cooled air to mix and producing an almighty tornado of wind.

For several seconds, the whirlwind of focused *ki* snatched at his clothes and sent a great plume of dust soaring into the air.

When it faded, his target shrugged.

"It looks like it counts," Vee said, shaking out her furry tendrils.

"Interesting," Ranma mused. "Let's try a Dragon Ball punch next."

"...A what?" Vee asked, still a Sylveon, then saw Ranma produce the Four Star ball out of thin air. "Oh, that's a-"

Ranma punched her with it.

"Ow," she muttered, digging herself out of the wall. "Did you have to hit so hard?"

"No," Ranma admitted. "But you have to admit, it answers that question. Not *everything* with dragon in the name counts."

"Remind me to tell you about Dragon Ascent sometime..." Vee said, shaking her head. "Are we done now?"

"Sure, why not."

23.10 (Scorntex)

With all Loops, there were travails to be found with the un-Awake, or those who had not yet, for whatever reason, began Looping.

Red knew this pain especially well, for of his initial team, two of them were Looping, and the third, his almost signature Pokémon, was not.

Which he noted was something of a nuisance, since, logistics of battles without one of his powerhouses aside, Pika's favourite activity on a lazy afternoon, especially early on, was finding new and exciting ways to hit him with large amounts of electricity.

His gloves were meant to prevent that, but Pika had not survived living in Viridian City for as long as he had by being stupid, and had found several ways around them already. Red had even taken to sleeping with the gloves on, just in case. In case of what exactly, even Red didn't know. It just seemed to be just in case of just in case.

So, as Pika tried to hit Red with another thunderbolt, instead of training for upcoming battles, the ace of Pallet Town could think only one thing:

I really hope he starts Looping soon. And the quicker that happens, the better .

This Set was actually a bit shorter than I realized. ...Oh well, whatever.

23.1 - Hell hath no fury indeed...

23.2 - Now Ash is stuck on the other end of incompetence.

23.3 - Remember that Loop where Blaziken replaced Brendan and May replaced the starter Torchic? Also, now I want fan-art of Mega May.

23.4 - Pokémorphs. ...NOT LIKE THAT! Also, Tobias is well aware what actual real life evolution is, having been a dino buff...before he almost got eaten by one. He could tell that Chimchar meant a different context to the word though, and he didn't know what the context was.

23.5 - There's some kind of genetic weirdness that makes some people think cilantro tastes like soap. And unfortunately, Blue was one of them that Loop.

23.6 - And no, it's not a Chandelure.

23.7 - The return of PokéMyth Busters! Now with literal Dex Entries!

23.8 - Prequel to that snip where Mewtwo showed Elsa that one memory of his.

23.9 - Not all things with dragon in their name count as Dragon enough for a Fairy-type's immunity.

23.10 - This is obviously set before Pika actually Awakened, of course.

Chapter 24

As a note before we continue, someone drew fan-art of Mega May. Visit cqpkitty's deviantart page.

24.1

When Charizard Awoke to a new loop, he noticed two things. The first was that he was a Charmander, which was par for the course at the start of a regular loop. However, the bigger thing was the person who stood in front of him, who had just Pinged.

"Gary?" Charmander asked in surprise, looking up at the grandson of Professor Oak.

"Wrong Oak. I'm Blue," he corrected. "You...you're Ash's Charizard, aren't you? No other reason you'd think I was Gary," Blue reasoned.

Charmander snapped his claws. "Oh yeah! You're pretty much Red's version of Gary!"

"Something like that," Blue said, rolling his eyes.

"Right, so what are we doing?" Charmander questioned.

"Well, as it happens, you're replacing my starter, who's also of the Charmander line," the Trainer told him.

"Really? Well, I'll roll with that for this Loop. I've got some training I need to do," Charmander declared.

"All right," Blue agreed.

"Why did I agree to this again?" Blue groaned.

"Oh, quit your belly-aching already!" Charizard roared at him, in between dodging Kyurem's claws.

Blue still had no idea how the pseudo-dragon had convinced him to go all the way to Unova just for this. "Didn't you say you had some kind of plan?!" he tossed back, even as the Boundary Pokémon slammed Charizard into the ground.

"Of course. Feast your eyes on this!" Charizard declared. Kyurem roared and fired a Dragon Pulse at him, which Charizard dodged as he flew right at Kyurem.

"Eat this!" he roared, right before he collided with Kyurem and erupted into an explosion powerful enough that Blue was knocked off his feet from where he was standing, on the ground.

Blue's Scizor immediately released himself from his Pokéball, and went to pick his trainer up. As Blue got back to his feet, he noticed two things.

The first was that Charizard was lying in a small crater in front of him.

The other was that Kyurem was unconscious in front of both of them in an even bigger crater. Out of habit, Blue tossed an Ultra Ball at it, before turning to Charizard.

"What the hell was that?!" he demanded.

"Gh...ow," Charizard groaned as he pulled himself out of the crater. As he did, he noticed that his right wing's wing membrane was torn. "Arceus damn it," he grumbled.

"What. Was. That?" Blue repeated.

"Blast Burn," Charizard grunted.

"{I was under the impression that Blast Burn was a Special move,}" Scizor pondered.

" *Normally,* it is. It's a physical variation I invented during my last Smash loop. Still need to work out a few kinks," Charizard explained.

Blue frowned in thought. "That looked a bit like Flare Blitz," he noted.

"It was modified from Flare Blitz, yeah," the Lizard Pokémon agreed.

"Seems a bit dangerous with all that recoil. I could help you fine-tune it," Blue offered, before seeing the Ultra Ball stop shaking. Kyurem was caught.

"Hey, thanks, Blue."

"No problem, although I am slightly annoyed that you keep calling me Gary..."

24.2 (Zulaq)

"Are you a boy, or a girl?"

"Er, Gramps?" Gary asked, confused. "Shouldn't you already know this? You practically *raised* me!"

"Game loops," Red shrugged, "be thankful that he at least remembers your name properly. Blue's had to live with all sorts of weird, bizarre or downright insulting names."

Professor Oak scowled at the pair. "Yes, I know it's stupid, but I'm legally required to ask these questions. If I don't get a proper answer, video recorded naturally, the League will shut down the lab. Now sit down and answer the question."

24.3 (Firehawk242)

Flora was used to not being entirely human. She was a fairy who was also a vampire. She'd been a witch before. She'd even been a cyborg in one loop, although fortunately that hadn't stuck. However,

she was used to being *humanoid* . Thus her current disorientation. She was some sort of cherub-thing with enormous ears, two short arms, a crown of flowers, and a stalk-like thing instead of legs. Oh, and she was holding a flower larger than she was. Flower included, she was maybe four inches tall.

"Can someone tell me what I am?" Flora asked.

"Huh," the blue turtle in front of her said. "You appear to be a Flabébé. I'm Squirtle, Anchor for the Mystery Dungeon: Rescue Team branch of the Pokémon loops."

"Flora, Anchor for the Winx Club loops."

"Oh yeah, you're that new loop I've heard about," the turtle said. "Fairies, right?"

"Yes," Flora said. "I'm the Fairy of Nature."

"Cool," Squirtle said.

"I wonder if my powers still work like this," Flora said. "Do you mind if I try transforming?"

"Sure, go ahead."

"Enchantix!" Flora announced. A flash of light filled the building she and Squirtle were occupying. When it faded, Flora was very different. To start with, she was much bigger, more than ten times her previous tiny size. Instead of her tiny crown of flowers, she had an enormous collar made of flowers. A pair of green antennae sprouted from her forehead and her stalk-leg had extended. Two leaves grew upwards from the bottom of the stalk, looking sort of like her usual wings, while two much smaller leaves grew downwards, superficially resembling feet.

"That's... not what usually happens," Flora said.

"You've evolved," Squirtle blinked. "Twice, actually, making you a Florges. That's probably how the loop interpreted your powers."

"Loops do that?"

"All the time," Squirtle said with a chuckle. "All the time. So, how do you feel about rescuing some Pokémon?"

"If we're helping people, I'm all for it," Flora declared.

"That's the spirit!"

24.4 (Scorntex)

Red had been practicing with his team out on Route 8 when Green had shown up, and in an unusually cheerful mood. Given that this was Green, Red did not feel very good about this.

"What did you do?" He asked, warily. Green smiled a practiced smile.

"Well..." she began, "you know how I usually pay a visit to Team Rocket around this time?"

Red's expression showed her he knew. It was hard to forget, given some of Green's previous tries. She had combined her fondness for disguises with her fondness for outrageous stunts, resulting in one Loop where Team Rocket had apparently been broken into and stolen from by Agatha. And a surprisingly nimble Agatha at that.

"Anyway," she said, "I may have been going through their files, same as usual, and it is possible, just possible, I may have taken a bit more than usual."

She fished into her pocket for something. "Behold!" She declared, holding something aloft. It was a floppy disk. Contrary to what Green

seemed to be expecting, it did not glint triumphantly in the sunlight, and Red didn't look any more impressed.

"... yes?" He finally asked. "What is it?"

"The details and whereabouts of every Team Rocket operation in Kanto." Green explained triumphantly. "All on one handy floppy disk. Which, by the way, took some work, even with my slicing skills."

She held it back and forth in the light. "A copy of which will reach the heads of the Pokémon Association by..." she checked a non-existent watch, "Lunchtime."

Red looked at Green's smile. "Oh," she added, "and while I was there I may have left juuuuust enough information to lead Giovanni right to Pryce's doorstep."

"Okay." Red said, "that is pretty impressive."

She kept smiling at him. "So, what've you been up to this Loop?"

Red pointed to where his Pokémon were practicing (well, most of them were. Pika had taken out a folding chair from somewhere and was calmly sipping a daiquiri.)

"Nothing much." He admitted. Green shook her head in despair.

24.5 (Saphroneth)

Dawn blinked, looking around.

This was fairly new.

Big underground cavern, slowly filling up with people... she had a momentary thought that perhaps she was going to perform, but before she could follow up on that idea someone tapped her on the shoulder.

"Are you alright, my dear?" asked someone who somehow reminded Dawn of Professor Oak. "Not wandering off into dreams of other worlds than Pern?"

"Pern?" Dawn repeated, a little confused, and the man's smile broadened.

"Aha, I thought so. Welcome to our loop, young woman. If you'll follow me, I'll explain once we're seated."

There was a resonant hum which made the cavern seem to sing, provoking a few awed gasps from the audience, and Dawn decided to follow the local Looper until she was properly settled.

"Pern, Pern..." she mused, as she took her seat - this man she was with seemed quite important, if he was able to get a front row seat despite his height. "I've heard the name..."

"Well, I'm touched that we're famous but saddened that what for is not," he said, seating himself. "I should introduce myself before we go any further. I am Robinton, Master Harper."

"...master what?" Dawn blinked.

"I can sing, play, compose or even make an instrument. Just don't ask me to dance, at least not after I've had as much wine as I prefer," Robinton winked at her. He gestured, and with a flicker a winged bronze creature about as big overall as a Treecko landed on his shoulder. "Ah, Zair. What kept you?"

The bronze animal - he looked a little like a Dragon-type to Dawn, if she went by her baseline experience - regarded him with whirling blue eyes. *I was busy doing things. Mnementh and Ramoth send their love.*

"I heard him!" Dawn said, pitching her voice low. "Is he Psychic?"

I most certainly am, Zair told her. *Hasn't she been here before?*

"Alas, no," Robinton said. "How are your loop memories coming, miss...?"

"Dawn," Dawn supplied. "And they're taking a while..."

"Well, I'll supply the simple version," Robinton said. He hesitated a moment, looking up into the cavern, and then another of those deep *thrummmmmms* came. This one louder, and closer.

"Pern is many things, but the most well-known one is - *dragons.* "

As he said that, timed to the second, the dragons of Benden began to file into the hatching grounds to watch the event.

Dawn jumped as she realized the great sandy lump lying at the far end of the arena *moved* , revealing itself to be an enormous golden dragon.

Ramoth, her loop memories prompted. Then they all came in a rush, and she blinked.

"Oh, I see," she said. "This is a hatching. So... I guess this is where people and dragons become partners?"

"That's correct!" Robinton smiled. "Now, if you don't mind, let's leave the discussion of your time here until later - I never tire of watching a hatching."

It was quite the experience.

Dawn's closest parallel to it was that it was like watching a whole class of trainers getting their first Pokémon at once - except that the nature of the dragon-bond meant that they were fast friends in a moment.

Or perhaps it was like meeting an old friend again after a long time apart - except that it was a new experience.

"Yes, it's quite something, isn't it?" Robinton asked, a smile quirking his lips. "I remember when I Impressed Zair, and that was a magical-
"

He kept talking, but Dawn didn't hear him. All her attention was abruptly focused on something else.

" *You have got to be kidding me,"* said a grumpy and touchy and *familiar* voice. " *After all that trouble with dragons, now I* am *one?"*

"Piplup?" Dawn breathed.

Dawn?

"Ah," Robinton said, now grinning broadly. "Well, young lady, go to him! He needs you."

" *How can I hear you without you speaking?"* Piplup asked, shaking his long serpentine neck in confusion, as Dawn clambered over the retaining wall and dropped to the sand. " *I'm new to this whole Psychic type thing. Does this make me a Latios?"*

Then he reached Dawn, and for a long moment there was only each other.

" *Is this what you think of me?"* Dawn asked, mental tone hushed. *I never realized...*

" *We argue,"* Piplup admitted. " *But I do love you really."*

"Thanks for agreeing to see us," Dawn said, sighing.

"It's not a problem at all, miss Dawn," F'lar - the local Anchor, apparently - told her. He passed over a glazed mug of some kind of juice, and she took a sip.

Do I get anything? Piplup asked.

F'lar nodded. "Bucket of fish under the table."

" *Dawn, can't you make some poffins soon?"* the former Water-type requested plaintively.

He was pretty quick to get eating the fish though.

"This thoughts thing..." Dawn asked, frowning. "Is it... permanent?"

"Depends if you want it to be," F'lar answered. "It fades if you don't want it, strengthens if you do. To answer your other question, it's got no known range limit but can't cross loops or times."

"That could actually be quite useful, in battle," Dawn said.

" *That assumes I'll want to listen to you."*

"Quarrelsome sort, isn't he?" F'lar remarked mildly. "You said you were from a loop with Pokemon?"

"That's right - Pikachu's branch," Dawn agreed.

"I've been in worlds like that a few times. Once Lessa and I were trainers in Hoenn... strangest thing was our starters."

"What were they?" Dawn asked, as Piplup laid his head on her lap and she began scratching the scales absently.

" *I am a teleporting, psychic dragon,"* the enormous bronze dragon at the other end of the chamber noted placidly.

"...They weren't Latios and Latias, were they?"

"Right in one," F'lar smiled. "That was a very short quest. Anyway, a quick rundown on our loop. The main duty of dragonriders is to battle Thread - a mindless organism from space with an uncanny resemblance to carnivorous pasta."

Dawn snorted.

"As a Bluerider - though of course there's already people having apoplectic fits over a female bluerider - you'll be naturally expected to fly with the others. I can *probably* get you assigned elsewhere if you'd rather, though."

The coordinator shook her head. "No, I'm fine doing that. Uh... actually, does it matter if Piplup does a few non-standard things?"

Well, do not keep us in suspense, Mnementh said lightly.

"How would this death-pasta stuff do if it fell into a horizontal sheet of ice-cold mist?"

F'lar raised a hand like a fencer signalling a touch. "I can see you're a young lady with style."

"It's actually my normal job..." Dawn smiled.

"It is? Interesting. There's a few of Master Robinton's subordinates you might like to meet, in that case..."

24.6

Professor Oak blinked at the ever-shifting form of the person who was standing in front of him. "Err...are you a boy, or a girl?" he asked.

The figure shrugged, shifting to a male form. "It really depends," Vent admitted, before switching up again. "Some Loops I'm a boy, some Loops I'm a girl, and some Loops this keeps happening," Aile explained.

"Err...I see." Okay, not really. But you couldn't really blame him. Samuel was getting a rather large headache from this. "If I may ask-?"

The figure sighed, switching back to Vent again. "Yggdrasil can't figure out if I'm supposed to be Aile..." Switch back to Aile. "Or if I'm supposed to be Vent." Then during the midway of the switch, "Don't worry, I'm used to it by now," they said in both voices.

"Ah. Now I do see. Unfortunately, this blasted paperwork is going to be a bit of a bother...but why I don't I let you pick your Starter regardless? I'll have a talk with the League about your, uh, unique situation."

"Thank you, Professor."

24.7

Something was off about this Loop. Kasumi couldn't quite put her finger on it, but *something* was off.

"Hey, Takeshi, does something about this Loop feel weird to you?" she asked her friend from Nibi City.

Takeshi blinked in surprise from where he was whipping up dinner. "Not particularly. Why do you ask, Kasumi?"

Kasumi sighed. "Oh, never mind. I must be imagining it," she said, dismissing the feeling.

"If it helps, something feels weird to me too," Togepy offered.

"No, it's fine, Togepy-chan. It's probably that last Loop over in Red's place getting to me," Kasumi said kindly. Before anyone else could offer their opinion, a giant explosion rang out, shaking the ground.

Eyes wide (yes, I know that's a fallacy), Takeshi asked, "What was that?!"

Meanwhile, Kasumi glared. With Pikachu Unawake this Loop for some reason (someone was probably Stealth Anchoring or

something), there was only one person who could have caused that. Someone who notably wasn't here...

"Satoshi, you idiot! What the hell are you thinking?!" she screeched, rushing off to give her idiot friend a piece of her mind.

Takeshi shook his head, adding some spices to their dinner. "Don't ever change, you two," he said fondly.

24.8

It was another bright and shining day in Ponyville. Twilight and Spike were exiting the Golden Oaks Library, just shooting the breeze.

Twilight sighed in disappointment. "I was really hoping the others would be Awake this Loop. I needed to talk to them about something important."

"Gee, thanks," Spike said wryly. Twilight flushed at her unintentional insult.

"Sorry, Spike," she apologized to her number one assistant/brother/son/whatever.

"Eh, it's fine. Anyway, last Loop I was over at Anakin's place, and he told me something interesting he'd heard from Oshawott. Basically, it-" Spike was cut off when a metallic arm came out of nowhere and clutched him around the midsection and pulled him away.

"Spike!" Twilight yelled in concern, whirling around to see who it was. What she saw was so distracting that she stopped everything. And so did everypony else nearby. What do you say when you see a giant cat-shaped hot air balloon? Only...something about it looked familiar to Twilight.

"Listen, is that a purple unicorn I hear?" a white pegasus with a long red mane asked from within the balloon's basket.

"It's speaking to me loud and clear," her companion, a white unicorn with a short blue mane replied. He was fiddling with something within the basket.

"On the wind!"

"Past the stars!"

"In your ears!" their final companion, a cat that was walking on its hind legs, stated, having finished locking Spike in a pink cage of sorts. Then they continued on with a flourish.

"Bringing chaos at a breakneck pace!"

"Dashing hope, putting fear in its place!"

"A rose by any other name is just as sweet!"

"When everything's worse, our work is complete!"

"Jessie!"

"James!"

"And Meowth, now dat's a name!" And then suddenly it clicked for Twilight just who they were.

"Putting the do-gooders in their place..."

"...we're Team Rocket!"

"IN YOUR FACE!" Meowth crowed, before hitting the button on a remote he had. From the basket, twin rocket engines extended, sending the balloon rocketing away.

Twilight blinked once, then twice, then immediately panicked. "Hang on, Spike!" she yelled, summoning her Element, ascending, then flying after the balloon as fast as she can.

While Team Rocket made like their namesake and rocketed away, Spike was not very impressed. "You guys know I can get out of here any time I want, right?" he pointed out.

"Ha! That's what you think! Tell him, Meowth!" Jessie declared.

Meowth, however, did not like this idea. "Why me?! I'm steerin' dis thing! Make James do it, he's not doin' anythin'!"

"I'm keeping an eye on our incoming pony princess! I can't do it!" James shot back.

"Grrr-! Fine, I'll do it!" Jessie seethed, before turning back to the amused dragon Jedi. "All right, this is how it works! For starters, that cage is made out of pure Pixie Plate!" she announced.

Spike blinked. "Pixie Plate?" he asked in confusion.

"That's right! Arceus's Fairy-type Plate, courtesy of a certain Togepi! And as everyone knows, Fairies are immune to Dragon stuff! In other words, you can't use any of your dragon abilities in that cage! And as for your little Jedi tricks, we've coated the thing with miriskin!"

Spike quickly grew a deadpan look. "Miriskin is a hoax. Only living ysalamari can block the use of the Force," he pointed out.

James grinned, and turned around to look at him. "Ordinarily, but we obtained it in a variant where that's not the case!" he rebutted, waving his hoof back and forth in an imitation of a wagging finger.

"The cage is also built so that you can't use your little size-shift thing either. You'd crush yourself! You're not getting out of that cage until we let you out!" Jessie declared.

"Or we blast off..." Meowth added under his breath.

Spike shook his head. They really had him backed up in a corner here. Just, one thing was still confusing him. "Why are you guys

even doing this anyway? You're obviously Loopers, considering you have miriskin, and whatever a Pixie Plate is. So..."

At that, the Looping Rocket members all grew somber. "When we first started Looping, we were a tad frustrated with how we never won in baseline," Jessie began.

"We figured that there was nothing wrong in trying to be the good guys, since we are pretty good at it. But..." James continued, before pausing.

"It jus' wasn' us! We're good at bein' good, but we love bein' bad! It jus' took us a while to remember!" Meowth summarized.

"Well, to be more accurate, we're bad, but we're not *evil* , if that makes any sense," James mused.

"Okay, but why kidnap *me?"*

Jessie shrugged. "Practice." She would have elaborated more, when James paled on seeing what was coming up behind them.

"Uh, Jessie? Meowth?" he squeaked out.

"Wat?!" Meowth asked in irritation, before the other two Rockets turned around. Then they too paled.

Seeing the Rainbow of Light flying right at them would probably do that to anyone. The Rainbow slammed right into the balloon, causing a giant explosion! While Spike's cage was caught by Twilight, the other three went flying in a completely different direction.

"Looks like we'll have to go back to the drawing board," James sighed.

"GAH! I thought we only look bad in comparison to the twoips!" Meowth raged.

"That's it. We're using a cloaking device next time," Jessie snarled. But then the three grinned, because they knew what was coming next. And as much as it tended to annoy them, there was a bit of nostalgia involved with it. So…

"LOOKS LIKE TEAM ROCKET'S BLASTING OFF AGAAAAAAAAIIIIIIN!"

twinkle

24.9 (calvinball)

Red walked up to the podium rather awkwardly, uncertain of how to present himself to the crowd of men and women looking up at him. He felt out of place at this press conference, out of place in this suit, out of place with these papers. He wasn't a guy who was good with words. He never was, never would be, and being "Mr. Red" in a near-Hub Loop didn't change a thing about that.

...but still. He owed it to the man to treat the death as real as any other death, regardless of the circumstances. It had been a strange, meta, existential Loop that had forced him to look at his own life and try to come to terms with the fact that whole universes considered him to be little more than fantasy. And yet it was a strange sort of fantasy, the type countless millions across the cosmos respected as being just as real to them as anything else. So he owed it to the man at least for that, at least for being the curator who backed up his existence and made it possible for his own life to inspire entire worlds.

He was never meant to make this announcement. But for Satoru Iwata, he would.

"Hello," Red finally spoke into the microphone, getting the attention of the reporters before him. "As some of you may already know, my good friend Satoru Iwata passed away a few days ago." Red couldn't help it; he began to tear up. "It was a strange friendship, and the

circumstances of our meeting were stranger still, but there are few men that I respect more. He had a curious way of reading me, of understanding me completely... And I'm sure some of you have felt the same because of what he has done. For Nintendo. For you. For me. It is a tragic loss, but I know he wouldn't want us to mourn forever... but I know he'd understand if we *do* mourn."

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24. Preview

May 22, 9:37 AM

Saffron Courthouse

Defendant Lobby No. 5

[Courtroom Lobby ~ New Prelude]

(...Sigh. I should have figured that something like this would come up. And I thought this Loop was going to be peaceful too,) Apollo Justice thought wistfully.

"Hey, come on! Cheer up, Polly! This isn't something that happens every day, you know!" his assistant and half-sister, Trucy Wright, attempted to console him. Apollo wasn't actually looking at her at the moment, since he was too busy with his self-pity.

"I know, it's just...I still remember the circus that happened when Mr. Wright defended that whale in court. I'm worried that something else ludicrous is going to happen. I mean, that's usually the trend-" Apollo trailed off when he noticed what Trucy was wearing.

Instead of her usual magician's outfit, she was wearing a suit almost identical to his own, fitted for her, of course. Oh, and the colors of the suit and tie had been switched around so to mimic her adoptive father's suit. "Uh...Trucy, why are you wearing that?" Apollo asked, confused.

Trucy pouted and crossed her arms. "Can you believe it, Polly? There's actually a *dress-code* in this loop for paralegals!"

(! Wait, really? Well well...maybe there won't be as many shenanigans as I thought...)

"Um...excuse me, Apollo?" another voice rang out. Apollo knew who it was. It was their client, who had hired them to represent his...ward, of sorts. Honestly, it still boggled Apollo's mind, but then again, it was just how things normally happened in this Loop, so he had to run with it.

"Oh, Mr. Ketchum," Apollo said, turning to face him. It was indeed Ash Ketchum who had requested their services, although he looked rather out-of-place standing in the courthouse with his normal adventuring clothes on.

"Hey, come on. I told you, just call me Ash," the Ketchum said uncomfortably.

"Hey, Ash. How're you doing?" Trucy asked, ignoring her own plight of not being able to wear her preferred attire to try to cheer him up.

"Um, good, I guess. You guys gotta help him, please! He wouldn't do anything like this!" Ash pleaded.

"Don't worry about it, Mr. Ketc-, er, Ash," Apollo said in order to calm him down. "After all, since he didn't do it, he's obviously innocent. ...Where is he, anyway?" Apollo wondered, looking around. He couldn't see the defendant anywhere in the Lobby.

Ash looked rather uncomfortable at that. "Oh, right...he's in here," he said, bringing out a Pokéball. It had a little lightning bolt sticker on the top, and was wobbling in his hands. "I didn't really have a choice. The law says I need to keep him in here while he's under suspicion, and can't let him out until he's been cleared. Even after all this time, he hates being in here, so..."

"I understand. Don't worry, Ash, we'll get him off the hook!" Apollo declared.

(Defending a Pokémon...I never thought I'd ever get wrapped up in something like this, but then again, considering what happened with Mr. Wright and Mario...on second thought, I should have seen this coming.)

"Polly? Court's about to begin," Trucy told him, before looking apologetic. "Sorry, Ash, but since you're responsible for him, you're going to have to sit in the defendant's chair."

"It's fine! I have faith that you guys will win, and that everything will be all right!" Ash said, pumping his fist.

(Well, it's nice that our client actually has faith in us for once. Maybe we'll actually get paid? ...Oh, who am I kidding? When it comes to protecting the innocent, being paid doesn't really matter! Look out, court! Here comes Justice!)

24.1 - Blast Burn is one of Charizard's custom specials in Smash 4, replacing Flare Blitz. Figured he'd attempt to learn how to do it outside of Smash.

24.2 - Probably Oak's most well-known line, come to think of it.

24.3 - Fused Loop with Winx Club, of all things. ...Try to stay objective, me..

24.4 - So Giovanni now knows who kidnapped his son… -ducks for cover-

24.5 - Dawn and Piplup, everybody.

24.6 - Vent...Aile...err, they're the Anchor of Mega Man ZX. Only...in the Loops, Mega Man is full of issues. Enough for subscriptions!

24.7 - Rikai dekimasen. Nani ga chigaimasu no? (I don't get it. What's different?)

Apologies for Google Translate. I don't know that much actual Japanese.

24.8 - How have we not seen these guys lately?

24.9 - Rest in peace, Satoru Iwata. 1959-2015.

24. Preview - A short preview of **Turnabout Thunderbolt** , an Ace Attorney/Pokémon Fused Loop. Coming to you as soon as I finish Turnabout Mario Sunshine!